DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 4, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

Now Russia Threatens Our Sea Power

BY GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

•

Emotional Upsets Are GOOD For You

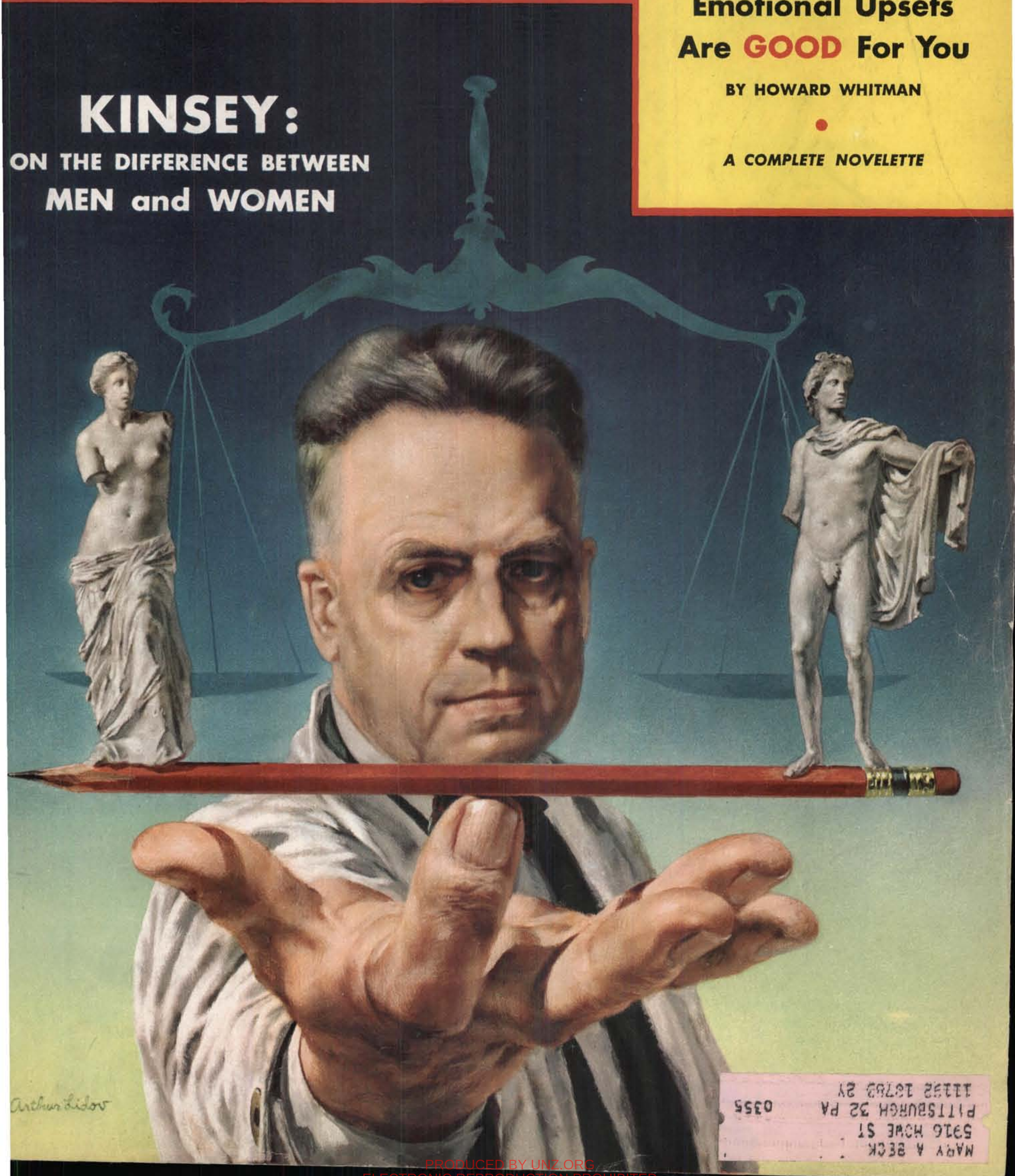
BY HOWARD WHITMAN

•

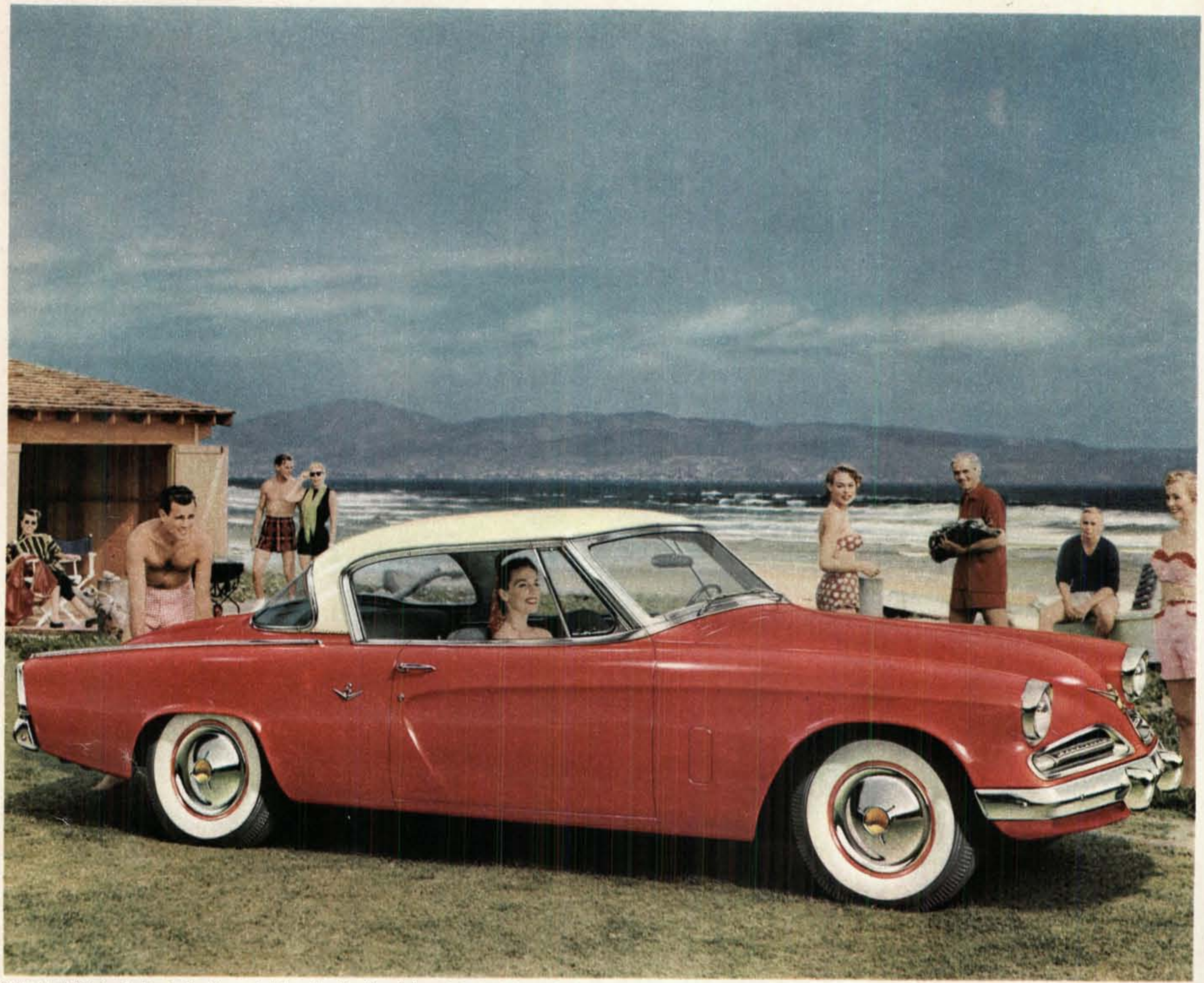
A COMPLETE NOVELETTE

KINSEY:

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN and WOMEN



MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA 0355
11132 18783 2Y



Commander V-8 Starliner hard-top for five. Chrome wheel discs, white sidewalls—and glare-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost

Actual color photograph

Strikingly original! Exclusively Studebaker!

Drive it proudly! The new American car with the European look! Brilliant performer! Amazingly thrifty! Down to earth in price!

THIS dramatic low-swung styling is the newest thing in car design—and only the 1953 Studebaker has it.

It's a very costly looking smartness. But it's actually inexpensive.

Every strikingly original new 1953 Studebaker is unexpectedly low in price.

You have a choice of nine distinctive new Studebaker body styles—sedans, coupes and hard-tops—brilliantly powered Studebaker Commander V-8s—long, luxurious Studebaker Champions.

Every one is a remarkable buy and every one is a gasoline economy standout—a team-mate of the Studebakers that made outstanding records in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run.

Order your own excitingly different new Studebaker now. Stop in at a nearby Studebaker dealer's. Automatic Drive or Overdrive—and new Power Steering—are available at extra cost in all models.

Awarded to
STUDEBAKER-1953

Studebaker receives Fashion Academy Gold Medal

Noted New York school of fashion design names Studebaker outstanding in style

New 1953 Studebaker

© 1953, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

THE O'SULLIVANS AT HOME. Clarence M. O'Sullivan, construction foreman with thirty-four years' experience; daughter-in-law Marilyn, clerical assistant for five years, and Mr. O'Sullivan's sons: Don, a telephone installer with seven years' service, and Clarence C., cable repairman with thirteen years' service.

Fifty-nine Years of Telephone Service

FATHER, TWO SONS AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ALL WORK FOR THE TELEPHONE COMPANY

TELEPHONE MAN OF 1970. Clarence C. O'Sullivan's son, Mike, likes to pretend he's a "telephone man." And he will be when he grows up, if he follows in his family's footsteps.

When Clarence M. O'Sullivan started to work for the telephone company, back in 1919, he started a family tradition. Since then two sons and a daughter-in-law have also decided on telephone careers. They have a total of fifty-nine years' service.

A recent U. S. Government survey gives some interesting figures on the length of time men and women have served with their present employers.

By comparison, the length of service for women in the Bell System is twice the average for women in other industries. For telephone men it is nearly three times the average for other industries.

This longer length of service, which indicates job satisfaction, also has a value to the telephone user. It helps us give better service to everyone.

Bell Telephone System

Outdates Messy Oils

V-7
New Vitalis Grooming Agent is Greaseless
V
VITALIS
Grooms the Hair
Prevents Dryness
Stimulates the Scalp
BRISTOL MYERS CO

Keep Your Hair Neat All Day this New Greaseless Way!

No animal, mineral or vegetable oil in new Vitalis. It keeps your hair neat with V-7, new greaseless grooming discovery. Never a gummy film, or "oil-slick" look!

Prevents Hair Dryness

What's more, Vitalis gives you special protection from annoying dryness. New laboratory findings show that even excessively dried-out hair gets back its normal moisture content *faster* with Vitalis than with any other leading tonic. Try new Vitalis!

NEW, FINER
VITALIS®
Hair Tonic with V-7
Product of Bristol-Myers

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 4, 1953

ARTICLES

KINSEY: ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN . Bill Davidson 19
WILL THE FANS GO FOR "ONE-PLATOON FOOTBALL" THIS FALL? . Bill Fay 24
MARGARET O'BRIEN GROWS UP 30
NOW RUSSIA THREATENS OUR SEA POWER . . . . . George Fielding Eliot 32
GARY COOPER—AN AMERICAN TOURIST 46
DOES IKE GET THINGS DONE? . . . . . Samuel Grafton 60
THE HO-HO & HA-HA RAILROAD . . . . . Leonard A. Stevens 74
HE LIVES ON LADYBUGS . . . . . John Kobler 82
ONE FOR THE WORLD . . . . . Robert C. Ruark 86
EMOTIONAL UPSETS ARE GOOD FOR YOU . . . . . Howard Whitman 88
PAPER? PAPER BATHING SUITS? . . . . . Collier's Color Camera 94
PRO FOOTBALL'S BRAT . . . . . Melvin Durslag 96

SPECIAL

SOLO (A Complete Novelette) . . . . . Walt Grove 100

SHORT STORIES

JUDSON ADJUSTS (The Short Short Story) . . . . . Gertrude Carrick 11
THE DEVIOUS BACHELOR . . . . . Roald Dahl 22
THE BLONDE WHO ATTRACTED BASEBALLS . . . . . Robert Meyer 38
THE ADVENTURE OF THE TWO WOMEN . . . . . Adrian Conan Doyle 50
(Another New Sherlock Holmes Story)

SERIAL

SILVER ROCK (Part Two of Four Parts) . . . . . Luke Short 66

FEATURES

COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . . Gurney Williams 7
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . . Walter Davenport 9
CLASSIFIED AD . . . . . Bob Schroeter 14
LETTERS 16
TREASURE . . . . . Daniel Alain 73
EDITORIAL 110

THE COVER . . Arthur Lidov

The publication this month of the latest Kinsey Report, Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, adds another authoritative voice to the current dispute over the relationship between men and women in our civilization. Dr. Kinsey, now that he has gathered statistics on the behavior of both sexes, has, in effect, weighed one against the other. His conclusions, many of which may start new controversy, are summarized by Bill Davidson in this issue, beginning on page 19

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio

EDITORIAL and EXECUTIVE OFFICES
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S, Vol. 132, No. 7.

PUBLISHED by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Paul C. Smith, Shepard Spink, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

COPYRIGHT, 1953, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A. Sold simultaneously in the United States and Canada. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All Rights Reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

TITLE "COLLIER'S" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $4.50. All other countries, 1 year $7.50. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
Publishers of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

ALBERT E. WINGER
Chairman of the Board

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
President

EDWARD ANTHONY
Publisher

ROGER DAKIN
Editor

GORDON MANNING
Managing Editor

RICHARD CHAPLIN
Assistant Publisher

DAVID MANESS
Assistant Managing Editor

ELEANOR STIERHEM MacMANNIS
Fiction Editor

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN
Art Director

JAMES A. QUIGNEY
Photo Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
JEROME BEATTY, JR.
WARREN BROWN
SEY CHASSLER
HOWARD COHN
EVELYN HARVEY
DIANA HIRSH
HOMER JENKS
JERRY KORN
JOHN C. PELLEW
CORNELIUS RYAN
JAMES THRASHER
GURNEY WILLIAMS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
WALTER DAVENPORT
BILL DAVIDSON
HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE
CHARLOTTE KNIGHT
JOHN LEAR
TOM MEANY
BILL STAPLETON
FRANCIS WALLACE
ELIZABETH WOODY

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES
BARBARA BLAKEMORE
ROBERT BLINN
JEAN B. CAMPBELL
JOHN CONCANNON
EARL FULTZ
ALFRED M. LANSING
RONALD OLIPHANT
ROGER PIPPETT
LOUIS SARDELLA
JANET SHEPS
CHARLES SMITH
MARTHA WEINMAN

EDITORIAL RESEARCH
ROSANNE McVAY, *Research Chief*
MADELIN ALK
DOROTHY D. BENNETT
LEE CAMPBELL
DIANE DOWNS
ALAN M. LEVENSOHN
JOHN NEWHOUSE

●

FRANKLIN C. LORANGER, *Proofroom Chie*
DOROTHY HINZ
MARTIN IMER
FRANKLIN C. REILEY

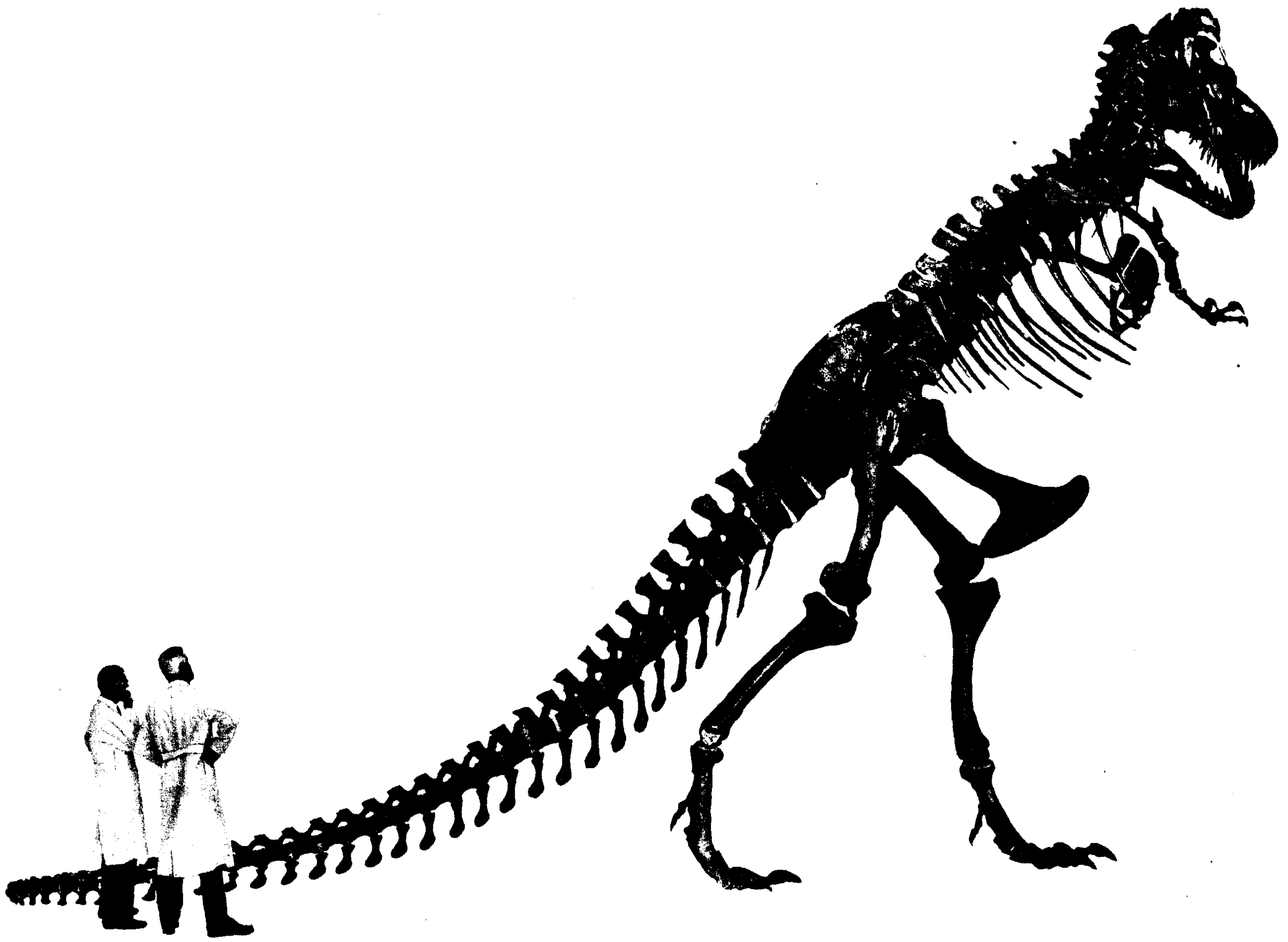
BUREAUS

WASHINGTON
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*
TODD WRIGHT

WEST COAST
THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*
ROBERT CAHN
JOHN FLOREA

MIDWEST (Chicago)
BILL FAY

FAR EAST (Tokyo)
PETER KALISCHER



What has TYRANNOSAURUS REX got to do with ARTHRITIS?

It may surprise you to know that doctors . . . in their search for more knowledge about arthritis . . . have made intensive studies of the bones and joints of prehistoric dinosaurs. They have found that dinosaurs, like *Tyrannosaurus rex*, had arthritic joints.

As a result of these studies, medical science has learned much about the origin and history of arthritis, the joints that are most often affected by it, and how the disease damages them.

Arthritis has long been a leading cause of disability. Today there are about 10 million Americans who have the disease in one of its many forms, the two most common of which are *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*.

Of the two, osteoarthritis occurs most often. In fact, almost everyone who is beyond middle age has a touch of it, probably as a result of normal wear and tear on the joints.

Rheumatoid arthritis is the most severe form of the disease as it affects not only the joints, but the entire body. It usually begins between the ages of 20 and 50.

Not too long ago, arthritis . . . or "rheumatism" as it was then generally called . . . often meant a life of misery or some degree of crippling.

Today, the outlook is far brighter for many arthritics. Under modern treatment, *carefully adjusted to the needs of the individual patient*, doctors can do much to relieve or prevent pain and to lessen or prevent disability.

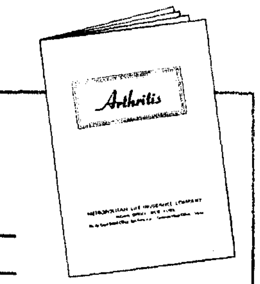
Treatment, however, must be started early for best results. Otherwise, lasting damage may be done to one or more joints.

Arthritis seldom, if ever, strikes suddenly and dramatically. Any person who complains of a generally "run down" condition, and who has slight but recurring attacks of pain, discomfort or swelling in or about the joints, should be promptly and thoroughly examined by his doctor . . . *before his trouble becomes disabling*.

Authorities emphasize that chronic arthritis is rarely, if ever, controlled by any single measure. They also say that the so-called "sure cures" for arthritis generally do little more than provide temporary relief. Before using any medicine for the treatment of arthritis, it is wise to have the doctor's advice.

What can medical science do to control arthritis? What are the chances for recovery? What can be done to help prevent arthritis? What are some of the new methods of treatment?

These and many other questions are discussed in Metropolitan's booklet entitled, "Arthritis." Use the handy coupon for your free copy which will be mailed upon request.

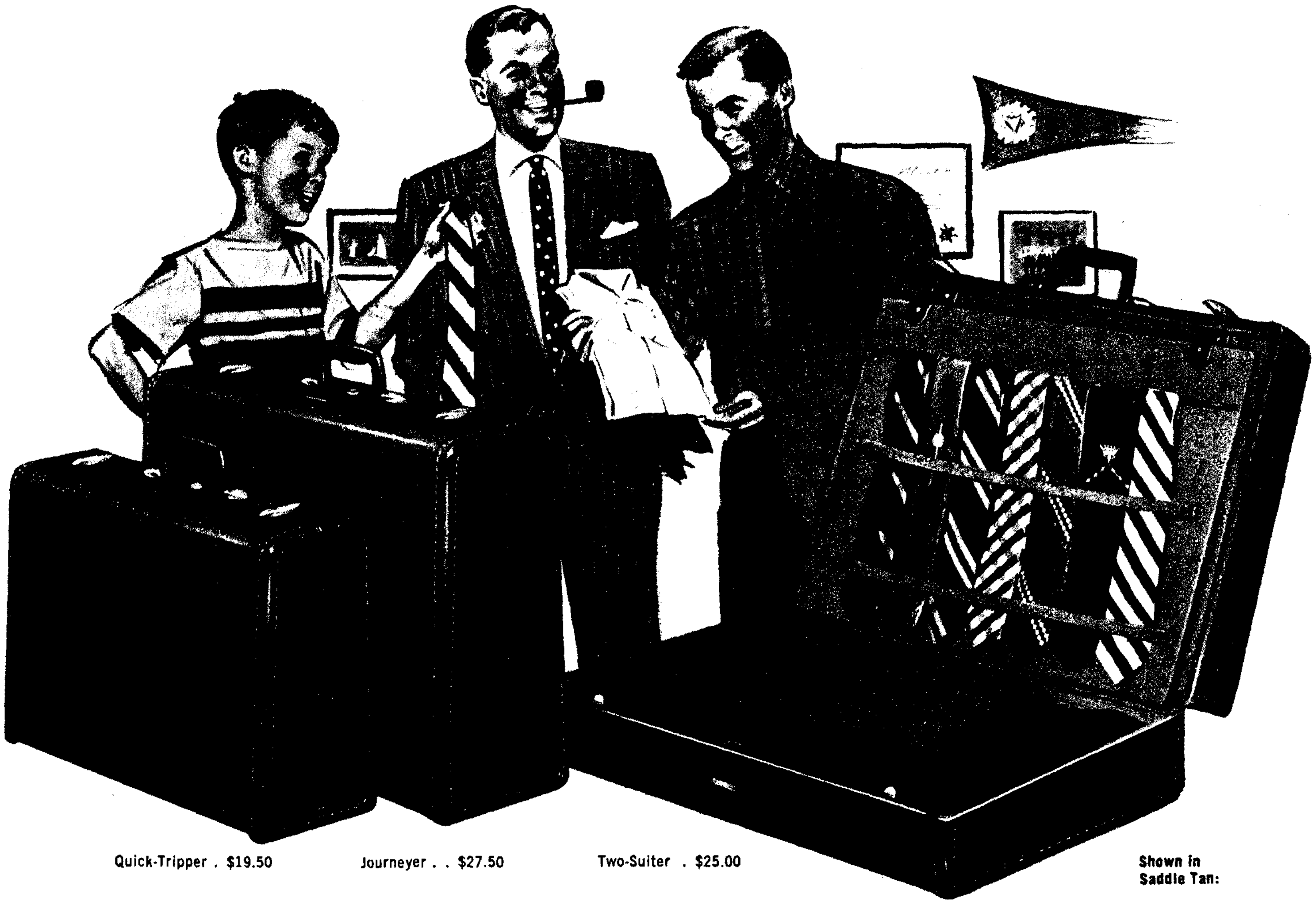


Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of your booklet, 1053-C.

Name__________________________

Street__________________________

City____________________**State**____________



Quick-Tripper . $19.50 Journeyer . . $27.50 Two-Suiter . $25.00

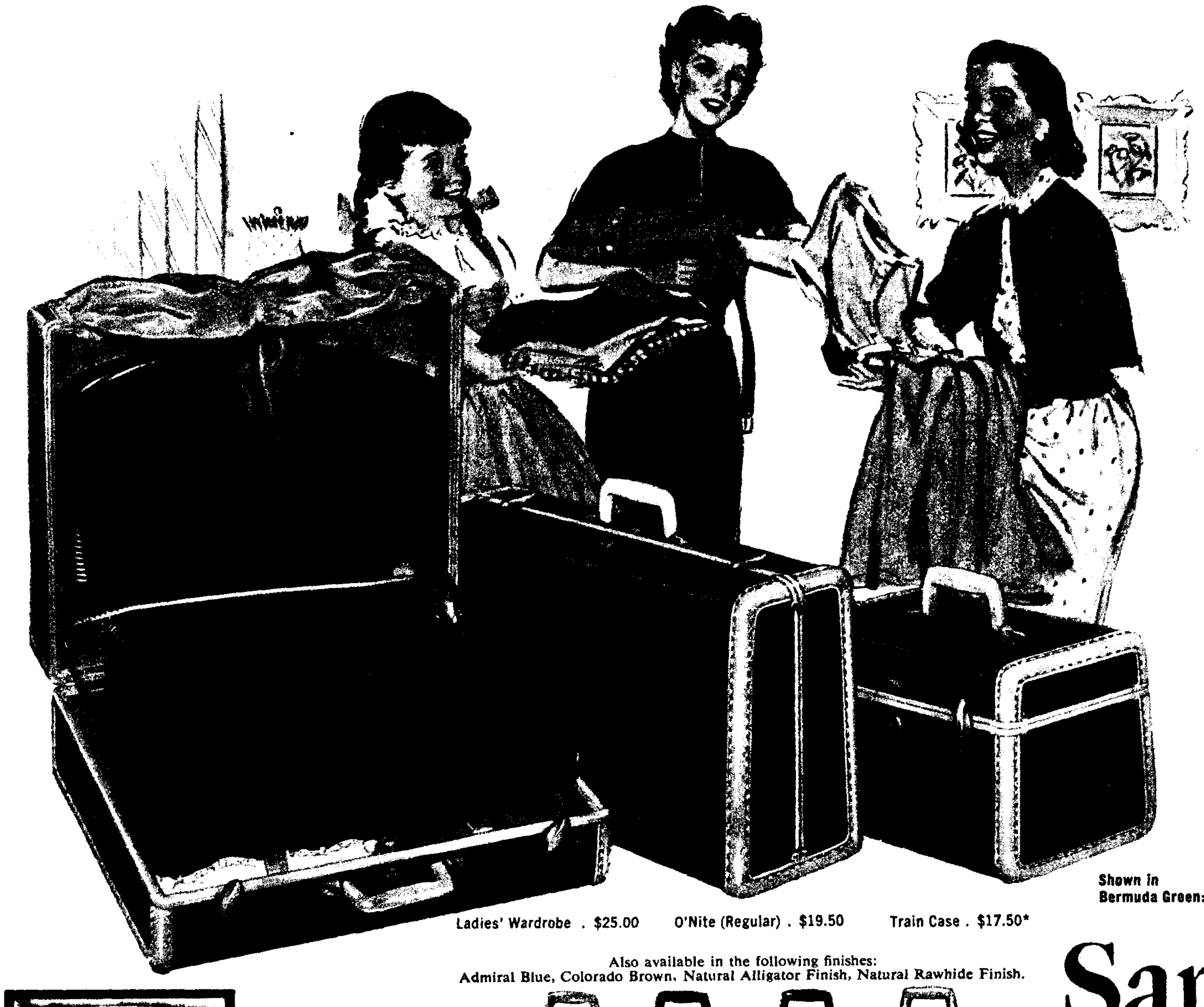
Shown in Saddle Tan:

Some simple addition for folks who pay the tuition...

No matter *how* you figure it, Samsonite's your best buy for college men. Campus wear and tear won't faze Samsonite... it's strong enough to stand on. And that better-than-leather finish wipes clean with a damp cloth! More plusses: handsome "shirt" gabardine linings, masculine colors, gleaming double locks! Two pieces will carry a semester's clothes wrinkle-free. See how little they cost...

Two-Suiter $25.00
Quick-Tripper $19.50
$44.50

Samsonite... best buy for back-to-school



Ladies' Wardrobe . $25.00 O'Nite (Regular) . $19.50 Train Case . $17.50*

Shown in Bermuda Green:

Any TWO pieces cost less than you'd expect to pay for just ONE!

What's more, daughter's Samsonite can look as smart at graduation as it does at registration! Comes in glamorous costume colors with elegant linings to match. The woman-planned interiors boast pockets galore, alabaster-smooth plastic hangers...ribbons and dividers to keep clothes wrinkle-free. And two pieces of spacious Samsonite should carry her whole new wardrobe off to school smartly!

Ladies' Wardrobe $25.00
O'nite Case $19.50
$44.50

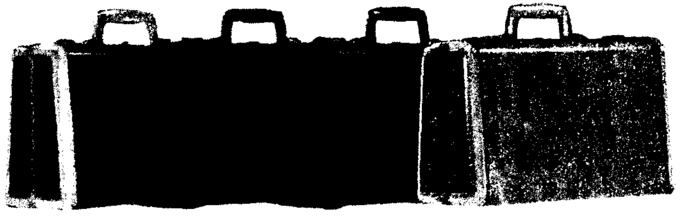
Other Samsonite Pieces:

V.I.P. Case	$19.50
Vanity O'Nite . .	17.50
Pullman Case . .	27.50
O'Nite Convertible	22.50
Hand Wardrobe .	35.00*

*ALL PRICES SUBJECT TO EXISTING TAXES. PRICES HIGHER OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U.S.

ON TV
FOR SAMSONITE!
Don't miss Sid Caesar
and Imogene Coca on NBC's
"Your Show of Shows."

Also available in the following finishes:
Admiral Blue, Colorado Brown, Natural Alligator Finish, Natural Rawhide Finish.



Samsonite
flight-proven luggage

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colorado. Also makers of Samson Folding Tables & Chairs. Folding Furniture Div., Detroit 29, Mich.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Roald and Patricia Dahl

ONCE in a while a submitted short story puts even our experienced fiction department on its collective ear. Such a one is Roald Dahl's The Devious Bachelor, the plot of which we are not permitted to divulge in this space. But despite the implications of the title, the eminent thirty-six-year-old author, who was born in Norway and educated in England, married stage-and-screen star Patricia Neal in Manhattan just a few weeks ago. Last we heard, they were honeymooning in Europe.

And we have another vital statistic to offer: a collection of the groom's fiction, including his current masterpiece, will be published on November 9th by Alfred A. Knopf. Now you can go ahead with the story.

* * *

When contributing editor Bill Davidson and editorial associate Alfred Lansing visited Dr. Kinsey at Indiana University to cull information from his forthcoming (September 14th) report, Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, they found the material as closely secured as atom-bomb data. Notes could be made, but no complete copies of the book content could leave the campus.

Ever equal to a hurdle, our boys rented a wire recorder and took turns reading into a microphone portions of the work needed for the preparation of our preview on page 19. The purpose was to save time and insure accuracy. Those wire spools, by the way, are now more closely secured in this office than H-bomb data.

* * *

Bill Fay, another Collier's staff member, reports that in polling 1,247 college football players on their opinion of the one-platoon system, one of the men answered the seven questions listed on page 25, signed his name, then scribbled: "I have neither given nor received aid in taking this examination." That's what we'd call classroom conditioning.

* * *

When George Fielding Eliot was at Yorktown, Virginia, gathering data for his page-32 story about mines, he picked up an anecdote we think should be credited here. An employee who, like his fellow workers, treated the handling of mines with the respect due them, was transferred from Yorktown to the Minecraft Base at Charleston.

One day an auto on the base backfired and the man in question dived for cover. His companions laughed fit to kill. "What's the matter," they asked, "are you afraid of a bitty noise?" The reply was no. "But," the transferee added, "up where I came from, you hear a bitty noise and the next thing you hear is the old gentleman with a long white beard blowing his golden horn." Sensible man, that.

* * *

A couple of observations about the attitude of the public toward Ike were picked up by Samuel Grafton (page 60) from congressmen in Washington. One waxed enthusiastic. "Please, though," he said, "don't use my name. Ike will think I'm trying to get in good with him. He's not the kind of man on whom you use those tactics."

Another representative (Rep.) said: "But how can I fight him? I talk to the people back home and they carry on like Ike is a member of their family."

* * *

Just 10 years ago, to relieve the tedium of Air Force Intelligence duty in barren Gander, Newfoundland, Walt Grove began writing aviation fiction, much of which has appeared in Collier's. He's still at it, as you'll see on page 100. Another Grove tingler, titled Lost, will appear in our next issue, and will be published September 15th in a paperback novel called Down.

Walt Grove

Getting back to Gander: "Three of my some 28 months up there," Grove recalls with a wince, "were spent in a hospital; not as the result of an air crash, or as a survivor of a torpedoed troopship, but as the victim of a hit-run driver. I didn't think that could be part of a war. It was funny, but painful."

The rest of this item concerns Grove's six-year-old daughter, in summer camp, from whom Mrs. Grove recently received a post card. "Dear Mama," it read. "Yesterday we went skinny dipping. Love, Julie." Grove's comment: "When I was a boy in Texas we didn't go skinny dipping. Do you use a seine, or what?"

No, you don't, Walt. You just dive into the water without a swim suit. Do you mean to say you never went skinny dipping in Texas?

* * *

Some notes, carefully handwritten on the corner of our desk, by Robert Fawcett, illustrator of the Sherlock Holmes series, one of which begins on page 50: "Born, London, 1903. Became American citizen in 1936. Intensely interested in, and always wanted to do, a Sherlock Holmes assignment. Had trouble with some of the stories because no data was available, and was therefore compelled to use much imagination in reconstructing the Victorian period. Luckily, my mother, who lived through that era in London, now resides with me in an ultramodern glass house on a Connecticut hilltop, and the surroundings did not hamper her memory in authenticating the details of the drawings I made for Collier's.

"I am now off to Europe for a vacation, and while I'm in London I'll verify the accuracy of what I've done. So far, though, there have been no complaints that I haven't recaptured the atmosphere of the episodes."

* * *

The long-awaited cease-fire in Korea brought an automatic end to our popular cartoon feature, VIP's War, clippings of which have decorated armed forces bulletin boards all over the world. Virgil Partch, as relieved as the rest of us, will now get back to life in general, and his inimitable lampooning of the human race will continue on our pages in happy profusion.

* * *

The dope on Richard Armour will of necessity be many lines longer than those comprising his poetic contribution on page 62. When Professor Armour isn't teaching English at Scripps College in Claremont, California, he turns bard.

But sometimes, between lectures and light verse, he taps out prose. From his latest hilarious book, It All Started with Columbus, we quote: "Columbus was mistaken in thinking he had reached India when actually he had not got even as far as Indiana." It goes on like that for 115 pages, put together by McGraw-Hill.

Our subject has summarized himself thusly: "Years, 46. Wives, 1 (she took the picture). Children, 2 (in the picture). Books, 12. Magazine writings, 3,187. Unsold manuscripts, 2,436. Colleges studied at, 3. Colleges taught at, 3. Years in Army, 4. Life expectancy, 0."

Nice to have known you, Professor.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

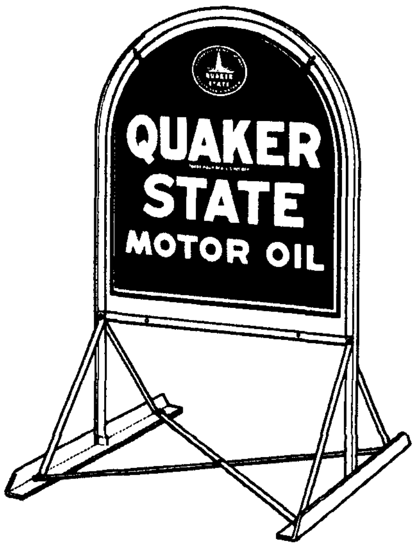
Jeff, Richard, Karin Armour

In Missouri, where Mark Twain's home at Hannibal boasts Tom Sawyer's famous fence, and . . .

In every state it's Quaker State for quality!

NOTHING you buy protects so many vital parts of your car's engine as the motor oil. That's why it pays to insist on Quaker State Motor Oil! Skillfully refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, Quaker State is the result of 50 years of specialization in automotive lubricants. There's none finer.

Quaker State Motor Oil is made to suit the requirements of all makes of cars and for every type of service. Ask your dealer.

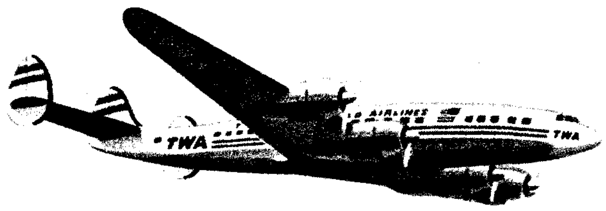


QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PA.
Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

TIPPERARY
TWA

It's really a holiday when you go by TWA

Here's the happiest way for the whole family to travel. Five-mile-a-minute speed leaves little time for youngsters to become restless. TWA's friendly service makes a long trip such an easy-going affair the whole family arrives with spirits high . . . relaxed and ready to enjoy all those *extra* days that air travel can give. And even cost needn't be a worry, for with TWA's famous Family Half-Fare Plan or by economical Sky Tourist flights the total expense of your trip is surprisingly low!



*Where in the world do **you** want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA, or see your travel agent.*

Fly the finest . . . FLY TWA

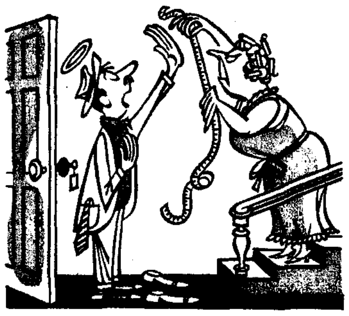
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

FRANCISCO
CHICAGO
DETROIT
BOSTON
KANSAS CITY
PITTSBURGH
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
ST. LOUIS
ALBUQUERQUE
PHOENIX
LOS ANGELES
AZORES
SHANNON
TUNIS
COLO

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

A warning from old 48 to all his friends. Science now tells us that when most people tell lies, one or both of their forefingers shrink. This telltale reaction was discovered by Dr. Roland C. Davis, research psychologist at Indiana University, no friend of us falsehood fanciers. So, in the future, beware of making conversation with folks who carry a tape measure.



* * *

This smart Yankee, a ventriloquist, decided to have a bit of fun with a filling-station hillbilly near Benton, Tennessee. So while the fellow was filling the Yankee's tank, the ventriloquist uttered a piteous plea for mercy and help which seemed to issue from the trunk of the car. Old hillbilly paid no mind whatever. Cries from the trunk redoubled in volume and misery. Hillbilly didn't even look up. Collected his money, waited until chagrined Yankee was about ready to drive off, then said: "Mister, I don't know if you know it or not, but somebody in the trunk of your car wants out."

* * *

With thanks to "the editors of the most wonderful magazine in the United States" (name forwarded on request to all enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelopes), Miss Lucille Rice, of Suffolk, Virginia, requests old 48 to publish the following notice from her local seat of government: "I, Lucille E. Rice, Assistant Registrar of the City of Suffolk, Virginia, would like to ask all the people of Suffolk, Virginia, not to register, transfer, etc., until my term expires in 1956. Right now I have the tedious task of copying the old books. Trying to get the names in alphabetical order is difficult, but translating the language is even worse. So please if you must register, go out of town or somewhere. Thank you for your co-operation."

* * *

Lou Maupin, of Lincoln, Nebraska, would like it known that a Mr. Worm and a Mr. Henn are in the oil business in his state. He says they get along fine.

* * *

If we hadn't a very high regard for the truth-telling potential of Omaha, Nebraska, we'd doubt this. Reader there says an Omaha family bought what it believed to be a Labrador retriever for three bucks. Veterinarian friend of the family shook his head. Their pooch was the result of a collie-shepherd-dog coalition. Sandy (that's the dog) must have been eavesdropping, because a couple of nights later it came home with a dollar bill in its mouth and solemnly laid the money at its new owner's feet. Reader says he hopes to die.

* * *

Got to talking to Mr. Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, about all this economy talk in Congress. Neither of us was able to make head nor tail of it. "Reminds me of my daughter the other night, stringing beads without any knot on the end."

* * *

In Henderson, Kentucky, Mrs. Walter Cannon Quinn has just about decided whom she'll vote for for county sheriff—the Honorable Roy (Mutt) Critser. Mr. Critser's candidacy announcement threw her: "I intend to make the race fair and square without criticism or mudslinging as I have naught against my opponents. Right is right. Wrong is wrong. If we're going to do wrong, let's do it right."

* * *

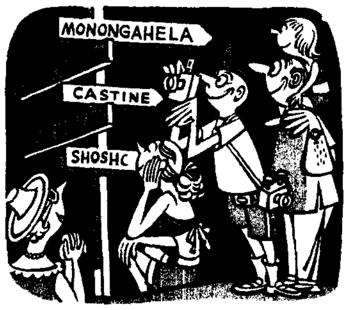
General store near Hamilton, Georgia, greets tourists with a sign: We Don't Sell Nothing on Credit and Darn Little for Cash.

* * *

Just as we were about to give up, we bought a copy of the Nowata, Oklahoma, Star and found out what a conference is. A conference, says the Star, is a group of people who individually can do nothing but who meet collectively to agree unanimously that nothing can possibly be done.

* * *

Okay, tourists, what's the most beautiful geographical American name you've seen, driven through or passed this summer? Several nominations have already arrived. Monongahela (Pennsylvania), Campobello (South Carolina), Castine (Maine), Montevallo (Alabama), Sierra Estrella (Arizona) and Shoshone (Idaho). What's your nomination? Never mind what they looked like. Beauty is in the ear of the beholder. ▲▲▲



IRWIN CAPLAN

If your car feels like this . . . it's time for MARFAK chassis lubrication

That "cushiony" feeling lasts longer with— MARFAK Lubrication

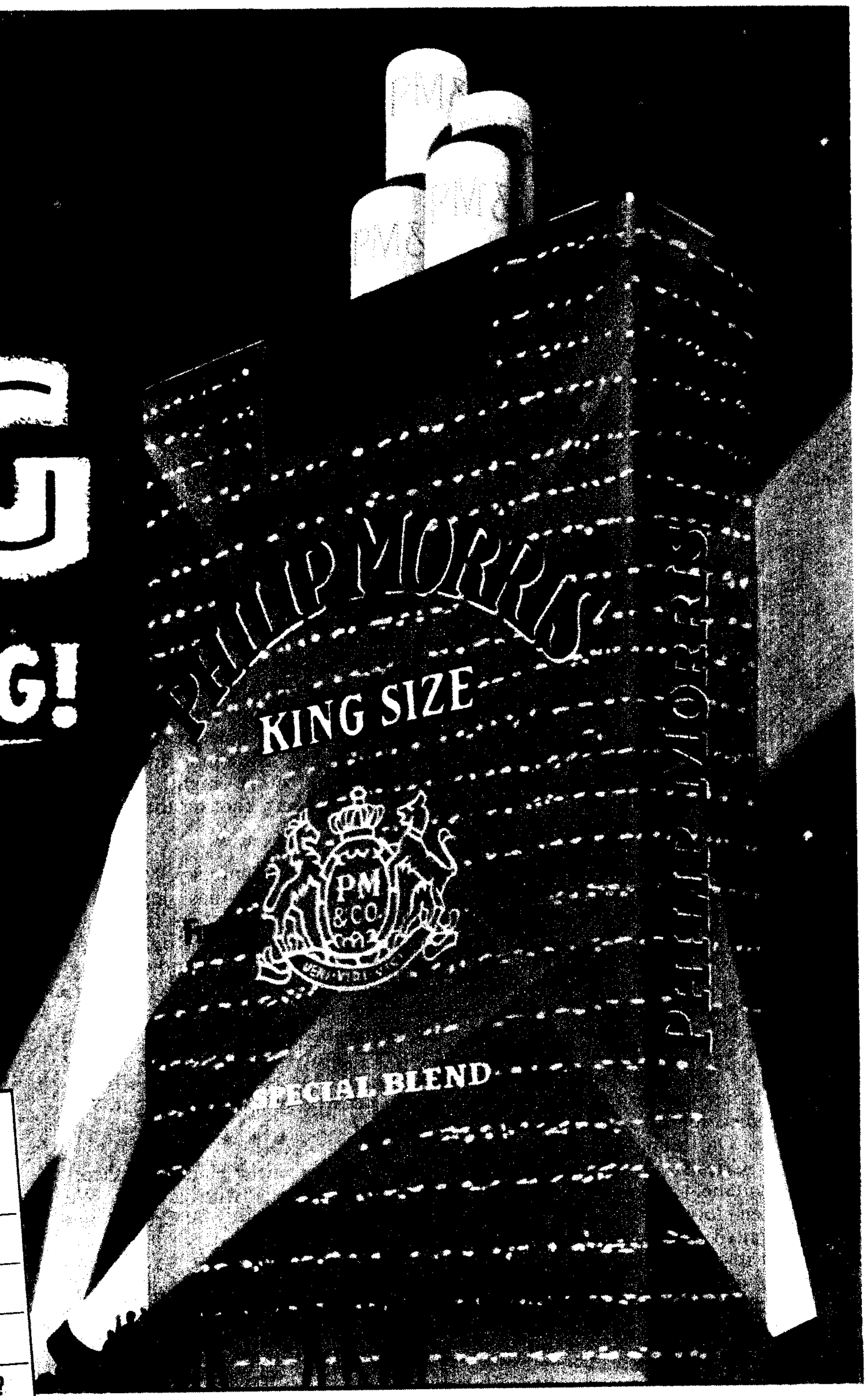
Your driving is *cushiony* and "cloud soft" when *Marfak* goes on the job. Tough wear-fighting *Marfak* clings to chassis points *longer* — resists wash-out, squeeze-out, jar-out. The pleasant result: you enjoy *cushiony* driving for 1,000 miles or more. For *Marfak* lubrication, see your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES
Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and in Latin America

THIS KING HAS EVERYTHING!

Every GOOD thing you want in a cigarette!


PM
PHILIP MORRIS
KING SIZE
PM & CO.
SPECIAL BLEND
PHILIP MORRIS

CHECK THIS CHART AGAINST YOUR PRESENT BRAND

- ✓ Do you have a clean, fresh taste after smoking?
- ✓ Do you really enjoy the taste of your food?
- ✓ Are you free from cigarette cough?
- ✓ Does your cigarette leave your throat comfortable?
- ✓ Does the last cigarette of the day taste as good as the first?

If your answer is "NO" to any of these questions —

IT'S TIME TO CHANGE TO PHILIP MORRIS!

MORE THAN A MILLION SMOKERS *have left well established brands* and are now smoking PHILIP MORRIS King Size. They're finding in PHILIP MORRIS King Size *everything* they want in a cigarette.

Are *you* getting *every good* thing you want from your cigarette? If not . . . *it's time to change to PHILIP MORRIS.* Make the change. Your *taste* will tell . . . your *throat* will tell . . . PHILIP MORRIS gives you smoother smoking, finer taste, greater throat comfort. That's because PHILIP MORRIS is made a *different* way . . . an *exclusive* way. King Size or Regular — it's America's *finest* cigarette.

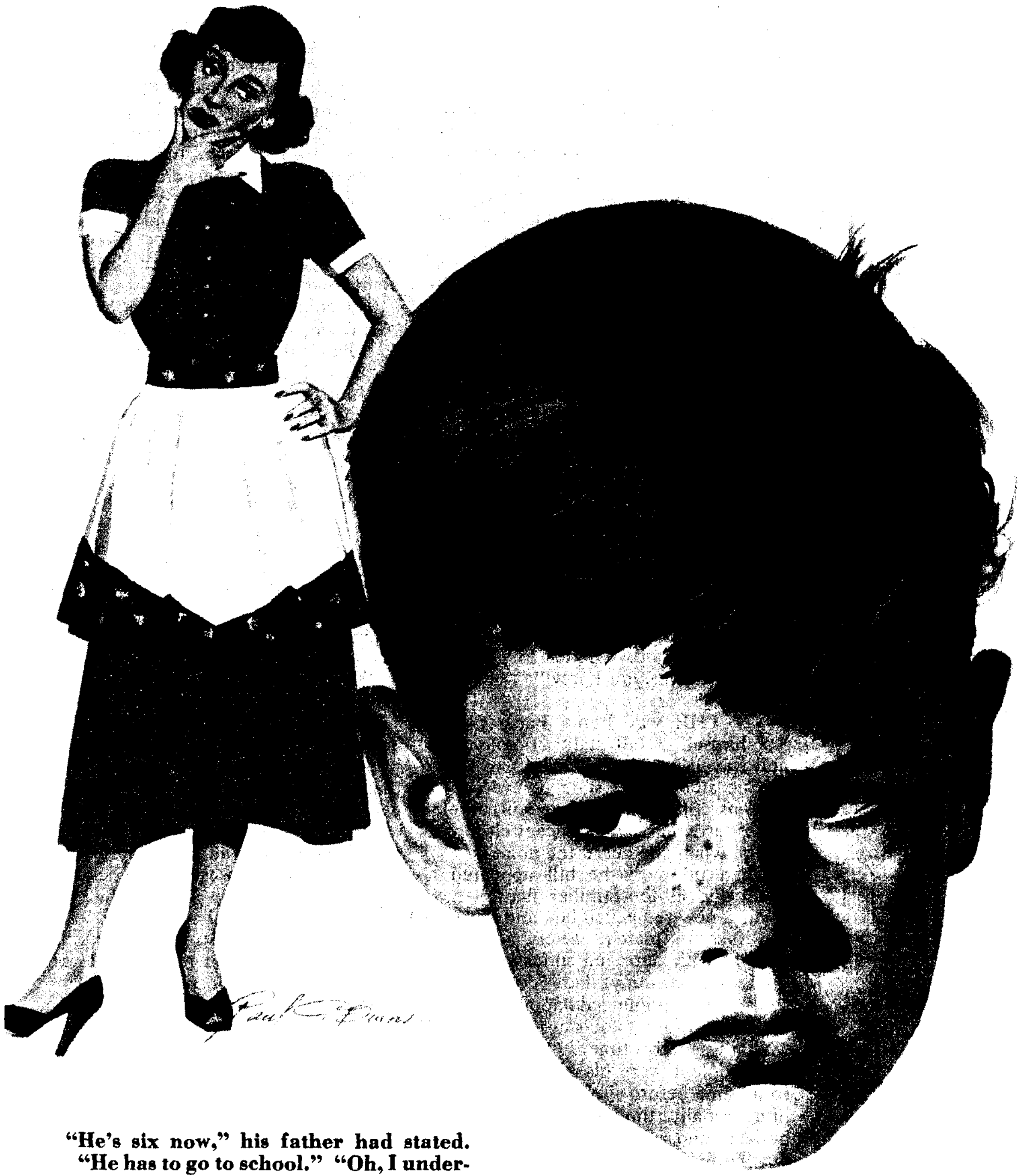
PHILIP MORRIS
REGULAR
PM
SPECIAL BLEND
PHILIP MORRIS

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

Judson adjusts

By GERTRUDE CARRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS



"He's six now," his father had stated. "He has to go to school." "Oh, I understand," said Sue, "but Judson doesn't"

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

SUE had always known Judson was a character, a strange pixy of a child who would utterly confound the child-psychology experts. But she was not in the least worried about his first day of school because she had prepared him so carefully for it. Frequently during the summer she had left him with neighbors and friends so that he would get used to being without her; and for the past few days she and his two brothers (Ricky, two years older, and Fatso, two years younger) had made a game out of playing school with him.

On the morning of the big day she had presents for each of them—red pencil boxes for Judson and Ricky and crayons for Fatso, and identical T-shirts in sizes four, six and eight, exactly the same as their ages.

"I'm not going to wear this," Judson said of his, sweeping it disdainfully to the floor. "I'm going to wear my ice-cream suit."

"Oh, no, Judson!" Dex said, arriving at the breakfast table at just that moment. "Your ice-cream suit is too dressed up for school. I only wear my white linen suit when I'm going to a wedding or some very important function—I never wear it to the office."

"I always get ice cream when I wear my ice-cream suit," Judson observed.

"That's because you always wear it to parties," Ricky said. "School is not a party, Judson."

"No, but there'll be lots of other children there just your age, and you'll love it!" Sue interposed hastily.

"I'm going to be in the first grade and my teacher is Miss Wallace," Judson informed all the bright and polished children whom they met on the walk to school that morning. In his new T-shirt, with his curly hair slicked down and his big dark eyes bigger and darker than ever, he was the brightest and most polished of them all. "Though I might decide to go with Ricky into the third grade and then my teacher will be Miss Andrews."

"School isn't Sunday school," one of the older boys told him. "You have to stay in your class whether you want to or not."

"But I might not like Miss Wallace."

"It doesn't matter. You gotta stay, Judson, and you gotta do what she tells you to!"

"I don't think I'll go to school today," he said to Sue as they passed the neighborhood park. "You and Fatso go on home. I'll stay here and play. It's all right, the cat can baby-sit me."

Even that didn't worry Sue. She just got the neighbor children to tell him how much they really liked school.

"I'll go," he said, after listening to them. "But if I don't like it I'll come home."

"You'll like it, dear!" Sue said cheerily; "I *know* you will!"

"Daddy should have driven us in the car," Judson remarked. "I'm too little to walk this far."

Secretly, Sue agreed with him. But it was just one of those unfortunate things. Dex had had an important early appointment and so couldn't take them as he had originally planned.

Judson's first-grade room greatly reassured Sue. It was overwhelmingly bright and sunny and colorful. And so was Miss Wallace.

"Where's Ricky?" Judson asked as they entered.

"Why, he's upstairs in the third grade, darling."

"Let's go find him!"

"Well—er—I have to fill out these entrance forms. You and Fatso sit down here and draw while I do that."

Fatso drew pictures of cakes and cookies and hamburgers, and Judson drew pictures of smashed-up cars and smashed-up airplanes and smashed-up trains while Sue tried to remember the right year for Ricky's birth and whether or not Dex's mother had finished high school. Most of the other mothers, having arrived earlier by car, had already finished their papers and were leaving now—casually waving good-by to their children. Some, though, were having trouble.

"Why are all those little children crying?" Judson asked.

"Come meet Miss Wallace now, darling," she said, taking him by the arm. After introducing him, she apologized for not having brought the three-

check
dry
scalp!

A dry, **oil-starved** scalp can lead to hard-to-manage hair, unsightly loose dandruff!

You can't check a lack of oil in your scalp with alcohol. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains *no* alcohol or any other scalp drying, "mystery" ingredients. It supplements the *natural* oils in your scalp to check dry scalp . . . relieve loose dandruff . . . keep your hair looking *naturally* well-groomed. And 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is economical too—just a few drops a day is all you need. Try it soon.

Keep hair
naturally
well-groomed

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK®
VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
CHECKS DRY SCALP
AND LOOSE DANDRUFF
GROOMS THE HAIR

dollar fee for supplies. "I'll send it with Judson tomorrow," she said.

"Perfectly all right," Miss Wallace answered, taking Judson's small hand. "How'd you like to help those other boys build that lovely tower?"

"Okay," Judson said happily.

"I told you there was nothing to worry about," Sue said to Dex when he telephoned later that morning.

"I was afraid you'd have trouble," he said. "Judson can be very stubborn."

"But he wants to go to school! He's already all beautifully adjusted! And all because I prepared him for it in advance. You see— Excuse me a minute, Dex, there's someone at the door." A moment later she was back, all the complacency gone from her voice. "Dex, that was Judson. I'll call you back."

She put down the receiver and turned to Judson. "Darling, what happened? Why did you come home?"

"I just decided to," he answered. "I told you if I didn't like it I'd come home, and I didn't like it."

"But school is fun!" Sue insisted.

"There are too many children. They don't even know my name."

"They'll learn your name. That just takes a little time."

"I like school, Judson," Fatso said. "*I'll* go."

How lovely if it could be solved that way, Sue thought. "Did I ever tell you about the time I learned to ride a horse?" she asked. Both children listened attentively as she explained how, if she had not got back on after she had fallen off, she never would have learned to ride. "It's the same way with school for you, Judson," she ended up. "If you don't go back now, it will be all the harder tomorrow."

"But I don't want to ride a horse," Judson said. "I want to play."

"Wouldn't you like to take some of our pretty flowers to your pretty teacher?" she said desperately.

"I'll cut them!" he cried, brightening. "Don't help me."

"How lovely to have you back, Juddy, and what beautiful flowers!" Miss Wallace said. Then she added in an undertone to Sue, "I thought you'd just try again tomorrow. This move from home to school is a very difficult adjustment for some children."

"But I felt it was like falling off a horse," Sue said. "Better to get right back on again, you know!"

ON THE way home Fatso picked himself a tall stalk of goldenrod and waved it about his head like a flag as Sue studied the state of everyone's gardens. She was standing still, admiring a particularly magnificent clump of asters, when she heard the noise.

Then up over the hill appeared a small and all-too-familiar figure—new T-shirt, new red pencil box and a bright red face to match. Every roar was fraught with outraged suffering.

"Look, Mommy, here comes Judson!" Fatso announced happily.

"Why wouldn't you stay?" Sue asked. "What was it this time?"

So violent were his sobs that it was some time before she could understand him. Finally, though, she learned that both he and a little girl had wanted to put the flowers in a vase for Miss Wallace, and the little girl had thrown a pitcher of water on him.

"She wetted my brand-new shirt!"

"Honestly, Dex, Judson's a human boomerang!" she said over the telephone, a little later. "I don't know what to do!"

"It's like falling off a horse, Sue," Dex said. "If you don't get right back on—"

"Horses have nothing to do with it!" she cried. "I'll try it again tomorrow."

"Do you think it will be any easier tomorrow? He's six years old now—he *has* to go to school!"

"I understand, dear," she said frigidly, "but Judson doesn't."

Slowly she went into the boys' bedroom, where Judson was busily removing his wet shirt. "Judson, I hate to tell you this," she said; "but you have to go back. Tell you what, you can wear your ice-cream suit!"

"Can I ride my bike too?"

"I guess so. I guess you know the way by now. Oh, but wait a minute, I was going to pay Miss Wallace the money I owe her. Can you do that?" She drew a five-dollar bill from her purse and handed it to him. "This is too much money; you'll be sure to bring back the change, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am!" he said firmly.

SHE was making sandwiches and wondering what time first grade let out when there came from the back yard a terrific uproar. About fifteen small children, including Judson, were swarming all over the place, laughing and shouting. Under the swings they romped, through her chrysanthemum bed, in and out of Dex's vegetable garden. Entranced, Sue would have stood by the window watching forever if Fatso hadn't pulled at her skirts and demanded lunch.

"Judson, come eat!" she shouted. "Children, come again!"

"'By, Judson!" they chorused.

"Be seeing you, Judson!"

"Judson, come by for me tomorrow and we can ride to school together!"

"They sure know your name now!" Sue said. "I guess you must have had a good time in school after all!"

"Oh, I love school!" he cried, his eyes shining. "I'm going every single day."

"Wonderful. Now, darling, where's my change?"

"Change?" he echoed, looking blank.

"Yes. I gave you a five-dollar bill to give your teacher, and I expressly asked you to bring the change back to me."

"There wasn't any change," he told her, "just dollars."

Then for the first time she noticed the large brown spots all down the front of his ice-cream suit. And it came to her that all the children in the back yard had had similar spots on their clothes.

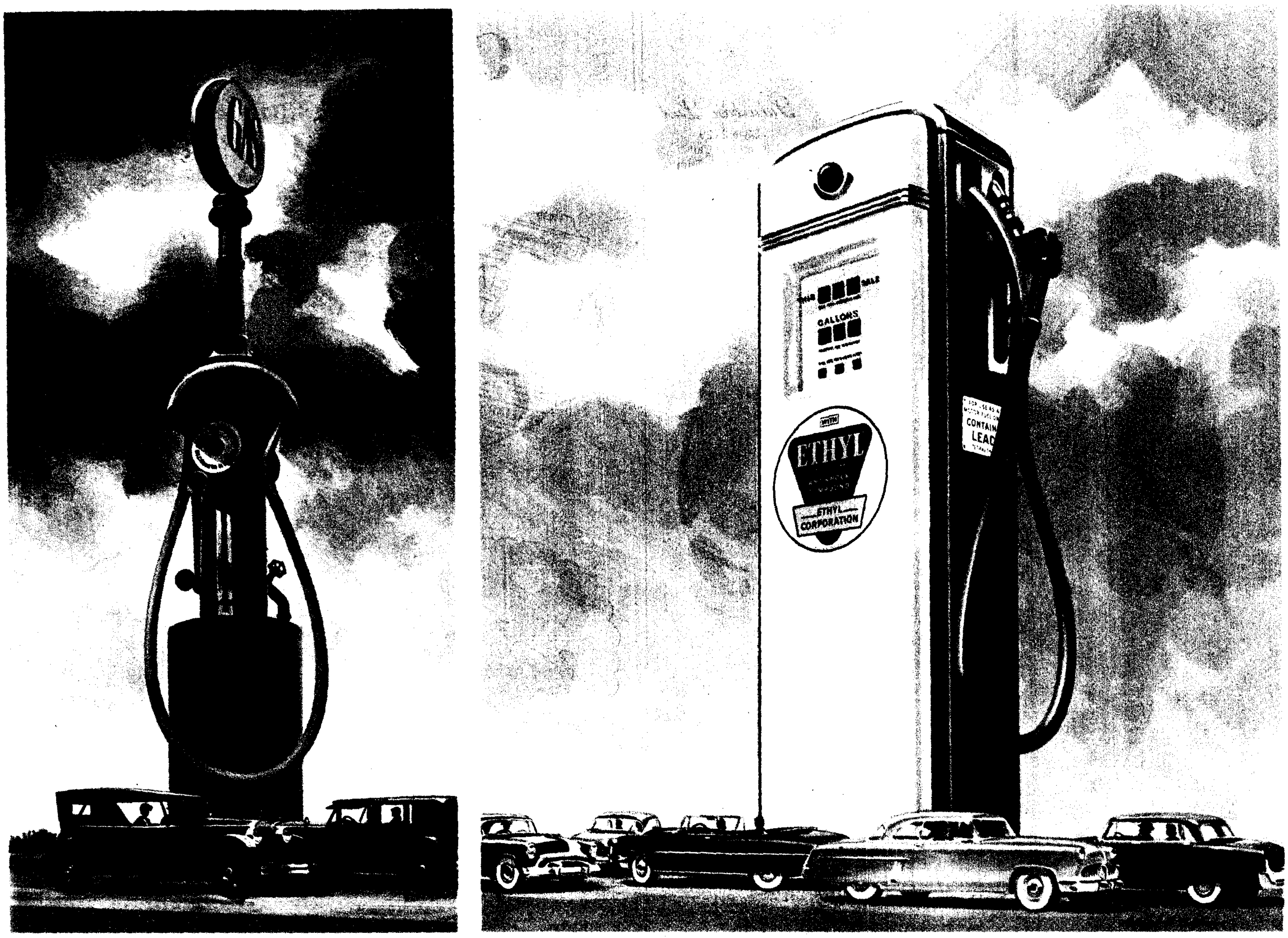
"I gave the dollars to the man and he gave ice cream to all my friends," Judson said. "There wasn't any change at all." He looked up at her, his face clouding. "Wasn't that all right?"

"Under the circumstances, yes. It wasn't what I had in mind, but I consider the money well spent."

"You're a wonderful mother," Dex said that night in admiration. "You had a real situation on your hands, and you handled it beautifully."

She avoided his eyes. "It was nothing, really," she murmured, wondering whether he'd comment when they had hamburger for Sunday dinner instead of their usual roast. "Still and all, I'm glad I have two years to rest up before Fatso's first day at school."

—GERTRUDE CARRICK



HOW MUCH BETTER IS TODAY'S GASOLINE?

Suppose you pumped a gallon of modern gasoline into a glass jar—and alongside it placed another jar filled with a gallon of the kind of gasoline used in 1925.

They would look about the same.

They would weigh approximately the same.

They would smell pretty much alike.

But actually there is a tremendous difference.

Used in a modern automobile engine, today's high octane fuel will do 50% more work. Or to put it another way, *two gallons of today's gasoline will do the work of three gallons of 1925 gasoline!*

Again and again engineers have run actual road tests, and the results, figured on a ton-mile* basis, have demonstrated how very much improved today's gasoline really is.

Why is modern gasoline so much better? Two reasons: 1. U.S. oil companies have spent millions of dollars developing improved refining processes to produce more and more high octane gasoline. 2. "Ethyl" antiknock compound is used by most refiners to step up octane ratings still further.

Remember, too, with all this improvement the price of gasoline (exclusive of taxes) is only slightly higher than it was in 1925! You get a bargain every time you drive into your service station and say, "Fill 'er up!"

2,000,000 petroleum people are doing a great job!

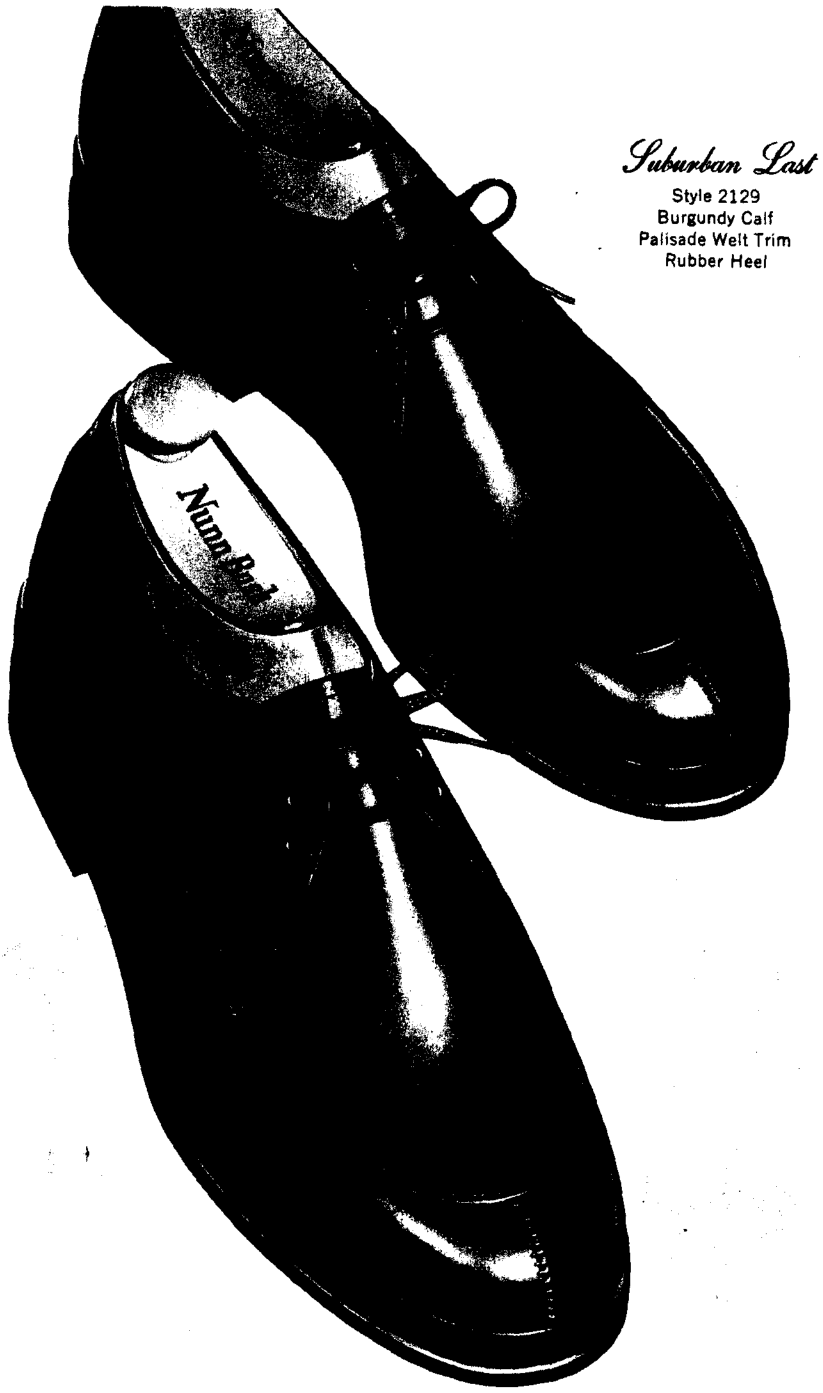
Because Americans have enjoyed a bountiful supply of petroleum products at low cost for so many years, the average person is likely to take for granted the wonderful service performed by the U. S. petroleum industry. To give this splendid record the recognition it truly deserves, this message is published by

ETHYL CORPORATION, New York, N. Y.,

manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound used by refiners to improve gasoline.

---

*Modern cars are so much heavier than their 1925 predecessors that miles per gallon cannot be directly compared.



Suburban Last
Style 2129
Burgundy Calf
Palisade Welt Trim
Rubber Heel

Nunn-Bush *Suburbans DeLuxe* with Palisade Welt Trim

In the entire history of Nunn-Bush style achievement, no smarter shoes have ever been made than these highly flexible Nunn-Bush SUBURBANS DeLuxe! The *palisade welt* trim provides eye-compelling distinction. Ankle-Fashioning makes the smartness *last* through many extra dollar-saving miles.

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Dealer

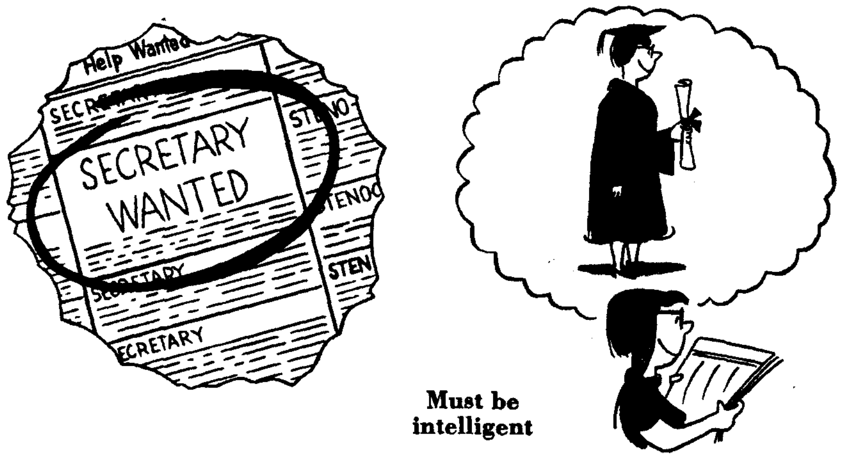
Nunn-Bush
Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

Write for Elaborate
Nunn-Bush Catalog

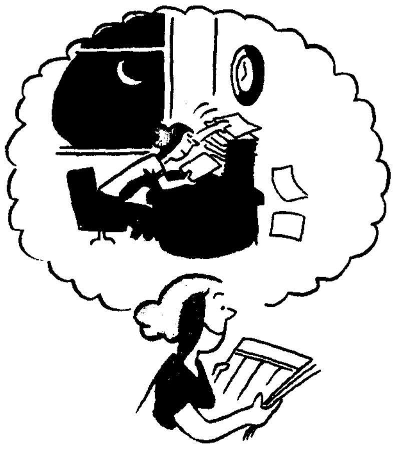
NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Classified Ad

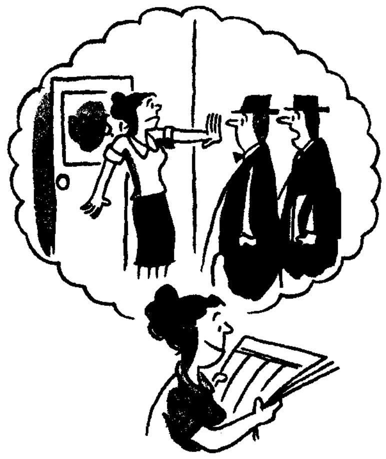
By BOB SCHROETER


Help Wanted
SECRETARY WANTED
SECR
STENO
STENOG
STEN
SECRETARY
SECRETARY

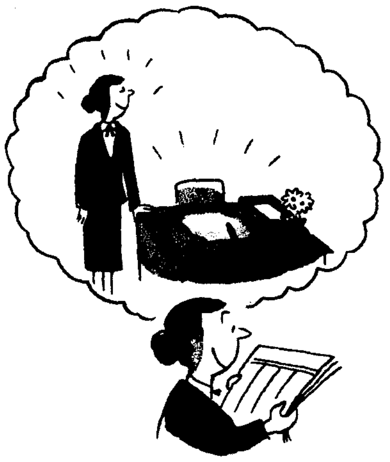
Must be intelligent



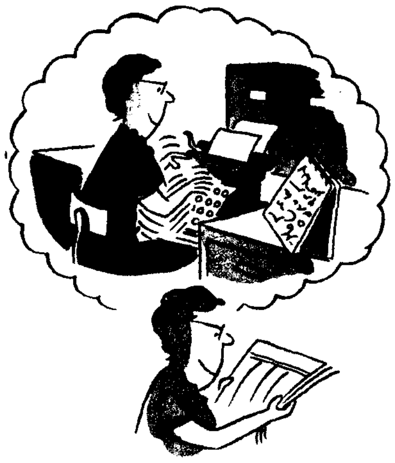
Ambitious



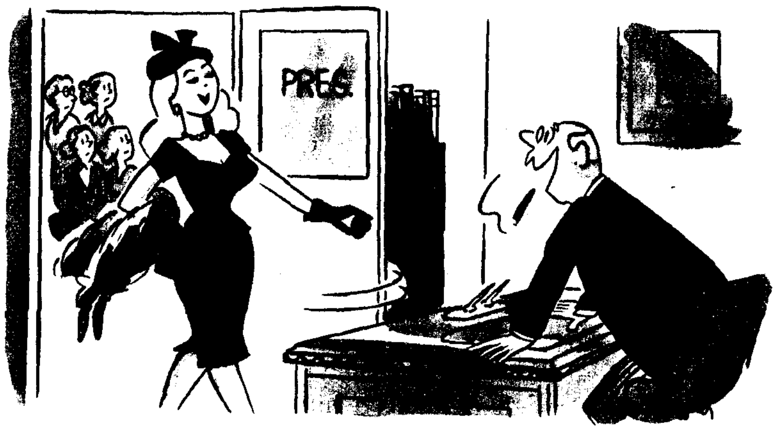
Dependable



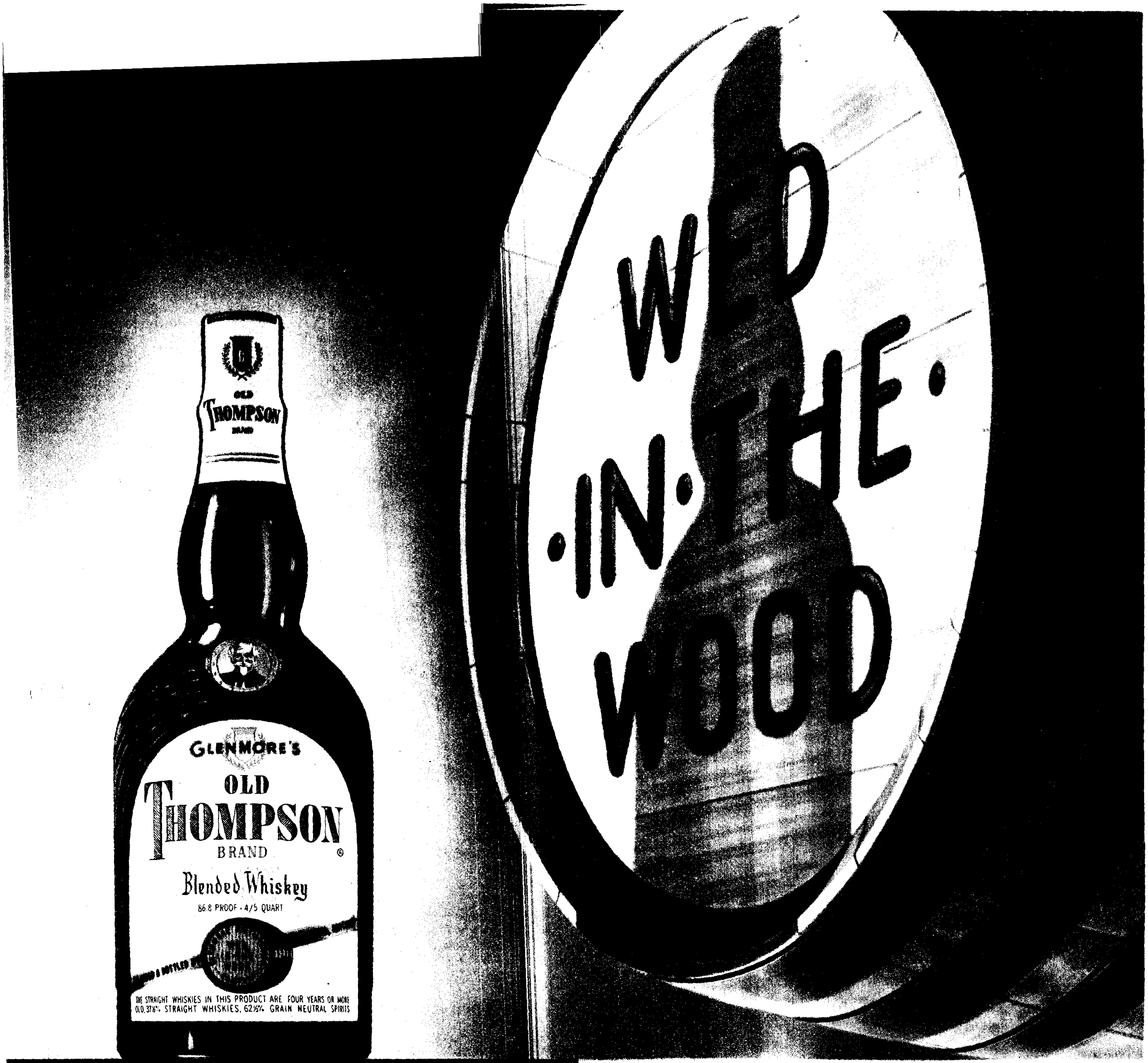
Neat



Experienced



"You're hired!"


OLD
THOMPSON
BRAND
GLENMORE'S
OLD
THOMPSON
BRAND ®
Blended Whiskey
86.8 PROOF · 4/5 QUART
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD, 37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES, 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
WED·IN·THE·WOOD

THE
WED·IN·THE·WOOD
WHISKEY

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY · LOUISVILLE, KY.

MADE BY GLENMORE

the famous distillery that has made more Kentucky Bourbon than any other distillery. There is no substitute for experience.

BLENDED IN KENTUCKY

by Kentuckians whose "touch-of-quality" has been a family tradition for three generations.

WED · IN · THE · WOOD

instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old.
37½% straight whiskies — 62½% grain neutral spirits.

CHANGE TO OLD THOMPSON AND KEEP THE CHANGE

Suave
FOR MEN
The Luxury Hairdressing

men who care "Suave" their hair

SUAVE—the hairdressing created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction. The kind of hairdressing you've always wanted, but never found before. The only hairdressing in the world with secret-formula Curtisol—insures perfect hair grooming naturally. Won't stain hatband. To look suave, use Suave daily.

In alligator-grained plastic squeeze flask

Special Offer!

Suave FOR MEN
Introductory offer!
only $1.00 PLUS TAX
regularly $1.60
MONEY BACK and keep the "try-me" flask ... if not delighted
60c flask NO EXTRA COST with $1 size
Suave FOR MEN the luxury hairdressing
The Luxury Hairdressing
in unbreakable spill-proof flask

only $1.00 PLUS TAX
regularly $1.60
Money back and keep the "try me" flask...if not delighted

Letters...

$%¢&*!#@%$&¢?*$!$&%*@&?#*@&#¢$%?%&?@!#*&¢@?#!$*%&¢@?*¢!%#$@#$%¢

Live Runner vs. Dead Ball

EDITOR: In the article on Mickey Mantle (Wham!—Whoosh—Mantle's Away!, July 4th) Casey Stengel is quoted as saying that if the old dead ball were still in use, Mantle would bat around .400 because of the hits he would beat out.

This is not so, because if the dead ball were being used, the infielders would play several steps nearer the plate.

PHILIP HOFFMAN, New York, N. Y.

Having seen Mantle fly around those bases, our money, as well as Casey's, is still on Mantle.

Marriage & Mrs. Johnstone

EDITOR: I want to let you know how much I enjoyed Margaret Blair Johnstone's very informative article, "How to Live with a Woman" (July 11th). In addition, I would like you to know how useful it will be to me in counseling young airmen prior to their marriage, as required, by AF regulations.

You would be surprised at the number of personnel who have wrecked their service life due to domestic troubles getting the best of them. True, we have a fine chaplain on the base, but most of them end up in the orderly room seeing the first sergeant or myself, and we just didn't have the necessary background to advise them about all the things which happen.

LT. LEE C. MCDONALD, USAF,
Orlando Air Force Base,
Orlando, Fla.

. . . Re How to Live with a Woman, by Margaret Blair Johnstone; that gal is certainly "cool." Just one thing wrong—and it's with the women.

We expect too much from our men (bless their pointed little heads). Being far from perfect ourselves, we still demand perfection from those poor characters—and there's no such animal as the perfect man.

JOAN TAYLOR, Grand Rapids, Mich.

. . . I was very happy to read How to Live with a Woman. Now at last one written to men! Here's to more emphasis on the man's part of the bargain.

FRANCES SHOFNER, Beaumont, Texas

. . . After reading your well-meaning article on conjugal bliss I decided to follow one of the suggestions listed by bringing home a box of chocolates unexpectedly to my wife, whereupon she exclaimed happily, "Oh, you've been reading How to Live with a Woman."

Next rule, please?

L. E. COPLESTON,
Calgary, Alta., Canada

In- or Unalienable

EDITOR: Referring to John Kord Lagemann's article on Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence (The First Fourth, July 4th), and in particular to the third column of text on page 52, I should suggest that Mr. Lagemann reread the text of the Declaration in Independence Hall.

In the original, the word is "unalienable" rights, and not, as he, like most others, quotes it, "inalienable."

Mr. Jefferson's spelling may not conform with ours, but that's the way it is.

THOMAS M. SLOANE,
Rehoboth Beach, Del.

According to Carl Becker's book, Declaration of Independence, the rough draft of the document reads "certain inalienable rights." There is no record that the Congress changed "inalienable" to "unalienable," but the latter form appears in the rough journal, the corrected journal and the parchment copy. John Adams, one of the committee who supervised the printing of the text adopted by Congress, wrote "unalienable" in his copy of the rough draft, and may have suggested that the change be made in printing. Mr. Lagemann used the rough-draft version as his source.

Teen-Age Vote

EDITOR: In the July 11th issue you had a thought-provoking editorial concerning lowering of the voting age (What's Your Idea About It?). You seek more reasons than that of military service and, offhand, I can bring several to mind.

1. Marriage: Since the law allows teen-agers to marry and have children, then those same teen-agers should be granted the privilege and responsibility of voting in matters that may concern their children's protection.

2. Income Tax: We are not adverse to taxing the working teen-ager. He or she has every right to vote concerning the spending by government of this money.

3. Automobiles: We license the teen-ager to own and operate motor vehicles all across the country. He pays a tax on the car license—state and federal gasoline taxes and in some states a fee for vehicle inspections. He deserves personal representation in legislation.

4. Property: Cars, real estate, livestock, etc. As a property owner in a community his vote is important.

DON S. MITCHELL, Brownsville, Texas

. . . When General Eisenhower said, "Those who are old enough to fight are old enough to vote," he was putting in a short slogan form the same idea our country's founders put in their slogan: "No taxation without representation."

The difference is that our young men are not only "eligible for military service," as you put it, but compelled to give up their liberty and pursuit of happiness, if not their lives, without any vote in our government.

MRS. S. C. WINGARD, Lakeview, Ore.

. . . Although I have just passed my eighteenth birthday, I have not been captivated, as most of my friends have, by the phrase "If you are old enough to fight, you should be old enough to vote." It seems quite strange to me that a person's voting intelligence and responsibility should be based upon his eligibility to carry a gun.

MARGARET ANN MCCORMACK,
Peru, Ind.

. . . Today the standard of education is higher than it was when the Constitution was drawn up. In most of our schools we have current affairs courses.

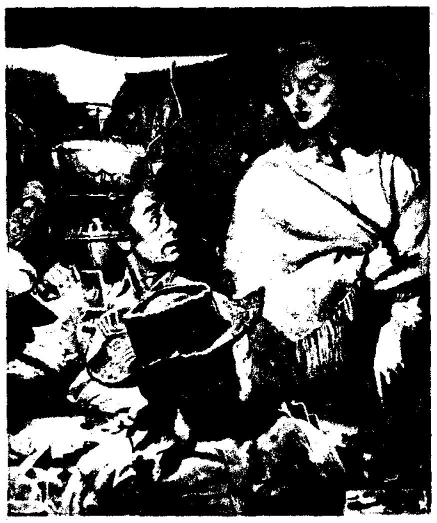
Not only do we study current affairs, but by the time most of us are eighteen we have a good background in American history and social science. How many of our forefathers had studied social science by the time they were twenty-one?

VIVIAN AANERUD, Morris, Minn.

. . . Many people at present seem to think that this segment of our population is clamoring to be franchised. A little thought and investigation on our part will, I think, prove otherwise. The deeper interests of this group are generally far removed from politics. Jobs, income, adventure, fun, romance, marriage and establishing a home generally have precedence—as they should.

R. B. SWANSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

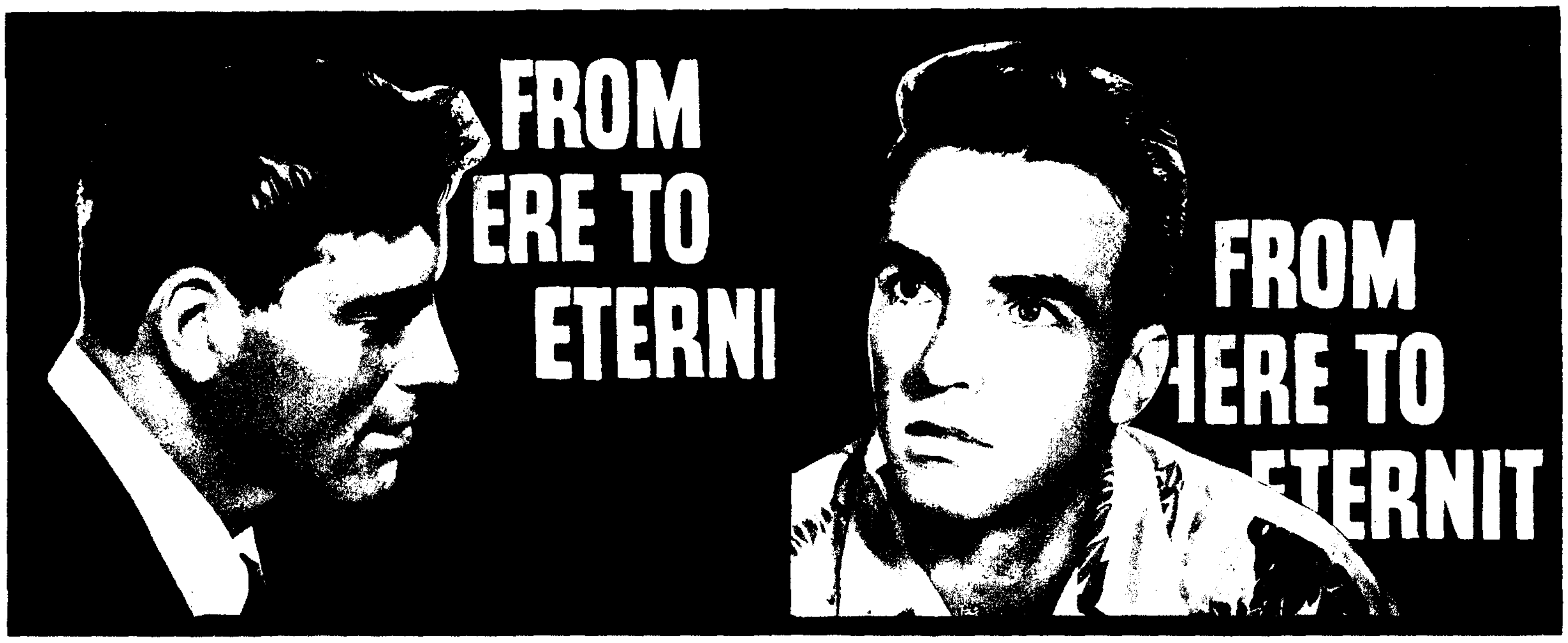
6-Card Draw?



EDITOR: I have heard of things being as unexpected as a fifth ace in a poker deck but in the Lallapalooza (July 18th), the gentleman on the lady's right holds six cards. How come? In Wyoming we are only allowed five—that is, after the smoke clears away.

R. ROOKS, Thermopolis, Wyo.

HEIGHTS OF EMOTION—DEPTHS OF EXPERIENCE—
THE SCREEN HAS NEVER DARED BEFORE!


FROM
ERE TO
ETERNI
FROM
HERE TO
ETERNIT

BURT LANCASTER · MONTGOMERY CLIFT

FROM
HERE TO
ETER
FROM
HERE TO
ETE

DEBORAH KERR · FRANK SINATRA · DONNA REED

FROM
HERE TO
ET
FROM
HERE TO
ETERNITY

Screen Play by DANIEL TARADASH · Based upon the novel by JAMES JONES · Produced by BUDDY ADLER · Directed by FRED ZINNEMANN · A COLUMBIA PICTURE

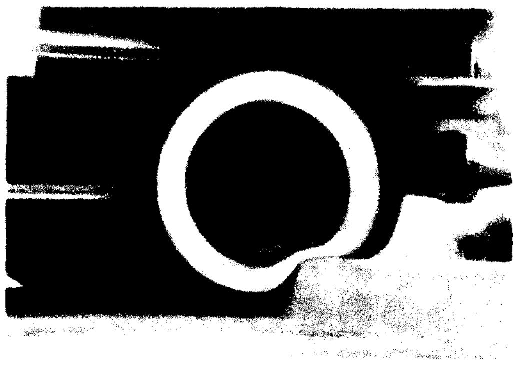
Miracle All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushions undamaged after hitting curb in 55 m.p.h. test!

It's almost unbelievable that tires could take punishment like this. The test driver hit that 6-inch test curb at 55 m.p.h.! The car jumped completely clear of the road! But the tires were undamaged.

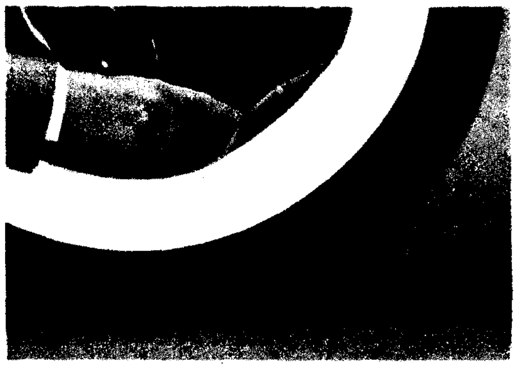
Impacts that would blow out some tires don't even affect the All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion! That's a comfortable feeling to have on the highway!

And now you can get the miracle strength and safety of an all-Nylon cord tire for just a few dollars more than a standard tire! Ask your Goodyear dealer to show you the new All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

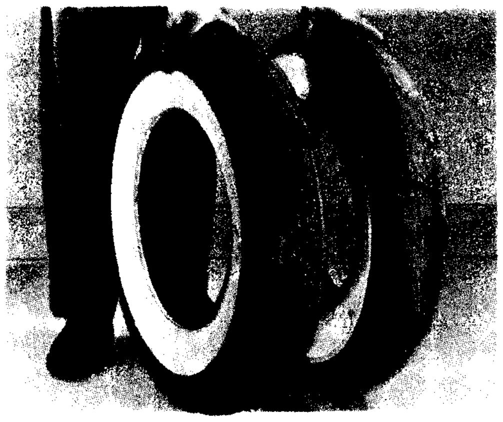
NEW ALL-NYLON CORD TIRE is up to 80% stronger! Costs only a few dollars more than a standard tire!



Here's what happened when we drove a set of All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion tires against a 6-inch test curb at 55 m.p.h.! Tremendous impact! You would think a blowout was inevitable!



All four steel rims were bent! But when the All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushions were examined, not a cord was broken! If *you* should accidentally hit an obstacle at high speed, wouldn't it be comforting to know that you have the miracle protection of Nylon?

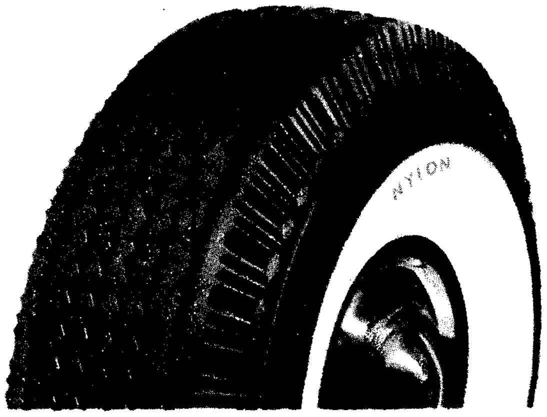


New tread rubber gives up to 21% more mileage!

A new tougher tread rubber gives the Super-Cushion up to 21% more mileage.

⬅ Both of these tires were driven the same distance. The tire at the right is smooth. But the new Super-Cushion still has thousands of miles of safe, nonskid driving left.

See your Goodyear dealer today! Although he may not yet have your size in stock, he will be glad to accept your order for future delivery.



America needs better, safer roads. Let's bring them up to PAR.

MIRACLE ALL-NYLON CORD SUPER-CUSHION

by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

KINSEY:

On the Difference Between MEN AND WOMEN

Are women inferior to men? A heated controversy is raging over that question—and both sides will discover many surprises in the latest report by one of the world's foremost authorities on sexual behavior

By BILL DAVIDSON

IF YEARS had names, 1953 might be called The Year of the Second Emancipation of Women. There have been books to prove the equality of women, books proclaiming the superiority of women and books assailing the brutality of men for preventing women from becoming equal or superior. Anthropologist Ashley Montagu points out that women live longer, are less warlike and more sensitive than men, and bear pain better; he insists that if men are often more creative than women in art, business and science it's only because they're trying to compensate for the smaller part they play in the creation of life. A distinguished French writer, Simone de Beauvoir, declares today's women are deprived of their rights by the privileged caste—men.

These feminist volleys have served only as a warmup for what might be the most controversial feminist book of all: the long-awaited, soon-to-be-published report, Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, by Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his staff.

Dr. Kinsey—considering men and women in their most basic relationship—has found strong evidence against age-old beliefs about sexual differences between the male and female. His findings, based on the thorough questioning of 5,940 women, show that women enjoy love as much as men, that they are just as quick to respond physically (if the husband's approach is right), and that frigidity in women is far less extensive than most doctors and psychiatrists believe. He also challenges the long-held psychological theory that there is a difference in the levels of desire in the two sexes.

In some ways, the Kinsey findings may even indicate feminine superiority. He is nowhere near so extreme in his contentions as Ashley Montagu, who claims in his book, The Natural Superiority of Women, that a man is an incomplete woman whose life is warped from the day he realizes he can't have a baby. Dr. Kinsey does say, however, that women have stricter standards of behavior than men, and that they seem to have certain biological advantages which make them hardier and sexually longer-lived than their brothers.

In comparing standards of behavior, Dr. Kinsey cites one of the striking revelations of the 1948 Kinsey Report on the human male—that half of the married men he interviewed had reported relations with women other than their wives, many of them with dozens of other women. But the married women he questioned reported much less promiscuity. Only a quarter of the wives had had extramarital relations by the time they were forty years old, and of these nearly half had their extramarital experience with only one man.

DELLENBACK

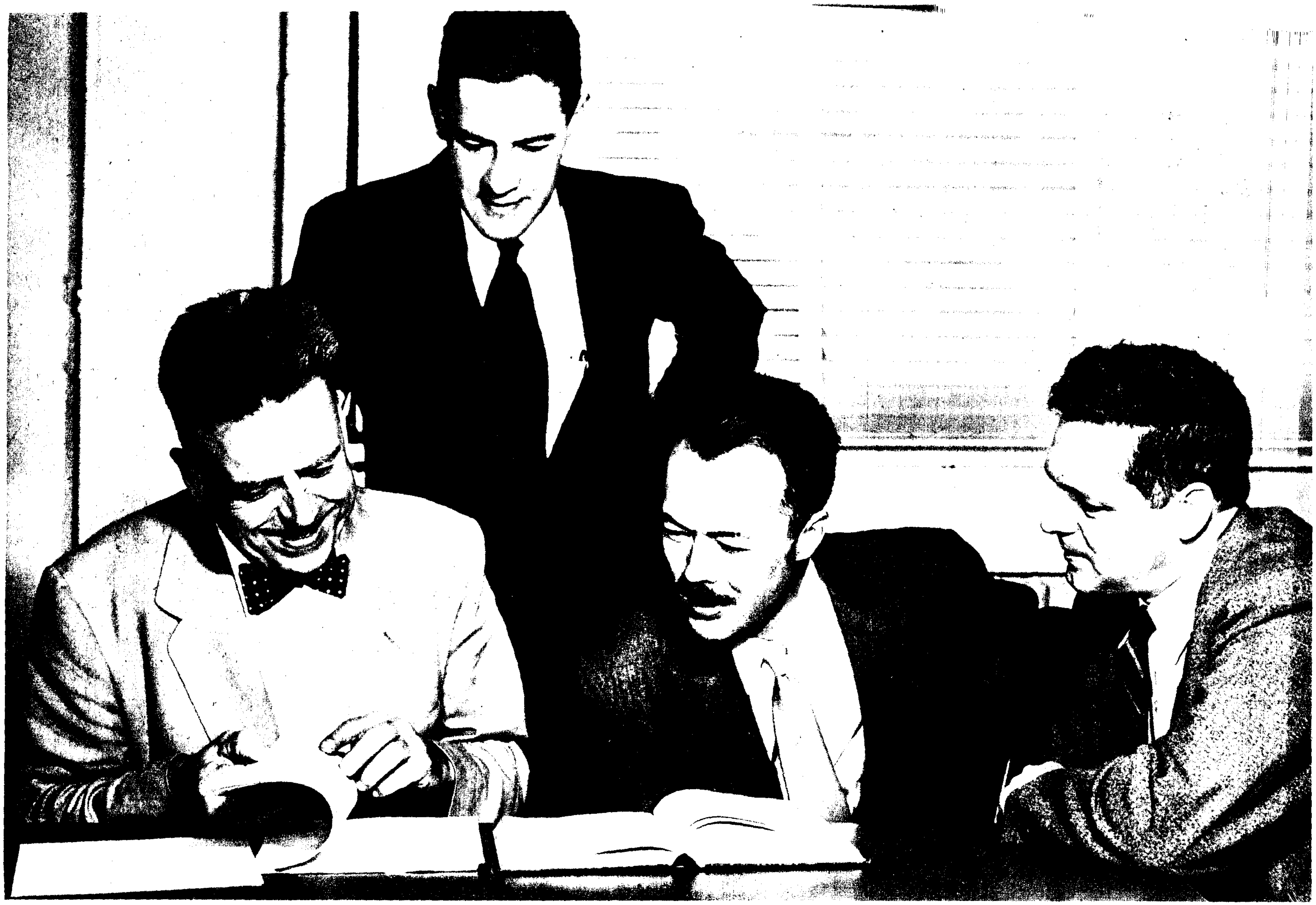
Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, once an expert on gall wasps, switched his field when he realized science knew less about human sex life than about wasp sex life. The result was the 1948 best seller, Sexual Behavior in the Human Male. Its sequel about women will be published Sept. 14

The Kinsey findings on premarital relations showed the same degree of variation: nearly all the husbands, but only half the wives, had had experience before marriage—and 46 per cent of the women later married the one man with whom they'd had relations.

The second Kinsey disclosure which seems to give women an edge over men also is based on a comparison with the findings reported in his first volume. In that survey of 5,300 males, Dr. Kinsey found that most men reach the peak of their desire at the age of sixteen or seventeen and go steadily downhill from then on. An average man of forty has only about half the desire he had when he was twenty; by the time he reaches sixty, his sexual appetite has diminished by perhaps two thirds.

A woman's desire during her late teens or early twenties is less than a man's at the same age but her appetite and activity then continue almost unabated into her sixties. That fact, says Dr. Kinsey, combined with the custom decreeing that a man must marry a younger woman, has led to one of the tragedies of our civilization—the husband often has lost some of his interest in sex by middle age, while the wife is still at her zenith.

These are among the more unexpected of Dr. Kinsey's new findings, but they are not necessarily



DELLENBACK

Dr. Kinsey, l., checks statistics with his collaborators in the Indiana University Institute of Sex Research. L. to r., Clyde E. Martin, and Drs. Paul H. Gebhard and Wardell B. Pomeroy

the most important. Perhaps the key statement of his book is, "Males and females are basically alike and would understand each other better if they realized this." The new Kinsey Report may become the number one feminist book of 1953 because it gives Woman equal status with Man in a vital human relationship in which she generally has been considered the inferior.

In what way are men and women alike? Dr. Kinsey says, "We found no basic differences in the anatomy which is involved in the sexual responses of females and males, and we found no differences in the physiologic phenomena which are involved when females and males respond sexually."

That's a revolutionary finding. Many psychiatrists, perhaps most, emphasize the importance of the woman's child-bearing organs in gaining physical satisfaction through sex. Simone de Beauvoir, in her book, The Second Sex, says she resents the nature of the peculiarly feminine physical characteristics, but she regards them nevertheless as a source of pleasure. Dr. Kinsey discounts their importance altogether, maintaining that they don't play a major role in satisfying a woman—that the most responsive area is that which is most similar to man's. And when he says he found "no differences in physiologic phenomena," he means that a woman's blood pressure, her pulse rates and so on are essentially the same as the man's during lovemaking.

Most experts have held that women are much slower than men in achieving satisfaction. Simone de Beauvoir says a woman's climax is *never* as direct and specific as a man's. Dr. Kinsey discounts all such theories. A woman's response is the same as a man's, he says; it's slowed down only when her husband talks or otherwise destroys concentration and rhythm. If it weren't for that, according to Dr. Kinsey, there would be little difference in the rate of response between an average man and woman.

Then why the widespread belief that most women are frigid? It is a widely accepted figure among medical men and psychologists that one third of the college women who marry never attain sexual completion, and a noted gynecologist-endocrinologist team, Dr. William S. Kroger and Dr. S. Charles Freed, recently suggested that as many as three out of four women may be unresponsive to some degree. But here, too, Dr. Kinsey's findings disagree with most previous theories. Nearly half the women report complete satisfaction in every experience, he says; the average wife reports it three quarters of the time. Again, his disclosures indicate that women react more like men than other experts have believed.

Seeking to Explain Behavior Patterns

But if men and women are so similar physiologically, how does Dr. Kinsey explain known differences in behavior, such as the greater promiscuity of men? Is the difference caused by the male and female hormones? Dr. Kinsey says no; estrogen and testosterone appear to have little to do with the patterns of response. Even after radical surgery has destroyed the mechanism that manufactures sex hormones, many women have an increase in desire. The same is true of those who have passed menopause and no longer can bear children.

Dr. Kinsey indicates that *other* hormones—manufactured in the adrenal and pituitary glands—more nearly coincide in volume with the peak years of activity in both men and women, and that further research may link them more closely.

Meanwhile he can find only one major reason for the differences in the sex behavior of men and women: what he calls psychologic, or mental, factors. Dr. Kinsey writes: "There is considerable evidence that the responses and behavior of the average male are, on the whole, more often determined by his previous experience, by his association with objects that are connected with his previous experience, and by his vicarious sharing of another individual's experience. The average female is less often affected by such psychologic factors."

In other words, the average man is stimulated by memory, by literature, by visualizing future experiences. The average woman is not. Nearly all men, for example, react to the sight of an attractive woman, whether their wives, their fiancées or movie stars; but fewer than one woman in two reacts in a similar way to an attractive man. Nudity is extremely stimulating to most men; it seldom is to a woman. That's also true of pornography and erotic art and literature; practically all of it is produced by men for men and it rarely stimulates women. Also, many more men than women have climactic dreams concerning the opposite sex; a large number of women report that they've had such dreams only one to six times in their lives.

A curious statistic in Dr. Kinsey's report is that most women prefer "the more romantic atmosphere of a darkened room" for marital experiences, while a great many men like light.

These preferences have little to do with "romantic atmosphere" at all, says Dr. Kinsey. It is just that the man gets added stimulation from viewing his wife. To the wife, visual stimulation is far less important.

Dr. Kinsey finds in these so-called psychologic dissimilarities an explanation of the principal dif-

Men and women might get along better, Dr. Kinsey says, by realizing how alike they are

ferences in the behavior of men and women. He says, for example, that they are the main reason why wives often are satisfied more slowly than their husbands. The average man, he says, is stimulated by looking at his wife, by thinking of past or future experiences, or by remembering erotic art and literature. With the help of such mental images, he remains aroused even when the physical action is interrupted. In fact, he often interrupts it deliberately to make the experience last longer.

The Distractions That Affect Women

But the average wife is not affected by nudity or by erotic thoughts, so any distraction or interruption may become a barrier to her full experience. Dr. Kinsey says, "Many females are easily diverted . . . when a baby cries and when children enter the house; when the doorbell rings; when they recall household duties which they intended to take care of before retiring for the night; when music, conversation, food or a desired smoke, or other nonsexual activity presents itself."

Simone de Beauvoir wrote, in a more poetic paraphrase of the same thought, "Sex pleasure in women is a kind of magic spell; it demands complete abandon; if words or movements oppose the magic of caresses, the spell is broken."

"But it is the man himself," says Dr. Kinsey, "who sometimes is responsible for the introduction of the conversation, cigarettes, music and other diversions. And he unwittingly may be responsible for the female's distraction because he does not understand that the sources of her response may be different from his."

The important requirement for the woman, he says, is constant physical stimulation, continued to completion. Most men do not understand that need; they often keep themselves at a pitch of excitement with mental images and stimulating conversation, and mistakenly think the woman is keeping pace. Actually, the wife's ardor may flicker out and need rekindling; the man who then accuses her of lack of affection doesn't realize that it was his own interruptions and distractions which caused her to respond more slowly.

Dr. Kinsey also uses these "psychologic stimuli" to explain the startling difference in the degree of promiscuity among men and women. "Among all peoples everywhere in the world," he writes, "it is understood that the male is more likely than the female to desire sexual relations with a variety of partners." Dr. Kinsey's own statistics provide dramatic confirmation of this belief for the first time. But why is it so?

The suspected difference in promiscuity has been rationalized with such statements as, "The female has a greater capacity for being faithful," and "She has a greater responsibility in maintaining a home and caring for children." Simone de Beauvoir attributes it to the inferior position of women in our man-run society. She says that a woman restrains herself from being promiscuous so she won't jeopardize her principal security—her status as a wife and mother.

But Dr. Kinsey's studies have led him to believe that there may be a less complex reason: "It seems possible that the female is less often aroused—as the average male is aroused—by the *idea* of promiscuity."

He points out that a man can look at a woman across a crowded room and become stimulated by imagining himself having relations with her. He anticipates exciting new experiences. Most women, on the contrary, cannot develop desire merely by thinking of it. When they meet an attractive new man they rarely become stimulated just by looking at him. With fewer thoughts of promiscuity to impel them, Dr. Kinsey says, they less often seek out affairs with men.

All in all, women will find much in the new Kinsey Report to convince them that the human female is a more continent and more civilized person than the human male.

But one of Dr. Kinsey's major findings seems certain to stir heated controversy, because it clashes head on with a deeply rooted moral standard, taught by churches and schools and steadfastly held by most Americans. He found that although women aren't naturally frigid, about 28 per cent of them in this country *become* frigid (men almost never do). He then reached the conclusion that "our unrealistic moral codes" are often to blame—that a girl who is forbidden experiences with men before marriage sometimes finds it impossible to change her ways after marriage.

The solution, he infers from the statistics (and most Americans are likely to disagree violently), is to permit greater freedom before marriage. He says his figures show that nearly all women who had a complete experience in some form while they were single also attained completion with their husbands in the first year of marriage—while nearly half the women without a complete experience failed to attain satisfaction that first year. The first year is important, Kinsey says, because "most males will not temporize and allow their wives months and years for the development of sex techniques."

Severe Laws for Teen-Age Petters

Dr. Kinsey seems well aware than he is arguing against widely held beliefs; but he contends our actions rarely conform to our beliefs—and when they do, he says, the results are often unsatisfactory. He points out that in most states girls of sixteen to nineteen can be sent to institutions if they engage in petting. In Michigan, a boy can be sentenced to life imprisonment for petting if he is over sixteen and the girl under sixteen. In 27 other states there are lesser penalties.

Yet, Dr. Kinsey says, his figures show that by the late teens nearly nine American girls in ten do engage in petting—which is the principal outlet for single women because of the powerful convention against premarital relations.

"Evidently," Dr. Kinsey writes, "the religious and public condemnation of petting has had a minimal effect on the youth of more recent generations, since it has become a nearly universal practice. However, as the result of the condemnation, most of those who engage in petting do so with some sense of guilt." When that feeling of guilt is great, he adds, it may cause personality problems and psychic maladjustments which can hurt a marriage.

"It is the church, the school, the home," says Dr. Kinsey, "which are the chief sources of the sexual inhibitions, the distaste for all aspects of sex, and the feelings of guilt which many females carry with them into marriage."

Dr. Kinsey's view is shared by anthropologist Margaret Mead, who has protested that a girl taught from infancy to reject a man's advances can't be expected to change miraculously on her wedding night, and by many of the outspoken feminists, who feel that women are unfairly forced to comply with stricter standards than those for men.

Early Inhibitions Cause Marital Woes

Besides leading to frigidity, those strict standards may do other harm, Dr. Kinsey holds. First, he says, during a man's most ardent years his wife may still be struggling to free herself from the inhibitions she was taught from childhood; by the time she has become more interested in marital relations—an interest that may last into the sixties—her husband often has become less interested, owing to the normal male decline that comes with advancing age. The result, he says, may be a wrecked marriage.

Second, "When frustrated or sexually unresponsive females attempt to direct the behavior of other persons, they may do considerable damage. In our sample, there were grade-school, high-school and college teachers among these unresponsive or unresponding females. Some of them had been directors of organizations for youth, some of them had been directors of institutions for girls or older women, and not a few had a part in establishing public policies. Some had been responsible for some of the more extreme sex laws which state legislators had passed."

As directors of women's prisons, Dr. Kinsey told me, such inhibited women were extremely harsh in their judgments of inmates, not understanding other women's desires. As teachers of young girls, they constantly harped on the theme that all sex is bad, thus planting the same inhibitions in their young charges, and starting the cycle all over again. "And it all takes root," claims Dr. Kinsey, "in the blank or sexually frustrated lives which our culture, paradoxically, has expected them to live."

Such allegations are sure to make the new Kinsey Report a highly controversial book. Clergymen and educators will point out that the Christian-Jewish concepts of morality have governed our civilizations since the time of Moses. Many psychiatrists undoubtedly will protest that Dr. Kinsey has oversimplified the "psychologic" factors involved in promiscuity and the slowness of response in women. There will be disagreements, too, by physiologists, doctors, hormone therapists and marriage counselors—not to mention many readers of this article.

One fact seems certain, however: The book will be hailed by not a few women. As one feminist (who happens to be married to me) put it, "At last we are told what we women have long believed deep down." And one of my colleagues, Albert Deutsch, commented, "When this report comes out, Dr. Kinsey could run for President of the United States—and count on getting 90 per cent of the feminist vote." ▲▲▲

DELLENBACK

Kinsey interviewing technique, demonstrated by Dr. Pomeroy, is specially designed to obtain frank answers to sex queries

The DEVIOUS BACHELOR

By ROALD DAHL

I am not a vain man, but I could not overlook the horrible things Janet had said about me. So I thought of a delicious way to get revenge

IT IS nearly midnight, and I can see that if I don't make a start at writing this story down now, I never shall. My idea—and I believe it was a good one—was to try, by a process of confession and analysis, to discover a reason, or at any rate some justification for my outrageous behavior toward Janet de Pelagia. I wanted essentially to address myself to an imaginary and sympathetic listener, a kind of mythical *you,* someone gentle and understanding to whom I might tell unashamedly every detail of this unfortunate episode. I can only hope that I am not too upset to make a go of it.

If I am to be quite honest with myself, I suppose I shall have to admit that what is disturbing me most is not so much the sense of my own shame, or even the hurt that I have inflicted upon poor Janet; it is the knowledge that I have made a monstrous fool of myself and that all my friends—if I can still call them that—all those warm and lovable people who used to come so often to my house, must now be regarding me as nothing but a vicious, vengeful old man. Yes, that surely hurts. When I say to you that my friends were my whole life, then perhaps you will begin to understand.

Will you? I doubt it—unless I digress for a minute to tell you roughly the sort of person I am.

Well, let me see. Now that I come to think of it, I suppose I am, after all, a type; a rare one, mark you, but nevertheless a quite definite type—the well-to-do, leisurely, middle-aged man of culture, adored (I choose the word carefully) by his many friends for his charm, his money, his air of scholarship, his generosity and, I sincerely hope, for himself also.

You will find him (this type) only in the big capitals of culture—London, Paris, New York—of that I am certain. The money he has was earned by his dead father whose memory he is inclined to despise. This is not his fault, for there is something in his make-up that compels him secretly to despise all people who have never had the wit to learn the difference between Rockingham and Spode, Waterford and Venetian, Sheraton and Chippendale, Monet and Manet, or even Pommard and *(Continued on page 78)*

The man was a bounder. "There's nothing immoral about this," he would say. "Art is only immoral when practiced by amateurs'

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

Will the Fans Go for "One-Platoon

What effect will the NCAA's limited substitution rule have on the 1953 game? We asked the nation's top gridiron veterans and coaches for their opinions—and got some unexpected answers

By BILL FAY

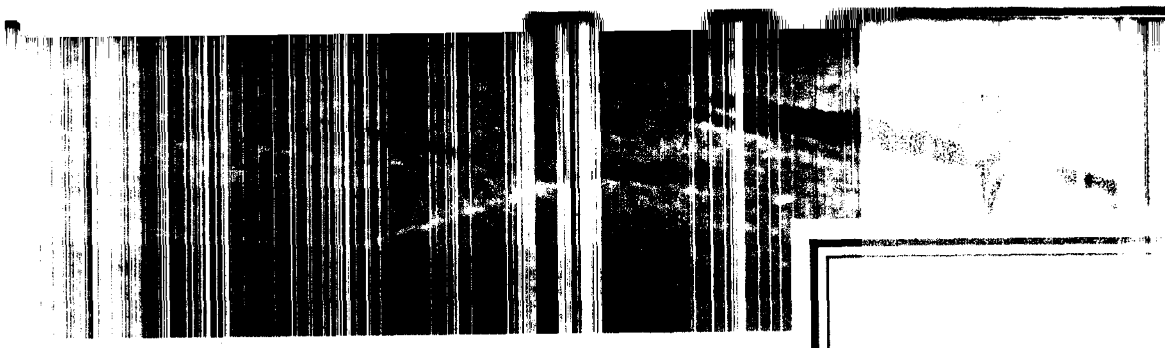
ONE afternoon last April, a Midwestern sports editor stopped off at Michigan State College to watch coach Biggie Munn's Spartans, the national collegiate football champions of 1952, sweat out a two-hour spring-training session. At a far corner of the practice field, the editor encountered Tom Yewcic, Michigan State's No. 1 quarterback, who was engaged in the wearisome task of throwing himself time after time at a heavy canvas tackling dummy.

The sports editor, recalling that Yewcic was renowned as a passing specialist, inquired: "What in the world are you doing?"

"I'm learning to play a new game," Yewcic said wryly. "I understand they call it football."

Football this season won't be a really new game, of course, but it will be a changed game; Yewcic, practicing defensive fundamentals for the first time in his college career, has found that out, and so have hundreds of other college gridders.

You'll see the difference: it's not a new game, but it may look like one. The big change is the de-



Football" This Fall?

parture of the two-platoon system. No longer will you see two fresh teams take the field every time the ball changes hands; the specialists who labored only on offense—as Yewcic did in 1952—or on defense are consigned to history. The all-round offensive-defensive player is back; you may even see some 60-minute men this year.

The switch was decreed last January by the National Collegiate Athletic Association, which abolished the unlimited substitution rule and enacted another which provides that (1) players taken out during the first or third quarters may not return to action in those quarters; and (2) players taken out during the second or fourth periods may not return before the last four minutes of those quarters.

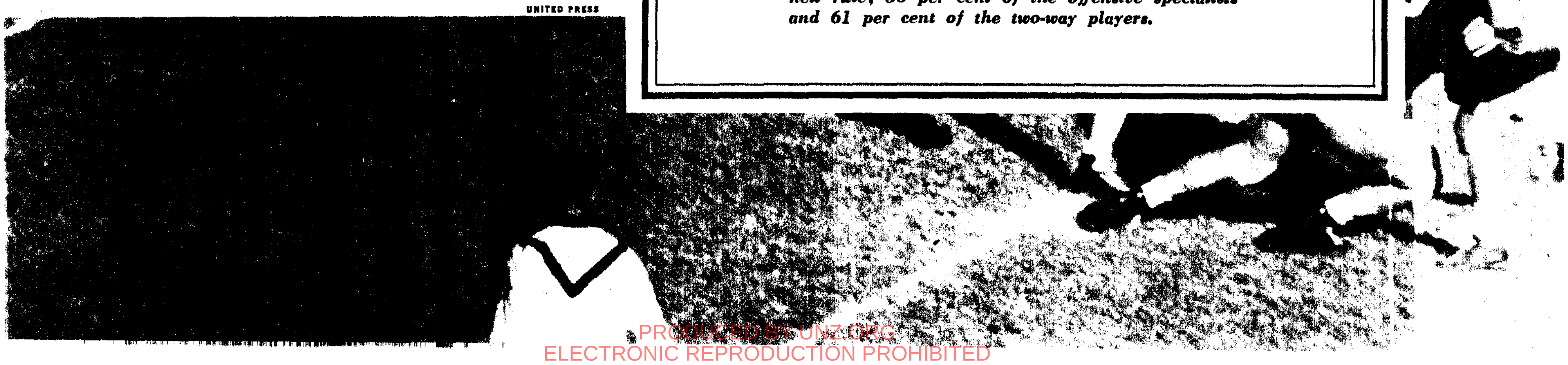
Short of changing the shape of the ball or the size of the playing field, the NCAA could scarcely have passed more drastic or controversial legislation. In a later meeting of the National Association of Collegiate Commissioners, the burden of enforcing

How do the nation's top collegiate football players feel about the end of the two-platoon system? To find out, Collier's sent questionnaires to 1,247 returning letter men at 97 colleges, following their first experience under the new rule in spring practice. Here are the questions and the answers (minor discrepancies in the totals occur because some players didn't answer all the questions).

	TOTAL REPLIES	PERCENTAGES
During 1952, I was primarily a		
defensive specialist:	**488**	**39%**
offensive specialist:	**603**	**48%**
two-way player:	**156**	**13%**
Under the new rule, I expect to play		
more minutes per game:	**791**	**65%**
less minutes per game:	**203**	**17%**
about as much as in 1952:	**218**	**18%**
Under the new rule, I expect to get		
more fun out of football:	**651**	**55%**
less fun out of football:	**276**	**23%**
about as much fun as in 1952:	**267**	**22%**
From the players' viewpoint, the new rule will make football a		
more interesting game:	**780**	**65%**
less interesting game:	**427**	**35%**
From the spectators' viewpoint, the new rule will make football a		
more interesting game:	**453**	**39%**
less interesting game:	**721**	**61%**
From the standpoint of contributing to my team's over-all effectiveness, the new rule will make me a		
more valuable player:	**733**	**64%**
less valuable player:	**413**	**36%**
As a player, I		
like the new rule:	**647**	**51.9%**
prefer the two-platoon rule of 1952:	**600**	**48.1%**

43 per cent of the defensive specialists favored the new rule; 56 per cent of the offensive specialists and 61 per cent of the two-way players.

UNITED PRESS



The Players Say—*"It has made me a better player" . . . "I'll be*

John Melear, University of Miami (Florida) quarterback: "The new rule gave us a more unified team in spring practice and it's going to give us more unity during the regular season, too. In the old two-platoon system, it was hard to get the feeling of real teamwork because offensive and defensive units were so completely separate during practice sessions."

Stephen Perocchi, University of New Hampshire end: "I weigh 143 pounds and still was able to make All-New England defensive end before. But now?"

Tom Jinks, West Texas State guard: "Our team as a whole looked much better during spring practice and everybody was in better shape. Fundamentals improved and all of us seemed to try harder to play good ball."

Charlie Hawkins, Vanderbilt end: "The new rule has injected an individual-against-individual element that was lacking in two-platoon football. This personal touch makes the game more fun for the average player."

Harry Garfinkel, Lehigh center: "Injuries due to loafing are going to increase. From observations made during previous spring practices, I believe the double-duty men will have a tendency to work hard on offense and take it easy on defense. And when they relax, they're more likely to get hurt."

Gene Filipski, Villanova halfback: "Under the old rule, there was a psychological advantage: you found yourself going all out to score as quickly as possible, knowing that if you got tired the defensive team would spell you for a while."

Irv Denker, Ohio State tackle: "The past spring training was the roughest I ever participated in. One boy broke his arm, another his leg, and two others injured their knees. The last three players required operations and they may never again play football. Eighty players took part in spring training, competing for only 11 first-string positions, compared with 22 a year ago. Under the new rule a large number of players will be forced to give up playing football."

William Thayer, University of Nebraska halfback: "It takes longer to learn a position when you have to go both ways. This takes valuable time from practice and also from your study. I played both ways last year but hardly ever in the same game and when I did play on both offense and defense in the same game, I could hardly move afterward."

the new rule was placed on the coaches. They will be on their honor this autumn to make only legal substitutions. Game officials will not be required to keep a record of players entering or leaving the game, and they will not be held responsible for failing to detect an illegal substitution. However, if an illegal return is spotted, the substitution will not be permitted and the offending team will draw a 15-yard penalty for unsportsmanlike conduct.

As you might expect, most college coaches, faced with the necessity of revamping their personnel, reacted violently to the big change—even though coach Lou Little of Columbia, an advisory member of the rules committee, commented soothingly: "The new rule will give us just as good a game as last year."

Coach Ivy Williamson of Wisconsin bluntly declared: "College football will not be as good a game without the two-platoon system." Coach Frank Leahy of Notre Dame added: "It discriminates against the boy with special abilities. The quality of play will deteriorate."

There's nothing surprising about the college coaches' opposition to the limited substitution rule; at the end of the 1952 season, in a poll conducted by the American Football Coaches Association, they voted four to one in favor of keeping the two-platoon system. But their enthusiasm wasn't shared by the NCAA Council of college administrators, which concluded in a survey of the situation that the two-platoon system was responsible for all manner of gridiron sin. Specifically, the council charged that unlimited substitution had:

1) So increased the size of squads and coaching staffs—and costs—that more than 50 colleges had to abandon football for financial reasons.

2) Increased subsidization and recruiting.

3) Produced overspecialization in player assignments, resulting in the loss of many desirable character-building qualities of the game—like teamwork and the discipline imposed by stiff conditioning regimes.

4) Cut player and spectator interest in football.

While the pro-platoon coaches and the anti-platoon administrators were waging the behind-the-scenes battle which led to the repeal of the unlimited substitution rule, nobody consulted the men most directly affected—the players. Did they like two-platoon football? Or do they prefer the less specialized game they will play under the new rule?

To get the answer, Collier's polled 1,247 players at 97 colleges. Questionnaires were mailed last May, so the players could base their answers on *their experiences in spring training, when the new* rule was tested for the first time; the players polled were all gridiron veterans with enough background to compare the new system with the old. Collier's also asked the players' coaches for predictions on how the new rule will affect college football.

Players See Less Spectator Appeal

The results of the players' poll were surprising. In general, they felt that the rule change will make the game more interesting for the participants, but less exciting to watch. They expect to have more fun playing this year, but about half of them wish, for other reasons, that the change had never been made. One finding is, perhaps, a tribute to their optimism and love of the game: an impossible 83 per cent seemed sure that they would play at least as much and probably more in each game than they did last year.

Most coaches still like unlimited substitutions. The most interesting result of the coaches' poll was their almost unanimous agreement that the rule change will make strong teams stronger—and will hurt the small schools it was intended to help.

On the basis of their spring-training experience, 1,194 of the 1,247 players had reached some conclusion about whether the new rule means a more enjoyable game. Of those who answered the question, 651 said the new game is more fun, 267 found no noticeable difference and only 276 reported the change has made the game less enjoyable than it was in 1952. Altogether, a whopping 77 per cent agreed they got as much or more pleasure from playing under the new rule.

Dean Dugger of Ohio State, an offensive end last season, commented: "Before, I didn't get a chance to play defense, even though I felt capable of it. The new rule brings the game back to the players; a coach can't call strategic plays from the side lines by sending in substitutes whose only job is to carry instructions.

"Also," Dugger added, "All-Americans will really *be* All-Americans now, instead of just being specialists in one aspect of the game."

The poll also shows that:

64 per cent of the players believe the new rule will make them more valuable to their teams;

65 per cent believe football will be a more interesting game to play;

61 per cent believe football will be less interesting for spectators.

Why less interesting for the spectators? Dierks Rolston, Nebraska halfback, put it this way: "The fans, who have grown used to seeing specialists capable of excellent performances, will be bored by the performances of players who have not had time to perfect special skills."

A sizable minority of the players disagreed. George Timberlake, rugged Southern California lineman, said: "If I were a fan, I'd be more interested now in watching players who can do everything—you get to know them better because they're in the game longer than the specialists."

The players split almost evenly in their basic judgment on the new rule: 647 said they liked it and 600 said they'd rather play under the two-platoon rule of 1952. That gave the rule change 51.9 per cent—on a hairline margin of 47 votes out of 1,247.

Of the players who said they preferred to play under the two-platoon system, 134 admitted, in an apparent contradiction, that the new way was more fun. How come? If it's more enjoyable to play without unlimited substitutions, why do so many prefer the old system?

Primarily, the explanation is based on simple economics. College football is big business and many players, understandably, have learned to put football business before football pleasure. Jim Noe, University of Washington center, summed

less effective" . . . *"Fewer scholarships"* . . . *"More teamwork"* . . . *"It's tiring"*

Keith Meserve, **California tackle: "A player is so tired at the end of the new-style game he's only half as effective as he should be."**

Bob McDowell, **The Citadel center: "I think football will be slowed up, and the game won't be as intricate. Offensive plays will be more basic—and so will defense."**

Joe Mehalick, **Virginia tackle: "I think I'll be much less effective this year because I'll have to play more and will tire a lot sooner."**

Don Fulham, **Navy end: "Spectators will be more interested in the game, because they'll be able to follow the line-ups a lot more easily instead of having to unscramble a mass of players every time the ball changes hands."**

Bruce Bosley, **West Virginia University guard: "It's now every man for himself. The player who stays in good condition is hard to beat and will be freer from injuries. Smaller schools will have a chance at the limelight."**

Edward Surmiak, **University of Pennsylvania fullback: "After playing strictly on defense last season, I took quite a liking to defensive football and its strategies. I would rather play full time on defense than break up the time into offense and defense."**

Quinby Hines, **William & Mary, place-kicker: "I am primarily a place-kicking specialist. The new rule will cut my participation in games. Now I'll be limited to possibly six plays a game, whereas last year I'd kick off, kick extra points and boot field goals."**

Harold Reeve, **University of Oregon tackle: "We'll have a better team. Only real football players are sticking to it; the new rule gets rid of the fellows just taking up space."**

Ted Neura, **Auburn tackle: "I found it hard to play both positions at first, but after a while I began to enjoy it."**

Carlton Massey, **University of Texas end: "With the new rule, schools will cut down the number of athletic scholarships, and moreover the officials of the NCAA did not take into consideration the injuries that will come about because of a player being left in a game too long. Also, they did not consider the intense heat the players have to face in the Southern conferences during the early part of the season."**

up the financial concern felt by many players who fear the repeal of the two-platoon system will result in smaller squads and fewer scholarships:

"The new rule cuts down a fellow's chances of receiving a scholarship, and thereby attaining an education. I would not be attending a fine institution like Washington—and my chances of getting any kind of an education would have been slim—if we'd had the new rule before."

Besides, though many players like the challenge of playing both offense and defense, some fear the double duty will increase fatigue and make them more vulnerable to injury. And, said Billy Halcomb, Oklahoma Aggies' halfback, "When a player gets slightly injured the coach will be afraid to remove him, because he can't put the man back in until the quarter changes. Many serious injuries may be overlooked."

Chester Rice, Pitt halfback, reported, "We had more serious injuries under the new rule in spring training than we had in our much more rugged fall practice last year."

But there were some dissents. Halfback Don Miller of Southern Methodist said, "Players will have to be in top physical shape now and that will help cut injuries." Army fullback Freddie Attaya believes the two-platoon system *caused* injuries, because specialists sometimes stiffened up during their frequent rest periods. "The new rule will keep the players warmed up, so there will be less chance of injury," he said.

Almost half the players polled—603—were offensive specialists last year; 488 concentrated on defense; 156 did both. Significantly, 61 per cent of 1952's two-way players and 56 per cent of the offensive specialists said they like the change which makes two-way performance mandatory—but only 43 per cent of the defensive specialists like it. Why is the new rule generally less popular among the specialists—particularly the defensive men? Here's what coach George Sauer of Baylor had to say:

"The specialists on my squad were not in favor of it because they will find it difficult to play very much. Members of last year's defensive platoon had more difficulty adjusting to offensive play than did the offensive players adjusting to defensive play." Why? Because most offensive assignments are harder to execute than defensive maneuvers.

There seems little doubt that the rule change will affect the way the game is played, but the players disagreed widely on the details. More injuries or fewer injuries? No one knows. Some players expect a slower game, others believe it will be faster than ever; some look for a sharp increase in scoring, others anticipate a slump in touchdown production. Here are some sample opinions:

"The game will move faster because there won't be so many players moving in and out." That's the viewpoint of George Bozanic, Southern California quarterback.

"It will be a slower game any way you look at it," said Alan (the Horse) Ameche, great Wisconsin fullback. "If you play twice as much, you'll get tired twice as fast, and tired players just naturally slow down."

Some Divergent Opinions About Scoring

Scoring? "I think there will be more," said tackle Danny DeFalco of Penn State. "Most boys will tend to loaf on defense."

"There'll be less scoring," said Sammy Williams, University of California back. "The emphasis will be on defense. Most teams will be like last year's Southern California squad, which punted and waited for the breaks."

"There ought to be more scoring," said UCLA halfback Bill Stits. "You never have to work hard on defense; under the new rule, whenever the ball changes hands the team that takes over the offensive should be fresher than the one which just lost possession . . ."

Less scoring, said ace defensive back George Rosso of Ohio State. "As a safety man in two-platoon football, I learned to fear the speed with which pass patterns developed. But in spring training under the new system, the patterns developed a lot more slowly and the defensive backs had much less trouble diagnosing plays."

Amidst all the confusion, there was one subject on which virtually everybody agreed: two-way football demands much better physical condition than two-platoon football. "If a boy is not in excellent condition and hasn't the desire to play until he drops," suggests Tom Boisture, Mississippi State guard, "he can plan a seat on the bench."

Among players favoring the new rule, there was a strong feeling that 1953-style football will be marked by higher team morale and more of the personal satisfaction that comes from rugged man-to-man competition. As Jack Shown, Clemson fullback, remarked: "The new rule gives a player who commits a mistake on offense a chance to make up for it on defense, and vice versa. Consequently, the game will be played harder by both teams."

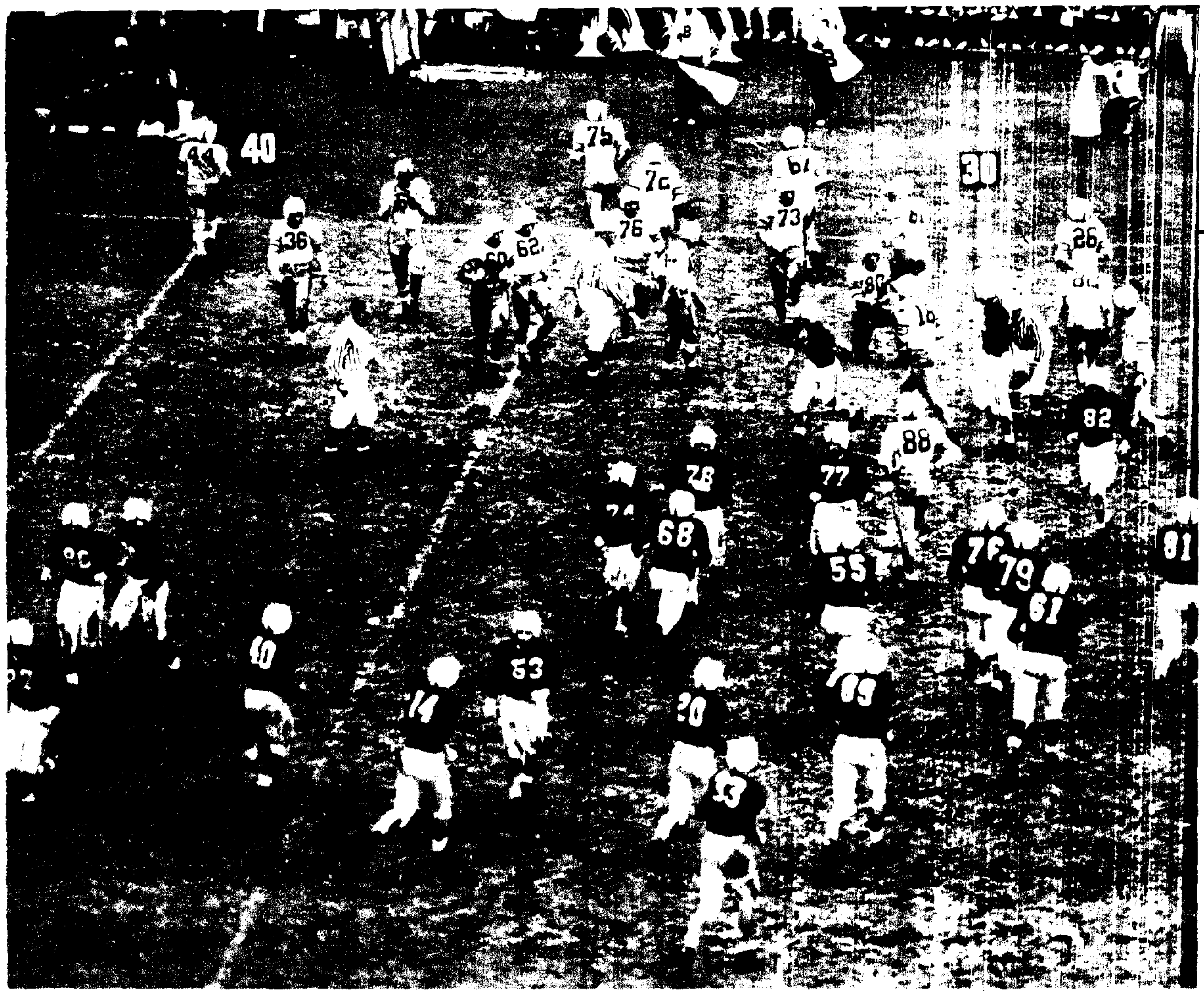
"Guys who like contact," said Stanford guard Norm Manoogian, "will get a big bang out of the new rule."

There may be more opportunity now to capitalize on an opponent's mistakes, according to Marc Landon, Boston University end. He cited this illustration from BU's spring training:

"Our left halfback fumbled the ball on a running play and the boot made him pretty disgusted. While he was still brooding over it, the other team's quarterback fired a quick pass into his defensive zone for a touchdown. Under the old rule, our left half would have brooded over his mistake on the bench while his defensive replacement went to work to get the ball back."

While the player-specialists of '52 concentrated on learning neglected offensive or defensive skills in spring training, the coaches were busy trying to figure out how the new rule will affect overall strategy. Collier's poll covering 76 leading coaches indicates that there are almost as many shades of opinion on the new rule as there are coaches. But almost all agreed that the small colleges, which were supposed to benefit most from the new rule, actually will be hurt by it. Columbia's Lou Little explained:

"A small squad can attain maximum strength only by shuffling substitutes without restrictions. Under the new rule, small squads may have to compete against teams that are three-deep at all posi-



UNITED PRESS

In 1952, whenever the ball changed hands the field became jammed with players as new platoons came in. A scene from the past? Maybe not. At least one coach thinks *three*-platoon football may be next

tions and capable of substituting new teams every seven minutes. The small squad will be fearful of matching substitutions; if any of the substitute players were to be hurt, the men they replaced could not return to action until the quarter ended.

"Obviously," Little concluded, "small squads which cannot substitute freely are going to tire, especially in the second and fourth quarters. You just can't play the present-day game of football as it should be played unless you can relieve tired players. Regardless of rulings, the weak will be weak and the strong will be strong. You can't equalize playing strength by legislation."

The viewpoint of small college coaches was summarized by Carl Nelson of Beloit. "Now," said Nelson, "I'll have to use mediocre two-way players in place of the specialists who were standouts in one or two departments. Platoon systems helped the little college more than the big ones. With many players doing individual things well, the game was better, and everyone on the bench knew he could see action."

Expanding Little's observation that the new rule will make strong teams stronger, coach Lynn Waldorf of California observed: "Coaches who have large squads of talented players will find ways of substituting those players as groups or full teams. They may go back to the shock-troop system the late Knute Rockne used 25 years ago. Rockne would start his second team to soften up the opposition, then put his regulars in to administer the knockout punch. Howard Jones used similar tactics at Southern California—he'd start a team composed of big, heavy players to wear down the other team, then send in fresh, fast players who'd literally run away with the ball game."

Will that mean more scoring? Like their players, the coaches differ.

"There probably will be more emphasis on defense and less offensive action," said Stu Holcomb of Purdue. "Teams will have more of a tendency to protect a comparatively small lead."

"I disagree," said coach Jess Hill of Southern California. "If anything, the new rule will make for more scoring. Sure, coaches will have to sacrifice either offensive or defensive strength in forming a first-team line-up. But the first necessity is to score, and it seems to me most teams will start with their best offensive line-ups. That should mean more scoring, because the defenses won't be so strong.

"Of course, the sequence in which touchdowns are scored may have a lot to do with touchdown totals under the new rule. For example, if Stanford and California were to score alternate touchdowns against each other, the final score might reach 35-28. But if California got off to a two-touchdown lead, coach Waldorf might send in a strong defensive team to protect that margin. That might cut off the scoring for both teams, and a potentially high-scoring game could end 14 to 0."

Johnny Lujack, a Notre Dame backfield coach, who played both offense and defense while winning All-America honors as a T-formation quarterback at Notre Dame, believes that if there is any decline in scoring, it will be because most teams will have a less specialized offense—and not, as some say, because of player fatigue.

"If you're in shape," Lujack said, "you can play both ways without getting tired. Generally speaking, the backs have little to do on most defensive plays, so they get a rest when the other team has the ball. On offensive plays, linemen often don't do much more than lunge at their opponents, particularly when the play's going to the opposite side of the line. So they rest when you've got the ball."

Many coaches are convinced the new rule will change tactical concepts from the opening play.

"It even makes winning the flip of the coin much more important than last year," said coach Art Raimo of Villanova. "Last year, barring unusual weather conditions, like a tremendous wind or a muddy field, the team which won the toss invariably elected to receive, and started its offensive platoon. But this fall, many teams will elect to kick off and force the other team to start its best offensive line-up. Meanwhile, you can start your best defensive line-up—in effect, the defensive platoon you would have used last year.

"From there on, you've got an option. You can wait until the ball changes hands, then put in your best offensive line-up—actually, your regulars. Or you can gamble on defensive strategy, keep the other fellows in check with your defensive platoon, punt a couple of times, wait for a break, and then—at the first favorable scoring chance—send in your best offensive unit; you'll have fresh, eager regulars working against the other fellow's first-stringers, who might have lost some of their pep."

Whichever course Villanova pursues in any game, Raimo figures if he can kick off first he can toss in his defensive unit once in the first period without hurting his offensive chances. What's more, by juggling platoons and watching the clock, Raimo expects to substitute a defensive platoon at least once in the second, third and fourth quarters to give his regulars a rest.

I discussed Raimo's kickoff observations with a well-known coach who is violently opposed to the new rule because:

"It slows up the game, reduces the number of boys who might get to play, eliminates specialists, causes more injuries, requires much more practice time to familiarize boys with double duties, takes the fun out of football and puts drudgery in its place, and makes the game much less interesting for the spectators."

However, the well-known coach did not want to be quoted by name. "The damage is done," he said, "so what's the good of hollering? But mark my words, as the old Confederate soldier said, 'This thing ain't over yit.' Raimo's right, there'll be a two-platoon hang-over under the new rule. Matter of fact—and wouldn't this startle those NCAA lawmakers?—you may even see *three*-platoon football this fall!"

Maybe three-platoon football sounds crazy, but here's what that well-known coach had in mind.

"Let's suppose," he said, "I divide my squad into three platoons. There'll be the regular offensive and defensive platoons, same as last year, and we'll have a third mixed-up platoon composed of some of the offensive specialists (who also can play adequate defense), some of the defensive specialists (who aren't too bad on offense), and some two-way players (who aren't quite good enough to

The new rule was meant to

WIDE WORLD

***Harold Drew,* University of Alabama: "The big change will come in secondary defense. No matter how good a back is on offense, he has to be able to play defense now. Lots of good backs will see limited duty for this reason. A team with good backs that can go both ways *will be able to meet the number one* problem in the rule change this first year."**

elp small schools—but will it? Some experts don't think so

make the specialist platoons). Now, let's suppose we're playing Notre Dame. The Irish elect to kick off, forcing us—as Raimo says—to start our best offensive line-up. All right, our offensive platoon picks up a couple of first downs. We get to mid-field and the Irish hold. We punt out of bounds on Notre Dame's 10-yard line.

"At this point, I've got to gamble. With only three minutes gone in the first quarter, I don't want to yank my best offensive players—which would ruin our scoring chances for 12 minutes. So I leave the offensive platoon in there. If they can stop the Irish for even a couple of plays and force them to punt, we'll be back in business with our offensive platoon in possession around mid-field.

"But," the coach said, "let us say our offensive platoon doesn't hold. The Irish move to mid-field on running plays. Things are getting warm, so I juggle line-ups and send in my mixed-up platoon. They're stronger defensively—and still give us some offensive punch, assuming we can stop the Irish and go on offense again.

Don't miss Francis Wallace's 14th annual Football Preview, with his preseason All-America and top 20 teams of the year, in the Sept. 18th Collier's, which is on sale Sept. 4th

"Suppose Notre Dame is really driving, and the mixed-up platoon doesn't hold. The Irish get to our 30, and I juggle again. I take the handful of offensive specialists and two-way players out of the mixed-up platoon and replace them with defensive specialists. Now, I've got my defensive platoon in—and if they can't stop the Irish we're out of luck.

"Of course," the well-known coach said, "lots of coaches won't have enough players to play three platoons. However, the three-platoon possibility isn't farfetched. Statistics show that each team had the ball 13 times in an average game last fall—meaning you could use your offensive line-up 13 times a game. Under the new rule, you can still use it six times—once each quarter, plus an extra substitution in the last four minutes of the second and fourth quarters. So if you still want to substitute players in platoons, you can use your offensive team six thirteenths as often as last year. During the remaining seven thirteenths of the game, you could use either the offensive platoon or that mixed-up third platoon.

"Wouldn't it be something"—he paused for a moment, smiling—"wouldn't it be something if the NCAA's television committee tuned in some Saturday this fall and discovered a game between two teams playing three-platoon football?"

Stranger events have happened when the NCAA changed the rules of football. In 1941 the NCAA rescinded the restricted substitution rule, which prevented a replaced player from returning to action in the same quarter, and enacted the unrestricted substitution law. At the time, the NCAA believed unrestricted substitution would aid small colleges, then hard put to field teams because of wartime personnel losses.

Instead of helping the small schools, unrestricted substitution produced the two-platoon system which (so the NCAA Council determined last January) threatened to destroy football as a small-college sport.

It would be ironical (as that well-known coach suggested) if the NCAA, in another drastic rules change aimed at converting football from a two-platoon to a one-platoon game, actually precipitated three-platoon football! ▲▲▲

Clarence (Biggie) Munn, **Michigan State: "I think the new rule sets football back a generation. It definitely will make for an inferior game. On almost every team, for example, men will be playing defense who never played defense before. Inevitably, they'll make more mistakes than a defensive specialist working in the two-platoon system and cheap touchdowns will result. Another factor is injuries. We had 20 injuries on our squad during spring training—most of them minor, but many more than in seasons past. It could be a warning of things to come."**

Murray Evans, **Hardin-Simmons: "The new rule virtually eliminates the 150- to 160-pound backs and the 170- to 180-pound guards. I feel the smaller schools actually will be hurt by the rule. The larger schools will substitute entire teams by quarters."**

Dallas Ward, **University of Colorado: "Spring practice brought out many things about our players that we didn't know. For example, many were good two-way players who never got a chance to go both ways because of the platoon system. The players appear to be accepting the new rule favorably."**

Jim Tatum, **University of Maryland: "The one advantage of the new rule is that it builds character. The player must learn elements of the game for which he doesn't have natural ability, and he must give up some personal pleasures so he can be in shape. I believe the new rule is worth all the problems it makes for the coach if it also makes the player a better man."**

Margaret

At 16, Margaret has a wistful and ladylike appeal. She is serious about future career, doesn't want to marry "until I'm at least 25"

Playing at Norwich Summer Theater in Connecticut during her tour of straw-hat circuit, Margaret pitches in with other summer-stock youngsters to help make and set up scenery

IN THE life of a Hollywood child actress, there inevitably comes a time of artistic hibernation. Usually lasting three or four years, it is a period designed to carry her as quietly and unobtrusively as possible through her awkward years and deposit her on the other side of adolescence in time for her first screen kiss. If she doesn't mature according to Hollywood standards of beauty, audiences may never see her again. If she does, she comes back when she can wear décolletage and make it look interesting.

Margaret O'Brien will most likely come back. Margaret is sixteen now. She looks little like the mournful, freckled leprechaun who starred in such pictures as Meet Me in St. Louis and Journey for Margaret (for which she won an Oscar as the outstanding child actress of 1944). Today, Margaret is beautiful. She has, as photographer Philippe Halsman says, a "wistful, haunting kind of beauty" which will give studio publicists plenty to talk about when she returns to movies.

Margaret's last Hollywood film was Columbia's Her First Romance, in 1951. For a while, she sat around waiting to grow up. Then she conceded that it was going to be a slow process, and started making occasional TV and legitimate stage appearances to take up the slack. During this last summer she has been touring the straw-hat circuit; and motion-picture people, noting that both her talents and her figure have developed considerably, have come forward with grown-up movie offers.

But Margaret is biding her time. A quiet girl, neither vain nor precocious, she now prefers the theater to films and takes her acting seriously. She spends much of her time reading classical dramas, doesn't date yet and says, when asked if she'd like to marry: "Oh, no! At least not till I'm twenty-five. My career comes first." Guided by her mother, from whom she is almost never separated, Margaret is grooming herself for the promising future: a Broadway play first, perhaps. More TV. Some recordings ("It's not much of a voice, but she has a catch in it," says her mother). And then—the period of transition having been long enough so that audiences can take it in their stride—back to Hollywood for her debut as a woman. ▲▲▲

In 1944, year Margaret won an Oscar, photographer Halsman made this shot of seven-year-old clutching pet puppy

Remember the mournful moppet? She wasn't a beauty, but she could make you cry. Now she is beautiful, talented as ever, and rapidly working her way back to Hollywood

O'Brien Grows Up

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

Threatens

THE urgent message from our task force commander in Korea got right to the point. It began: "The United States Navy has lost command of the sea in Korean waters . . ." How had it happened? Shocked Pentagon brass who read on found that the answer could be summed up in two words—Russian mines.

Rear Admiral Allan E. (Hoke) Smith sent the message in October, 1950. It disclosed one of the most disturbing developments of the Korean war—and it revolutionized Navy thinking about any future war with the Soviet Union.

Admiral Smith's job was to escort transports jammed with 50,000 U.S. soldiers and Marines safely into Wonsan Harbor on the Korean coast. An amphibious landing a month earlier at Inchon on the west coast had broken up the North Korean army. Wonsan was to be the knockout punch and, since the big Soviet base of Vladivostok is less than 400 miles to the northeast, everyone wondered whether Russia would try to interfere.

As Admiral Smith's Task Force 95 approached Wonsan, it was ready to ward off any Soviet air or submarine attack. But the ships ran into something neither the admiral nor the Navy had prepared for—a massive mine field of more than 3,000 mines laid, according to later intelligence reports, under the direction of Russian experts.

Her fifty-year-old mine

The mine field stopped the armada cold. The biggest navy in the world waited helplessly in the Sea of Japan while the few mine sweepers available went to work.

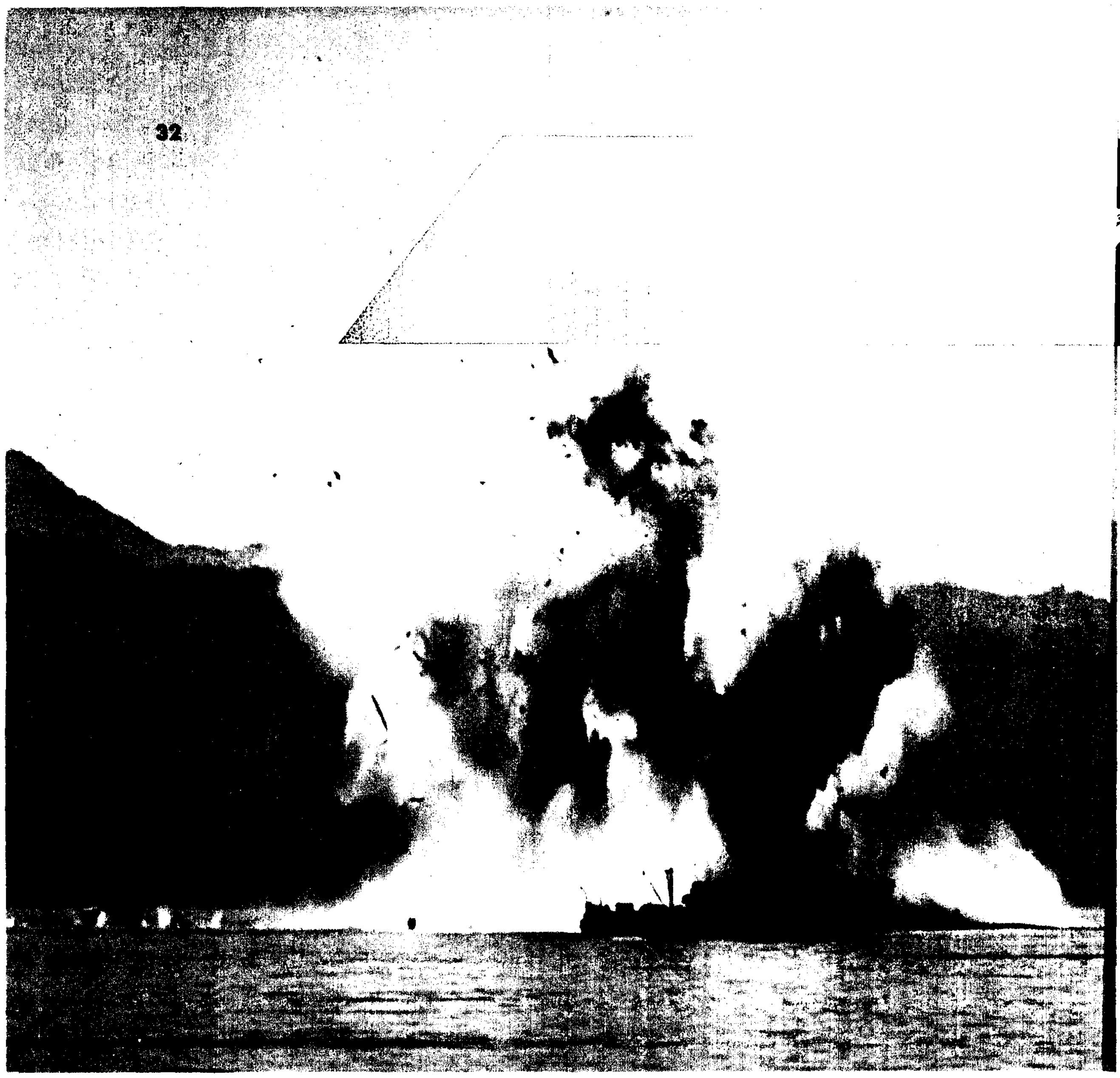
"Let's admit it," the late Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, then Chief of Naval Operations, told me during the frustrating days that followed the discovery of the Wonsan mines. "They caught us with our pants down. Those damned mines cost us eight days' delay in getting the troops ashore, and more than 200 casualties. That's bad enough. But I can all too easily think of circumstances when eight days' delay offshore could mean losing a war.

"*Hoke's right: when you can't go where you want* to when you want to, you haven't got command of the sea. And command of the sea is the rock-bottom foundation of all our war plans. We've been plenty submarine-conscious and air-conscious. Now we're going to start getting mine-conscious—beginning last week."

In a way, those Wonsan mines were a blessing. They were a badly needed reminder that the mine always has been a favorite weapon of the Russian navy. And the Soviets demonstrated how effective even long-outmoded mines can be when sown by skilled hands. (Some mines at Wonsan had been made before the 1904-'05 Russo-Japanese War.)

But we have learned our lesson. Ever since Wonsan, as Admiral Sherman promised, the Navy has been striving to make up for its almost complete neglect of mine warfare during the five years 1945-'50. It has achieved significant progress. During a firsthand look at some of our far-flung mine defense preparations and in talks with high-ranking officers, I found that:

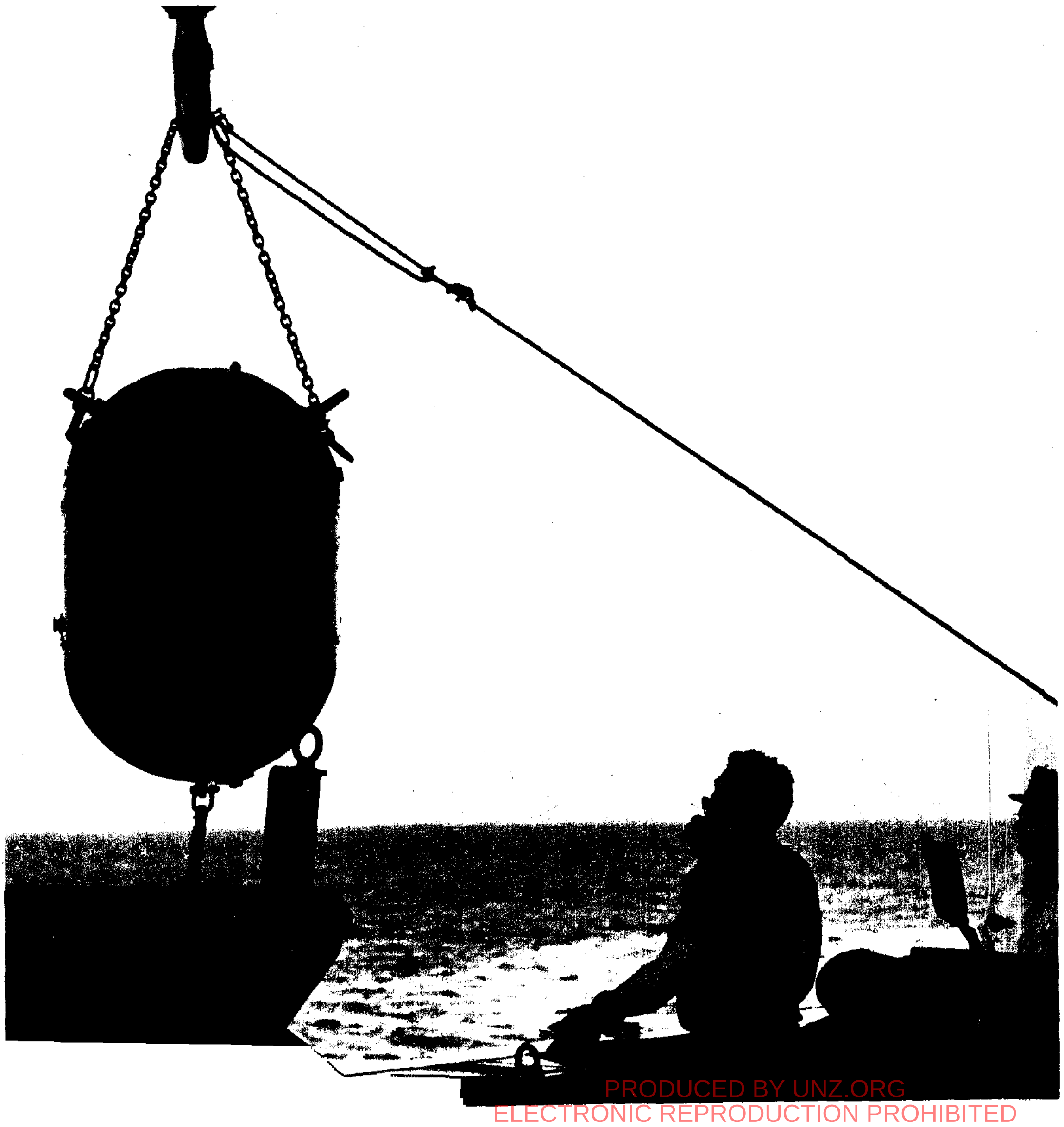
- The Navy's Minecraft Base at Charleston, South Carolina, its Mine Countermeasure Station at Panama City, Florida, and its Mine Warfare School at Yorktown, Virginia—only three years



U.S. NAVY

Old-fashioned Russian mine blows up South Korean mine sweeper in Wonsan Harbor. Though primitive, the mines were effective enough to delay U.S. landing there for more than a week

This Russian contact-type mine was found in Wonsan Harbor and rendered harmless by U.S. Navy experts. It is being hoisted aboard landing ship, which will take it to Japan for examination



U.S. NAVY

Our SEA POWER

stopped our Navy cold in Korea. What could she do with modern mines in U.S. waters?

By GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

ago all of them dreary and half forgotten—are beehives of activity.

- The Soviet mine potential is a major consideration in defensive planning at the Norfolk, Virginia, headquarters of Admiral Lynde B. McCormick, supreme commander of the Atlantic forces of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.
- The mine forces of the Atlantic and Pacific Fleets (MINLANT and MINPAC) are training thousands of officers and men to handle new ships and the ever-developing and ever-more-complicated gadgets of mine warfare.
- Shipyards from Quincy, Massachusetts, to Bellingham, Washington, are turning out more than 150 new mine sweepers at a cost of several hundred million dollars. When the construction program has been completed, we'll have a total of more than 350 sweepers.

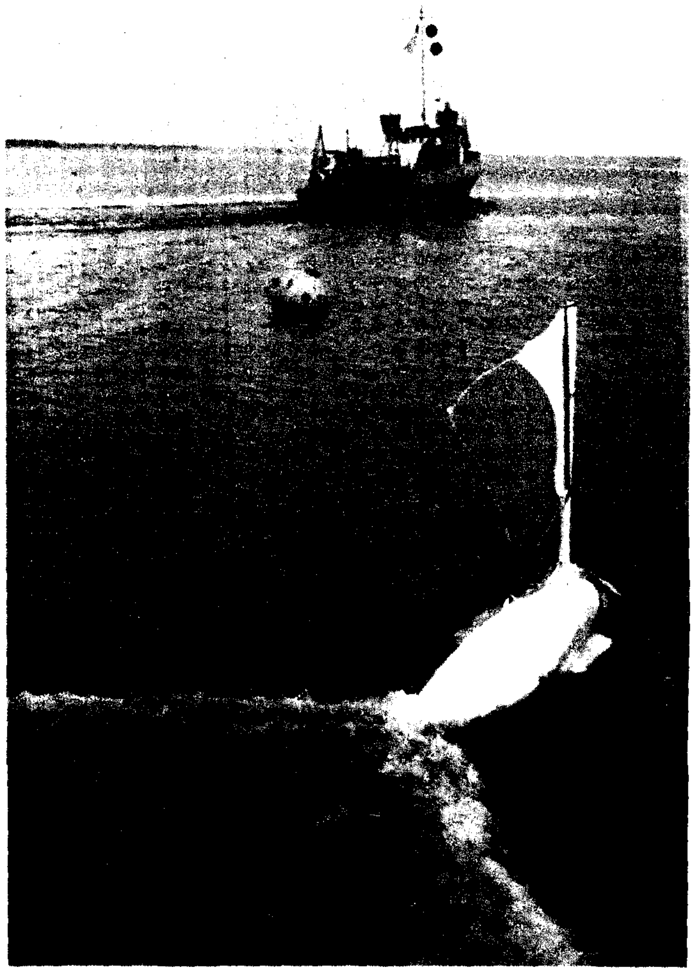
But before we go into the details of our defensive preparations, let's consider what a mine is and why it can be such a danger to us.

Basically a mine is an explosive charge that goes off when a ship passes close enough to it to be sunk or seriously damaged. Before World War II, a ship usually had to hit a mine to set it off. Now mines lie snugly on the bottom and wait to be detonated by the noise of a ship's propellers, by the change in water pressure caused by a ship's passage overhead, by the shifting of the lines of force of the earth's magnetic field resulting from the passage of a steel hull, or by a devilish combination of two or all three of these influences.

Russia has adopted the mine as her ideal naval weapon because she is not interested in command of the sea as such. Where the Russians want to go—into western Europe and to the oil fields of the Persian Gulf—they can march over land. If war came, their naval aim would be to prevent American ships from carrying enough men and supplies across the sea quickly enough to stop the marching Red armies short of their objectives.

The military power and industrial resources of North America are the greatest threat to Russian plans for expansion, just as they were the decisive factor in the Allied victory in World War II. From North America can come the troops, the supplies, the weapons necessary to bolster the defense of western Europe, Greece, Yugoslavia and Turkey. From North America can come the aircraft and the atomic bombs which could—if they reached their targets—cripple Soviet fighting power.

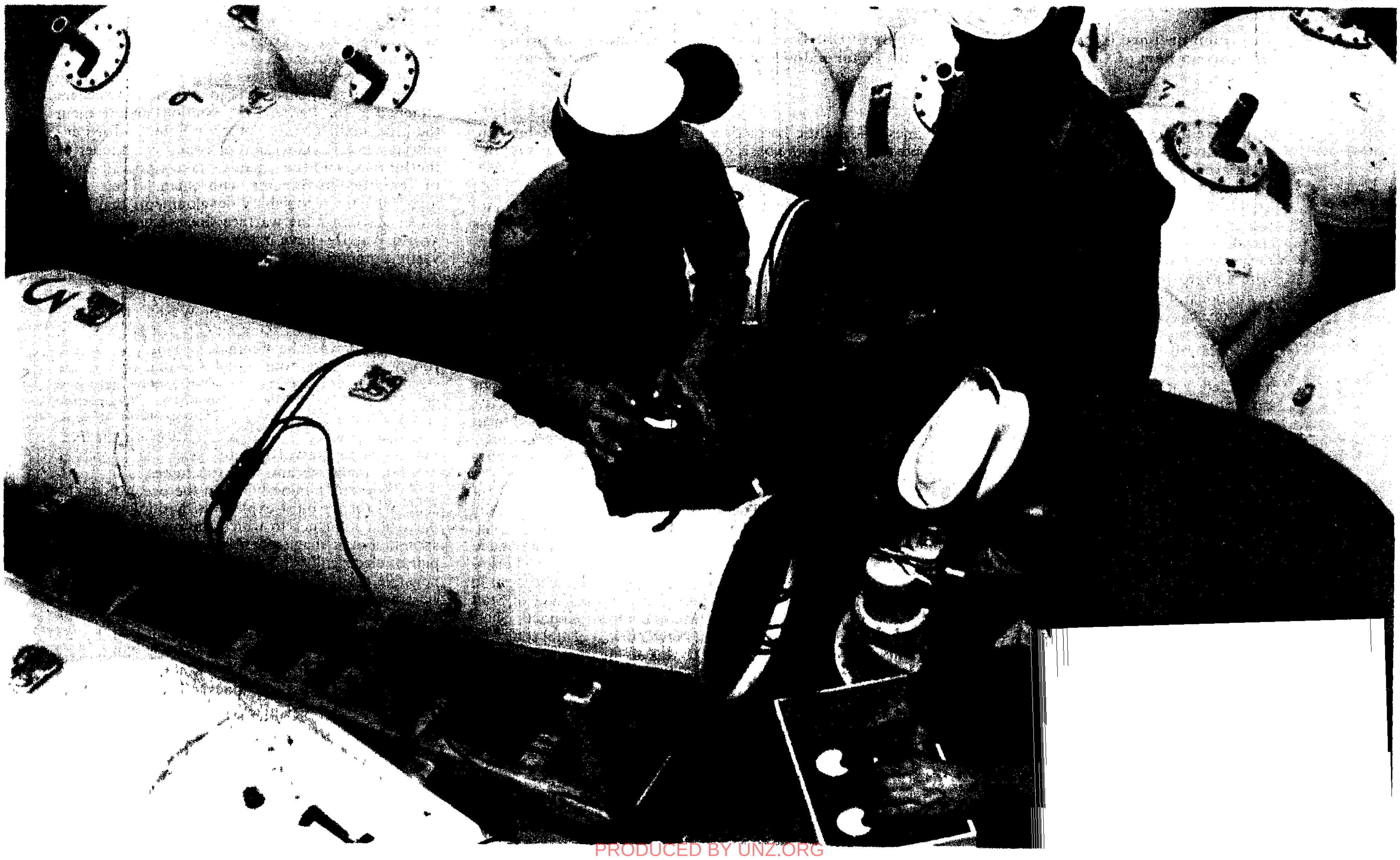
But these military elements must travel by sea



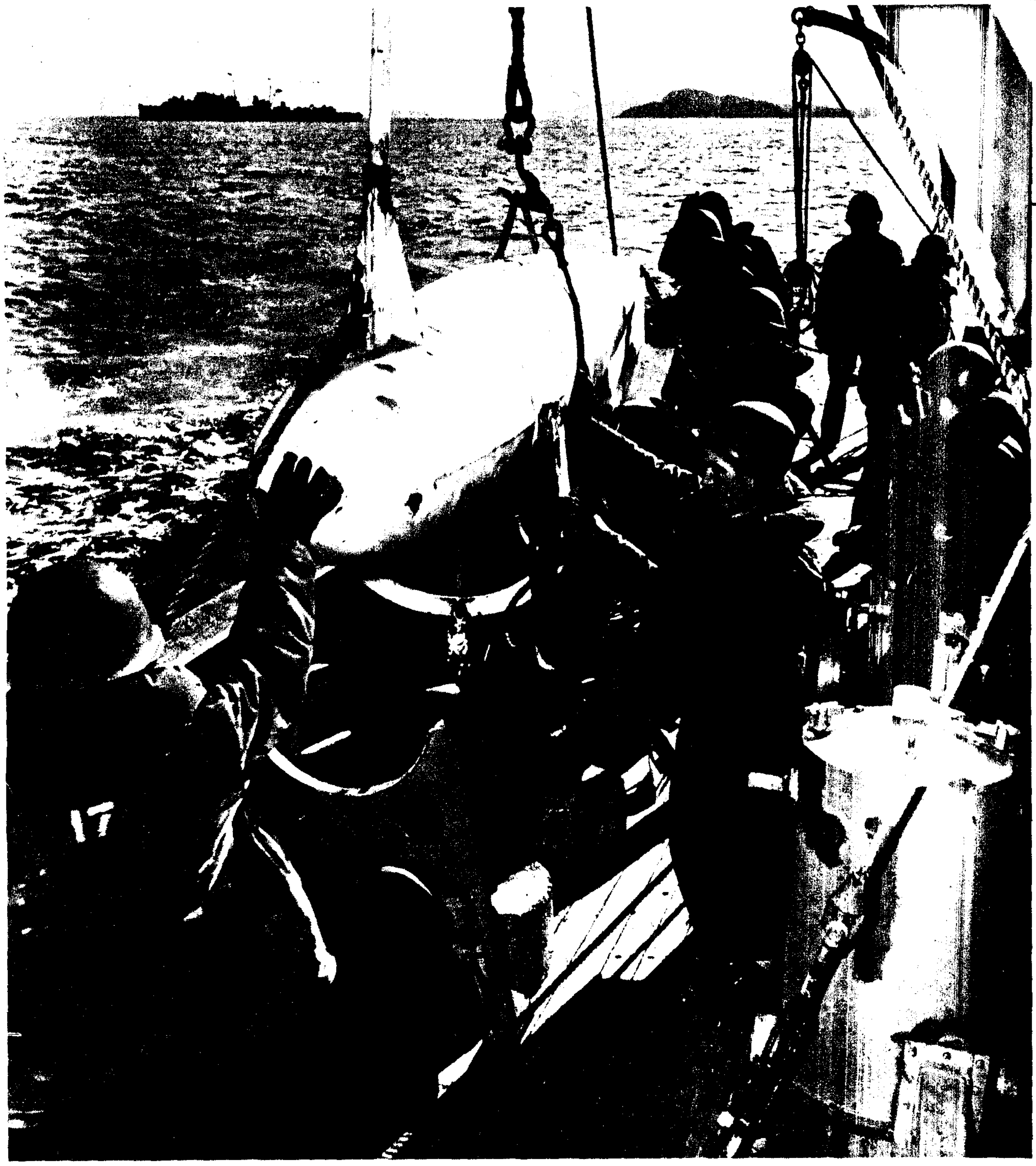
JOE COVELLO

Above: MSB, Navy's smallest sweeper, cuts cable of moored mine. Flag marks end of cutting wire. Below: Men check firing mechanisms of test mines used at Naval Minecraft Base, Charleston, S.C.

JOE COVELLO



Devilish combination-typ



U.S. NAVY

Crewmen prepare to put paravane over the side of USS Gull during mine-sweeping operations off Korean port of Chinnampo. Sawlike teeth of torpedo-shaped paravane sever mine cables

if they are to arrive in sufficient volume. Airplanes can't deliver the bulk cargo necessary to support great armies. Nor can we depend on transoceanic bombers to deliver our atomic weapons in decisive quantities; indeed for the next several years the workhorse of the Strategic Air Command will be the B-47 jet bomber, which can reach most Soviet targets only from European or North African bases without refueling. If our A-bomb attacks are to be continuous and effective, a vast daily tonnage of fuel, lubricants, bombs, men, spare parts and miscellaneous supplies must flow to these bases by sea.

Should all major North American ports be sown with mines and all European ports of arrival and their approaches similarly mined, our command of the sea would be seriously compromised.

Every ship held in port, even for a day, represents an actual loss of cargo in wartime, especially when the needs are desperate and the one hope of survival is for help *in time*. "Ship-days" are the counters by which victory or defeat in any new battle of the Atlantic would be measured. We would lose *some* ship-days to a vigorous Soviet mining campaign. Whether we would lose enough to give the Soviet armies the margin of victory would depend on the efficiency and the state of preparedness of our Navy's anti-mine defenses.

That is why the post-World War II collapse of our mine defenses was so alarming to mine-minded men in the U.S. Navy. By 1949, the remnants of the mine forces were existing on a shoestring. Mine Force Pacific had been abolished; Mine Force Atlantic had a few mine sweepers in commission, but on the basis of only one full crew to every four ships. Mine warfare was regarded as a dead end. "If they send you to the Mine Force," midshipmen at Annapolis said, "you might as well resign."

Then came Wonsan—and Admiral Smith's explosive report. Those harsh realities accomplished overnight what all the arguments of the handful of mine-minded officers had failed to do. The long-needed men, money and materials suddenly became available. It was as though loudspeakers along all the decks of the Navy were roaring: "Just think what the Russians could do with mines if they *really* tried!"

What *might* happen became the basis of all our anti-mine planning. Down near Panama City, Florida, I found selected naval officers and civilian scientists hard at work in the Navy Mine Countermeasures Station, a little group of white buildings tucked quietly away out of sight between a salt marsh and the broad smooth waters of Saint Andrew Bay. The thinking and experiments going on there could mean the difference between winning a war and losing it. The station is commanded by Captain William J. (Dutch) Richter, of Charleston, South Carolina, an old mine hand who went to Panama City from a tour of duty as Chief of Staff of the Mine Force, Atlantic Fleet. Kenneth Sherman, of Kerhonkson, New York, a genial soul who before World War II was doing research in terrestrial magnetism at Carnegie Institution of Washington, is his scientific adviser.

"Some of our experiments are severely practical," Sherman told me, "but a lot of what we're doing is pure research—learning all we can about a given subject without always being sure just what the knowledge can be used for. For example, we're trying to learn all we can about the various properties of sea water. Tricky stuff, water, and we don't know too much about it.

"I wish," he added rather wistfully, "that back in '36 or '37 say, some university or other had put a crew of eager-beaver 'pure scientists' to work collecting data about underwater sound waves. What a godsend fifteen years' start along that line would be to us now!"

Why Germany's Magnetic Mines Failed

The nightmare that haunts Richter and Sherman and their assistants is the possibility that the Russians may spring a mine on them to which they haven't figured out a countermeasure, just as the Germans sprung the magnetic mine on the British in 1939. The British were lucky on three counts: the overenthusiastic Germans started using the mines in driblets instead of hoarding them until they had enough to sew up every British port simultaneously; a Nazi airman carelessly dropped one of the first of the new mines on a mudbank, from which British experts recovered it and took it apart; and, finally, the British had already done enough basic research about the magnetic mine to devise effective countermeasures before they were badly crippled by lost ship-days.

"It was having that research stashed away in the bank that saved them," Sherman said. Sitting there in the hot bright sunshine that streamed through his office window, I felt the sudden chill of his unspoken thought: Suppose we wake up some morning to find ourselves at war and all our major ports sown with mines that we don't know how to sweep because we don't know what makes them go off. Could we solve their deadly secret in time to release the great ships in which almost all our exportable power resides, or would the delay cost us victory? It is against that grim possibility that Sherman's research program seeks to provide some measure of insurance.

Sherman's brain trusters put their theories to the test in cruises aboard some of the mine sweepers attached to the Panama City station, among them the little auxiliary mine sweeper Fulmar. Lieutenant (jg) Lee P. Bauerlein, of Brooklyn, skipper of the Fulmar, said the scientists take along all kinds of fantastic instruments with them. Their findings—and the astonishing developments that have taken place in mine warfare since the outbreak of World War II—have made mine sweeping today a vastly complex operation.

"Mine sweeping used to be mainly a matter of seamanship, courage and endurance," said Commander Charles S. Thomas, of Washington, D.C., operations officer at Panama City, as he stood on the dock beside the Fulmar. "You paid out a rough wire cable from a reel like that one on the stern there, dragged it through the mine field and cut the mooring cables of the mines. When they came to the surface, you destroyed them by gunfire. But now . . ." He gestured toward the Fulmar's deck, crowded with gear for sweeping moored, magnetic and acoustic mines.

To "sweep" a mine lying on the ocean floor, he said, a sweeper must explode it by duplicating the particular influence to which the mine is set to respond. For a magnetic mine, the sweeper uses a pair of electrically charged cables with positive and negative electrodes at the ends; the Fulmar carries her magnetic sweep cables on a reel just forward of the wire sweep reel. For acoustic mines, the noise of a ship's propeller is duplicated by an ungainly affair called a "hammer" or "butterfly," towed clamoring through the water.

How about pressure mines? They were called

nines are the Navy's biggest headache. Even repeated sweeps may not detonate them

"unsweepables" when we first used them to block Japanese harbors and they're still troublesome. To duplicate the change in water pressure produced by a ship's passage, we must have something that resembles a ship in size and shape, or at least that makes the same kind of disturbance in the water.

Toughest of all mines to sweep are the combination mines—those that explode only if subjected to two or more influences simultaneously. Mines also can be triggered so that they explode only after they have been subjected to an influence—pressure, magnetic or otherwise—for a second, third, or even seventh or eighth time; a pathfinding mine sweeper would not detonate them at once and they would remain a menace to ships that followed.

Busy as it is, Panama City is a place of remote and academic quiet compared to the bustle and stir at the Minecraft Base, Charleston, South Carolina, headquarters of Rear Admiral Frank T. Watkins' MINLANT (Mine Force Atlantic). Many of the more than 50 mine sweepers on the Atlantic Coast are based at Charleston. The docks along the Ashley River were jammed with them, two and three deep, when I walked through the guarded gate and crossed the yard to the old rice mill that is Admiral Watkins' headquarters. Actually the ships of MINLANT don't spend much of their time lying alongside docks. They come in for leave, overhaul and stores, then set out again, sometimes on a training cruise, sometimes to the Mediterranean or the West Indies, sometimes to take part in a huge North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) exercise or one of the Mine Force's own shows.

When I went aboard the big destroyer-type mine sweeper Gherardi, her skipper, Lieutenant Commander Louis L. Meier, Jr., of San Francisco, had hardly welcomed me aboard when he mentioned casually that his ship is known as the "steamingest in the Mine Force." The log backed up the statement: she had been in European waters three times in the last 17 months for joint naval exercises with our allies and had been under way 350 days out of the last 581, steaming a total of 90,464 nautical miles—equal to more than four times around the world.

It would be hard to underline more strongly, I thought, the vital importance which mine warfare has lately assumed in all United States and allied naval plans. In the bigger exercises, the mine is always assumed to be part of the tactical picture.

Aboard the Gherardi, I found, there was a reasonable amount of space for the crew to work. It was a marked contrast to the little Fulmar, where the necessary gear left little deck space for the crew to get about. "But if you really want to see this thing carved down to pint size, come across the dock here and take a look at our latest pet—MSB 8," Lieutenant Allen L. Peek, of Charleston, South Carolina, a member of the MINLANT staff, told me with a chuckle as we left the Gherardi.

MSB stands for mine sweeping boat. Fifty of these little sweepers are now coming out of the building yards. Like all the newer mine sweepers, they're built of wood so as to be nonmagnetic. "We're getting back to the good old days of wooden ships and iron men," they like to say in the Mine Force. The few metal parts used in the boats are nonmagnetic. MSB 8's anchor is brass, interior metal parts are aluminum or magnesium; even the engine-room tools are made of

JOE COVELLO

Above: Crew of mine sweeper pays out electric cable to detonate magnetic mines in a test off Charleston, S.C.

Left: Frogmen work in harbors where mine sweepers can't reach. This team disarms a moored mine at Charleston

Below: Cutaway of moored mine like those used at Wonsan is explained at Mine Warfare School, Yorktown, Va.

JOE COVELLO

JOE COVELLO

beryllium. (Machinist's mates don't like beryllium tools: they're too bulky to fit skilled hands that are used to steel hammers and wrenches.)

MSB 8 is 57 feet long. Her skipper is a chief petty officer and there are six men in the crew—one boatswain's mate, one electrician's mate, one engineman and three seamen. Into her little hull is jammed and crowded all the mine-sweeping equipment of the bigger sweepers, but in miniature. Add propelling machinery, gas turbines to drive the generators that provide power for the magnetic sweeps, communications equipment and a couple of other gadgets, and it's a surprise to find that there's still a little crew space down under the charthouse which doesn't look too uncomfortable. The same 57-foot hull turned out as a yacht might cost $75,000; MSB 8 with all her gear cost $1,250,000. Just an item in what the British used to call "the price of Admiralty."

Mines—a Menace to Naval Supremacy

The United States, as it inherits the privileges and burdens of the world's leading sea power, would be far better off if nobody had invented the mine—a situation foreseen 150 years ago by British Admiral Earl of St. Vincent, who bitterly berated Prime Minister William Pitt for encouraging Robert Fulton to develop a mine made of a gunpowder keg. "Why should we, who depend utterly on command of the sea," St. Vincent demanded, "seek to develop a weapon which we do not need, and which if perfected would deprive us of that command?" Many an American admiral would echo those words today. But mines exist—and our enemies are both ready and able to use them.

The Russians proved it at Wonsan and elsewhere in Korea. During the first two years of the Korean war, 70 per cent of all U.S. naval casualties afloat were caused by mines. The mine-sweeping forces alone suffered 32 per cent of the casualties, although sweeper crews comprised only two per cent of the Navy men in the Far East. Mines sank four mine sweepers—the only combatant ships lost by the Navy in Korean waters—and damaged 11 others.

The lessons of Korea have not been lost on the Russians. In July, 1951, the Soviets fired Admiral Ivan S. Yumashev as Navy Minister and replaced him with Vice-Admiral Nikolai G. Kuznetsov. It now seems very likely that Yumashev's downfall was caused by his concentration on construction of torpedo-armed submarines as Russia's primary naval weapon and neglect of the mine.

The mine has always appealed to Russian naval planners. Indeed it is the only weapon which the Russian navy has used with any success in modern times. They used it effectively in the Crimean War and the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-'78. The only two Japanese battleships they sank in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-'05 were victims of mines, not unlike the moored mines we swept up off Wonsan nearly half a century later. The only German armored ships they sank in World War I were sunk by mines. There is a mine tradition and a successful one in the Russian fleet. Today, Russian ships of every type—cruiser, destroyer, escort vessel, submarine and so on—are fitted for mine laying. The shore-based aircraft of their naval air force (they have no carriers) can be used as mine layers, too.

To lay a surprise mine field in American waters, Russia's best bet would probably be her submarines. Even outmoded subs can enter coastal waters stealthily, lay mines and silently slip away—and the Russians have a lot of old submarines. An innocent-looking merchant ship also could enter an American harbor with a hold full of mines and dump them quietly over the side. (The Wonsan mine field was laid by Communist junks and sampans, ostensibly fishing.)

If Russia decides to attack the West, we can be sure that their mines would be in place—both in our own harbors and those of our European allies—when the Soviet D day dawns. Some of the mines would be set to become active on D day itself; others at later dates. Some would have "ship counters," so that they would not detonate until the counter had ticked over perhaps seven times—sinking the seventh ship instead of the first. One sweeping of a channel would mean little; the laboring sweepers would have to sweep and sweep again, and even then they'd never be sure the channels were clear. And while the sweeping went laboriously on, the ether would be hot with messages from our generals and our allies in Europe, screaming for the help that the mines were holding back.

Somewhere, sometime, somebody would have to take responsibility for declaring this channel or that—in New York or Norfolk or Boston—safe for shipping. It wouldn't be an easy decision, especially after the timers had ticked over and ships had been mined in channels that were posted as cleared.

Even with more than 350 mine sweepers, the United States won't have any surplus craft when we consider the tremendous amount of day-by-day work that would be involved in keeping just one channel swept clear and safe in, say New York Bay or Chesapeake Bay in the face of an aggressive mining effort.

"Step off the distance . . . determine how wide a swept channel we must maintain, and how many hours a day we can afford to close the channel to all traffic while the sweepers work," writes mine expert Lieutenant P. W. Rairden, Jr., of Pacific Palisades, California, in the United States Naval Institute Proceedings.

"Take the simple problem of covering that area completely once a day using the arbitrary sweeping speed of 10 knots . . . How many ships do we need? Now consider that the enemy may lay mines at odd hours, or in bad weather, or that he may use several kinds of mines, each requiring a separate sweep using a different sweeping technique. Toss in the factor of maintaining our mine sweepers, too. It begins to add up to an impressive number of operating sweep-unit-hours per day for this one channel alone."

It does indeed. The Mine Force staff won't offer any guesses for publication, but I worked out a rough estimate for myself with chart, pencil and dividers. (Soviet naval officers can do the same; they can buy the necessary chart for $1, which is more than we can do if we want Soviet harbor charts.) My estimate comes to something like 20 to 25 working mine sweepers to keep just one channel swept clear. If Soviet mine-laying submarines suddenly sowed all our major East Coast harbors from the Gulf of St. Lawrence right down to the Florida Keys with several hundred mines apiece, 350 mine sweepers wouldn't be too many to cope with the problem of getting our ships to sea. In fact, we'd need a lot more, plus trained crews to work them.

Can we cope with this devilish type of undersea offensive?

All that can be said is that we're a long way ahead of where we were when the Wonsan mines caught us off guard. From the office of Rear Admiral Frank Akers, Assistant Chief of Naval Operations for Undersea Warfare, down through the fleet commands, the sea frontiers, the naval districts, to the ships of mine forces, the Navy is preparing to meet the greatest mine threat it's ever faced.

More and more the challenge of the mine is attracting officers of a type who a few years ago would have thought an assignment to the Mine Force the kiss of death: ambitious and able men like MINLANT's Commander James S. Shilson, of Boulder City, Nevada, and Commander Arthur Savage, of Alexandria, Virginia. Mine warfare is becoming a dependable career specialty in the Navy. And the more time we have, the more trained men will be available and the readier we'll be to meet the mine threat.

Of one point we *can* be sure—if war comes, the enemy will use mines against us on a big scale. How big, we don't know. "No nation in history," says Rear Admiral Charles B. Momsen, probably the greatest living authority on undersea warfare, "has ever used enough mines of the right kind." The mine is peculiarly a Russian weapon, well suited to the Russians' psychology and purposes. Chances are they'll try to be the first to use enough of them. ▲▲▲

SOVFOTO

Admiral Nikolai G. Kuznetsov, Soviet Navy minister, inspecting ships of Soviet Russia's sea fleet. Kuznetsov's predecessor is believed to have been dismissed for neglecting mine warfare

Again this Summer, enjoy

The SEAGRAM SEABREEZE

It's Seagram's Golden Gin and Tonic

Made *only* with Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin

Seagram Sea Breeze
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and unique method the first pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America.
distilled & bottled by
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
Lawrenceburg, Indiana

The Golden Touch of Hospitality

QUENCH your summer thirst with the *perfect* gin and tonic — the *golden* gin and tonic — the Seagram Seabreeze.

COOL, SMOOTH, GOLDEN,
and EASY-TO-MAKE

Just add tonic water and ice to a jigger of Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin — that's the Seagram Seabreeze. Ask for it at your favorite tavern or restaurant today.

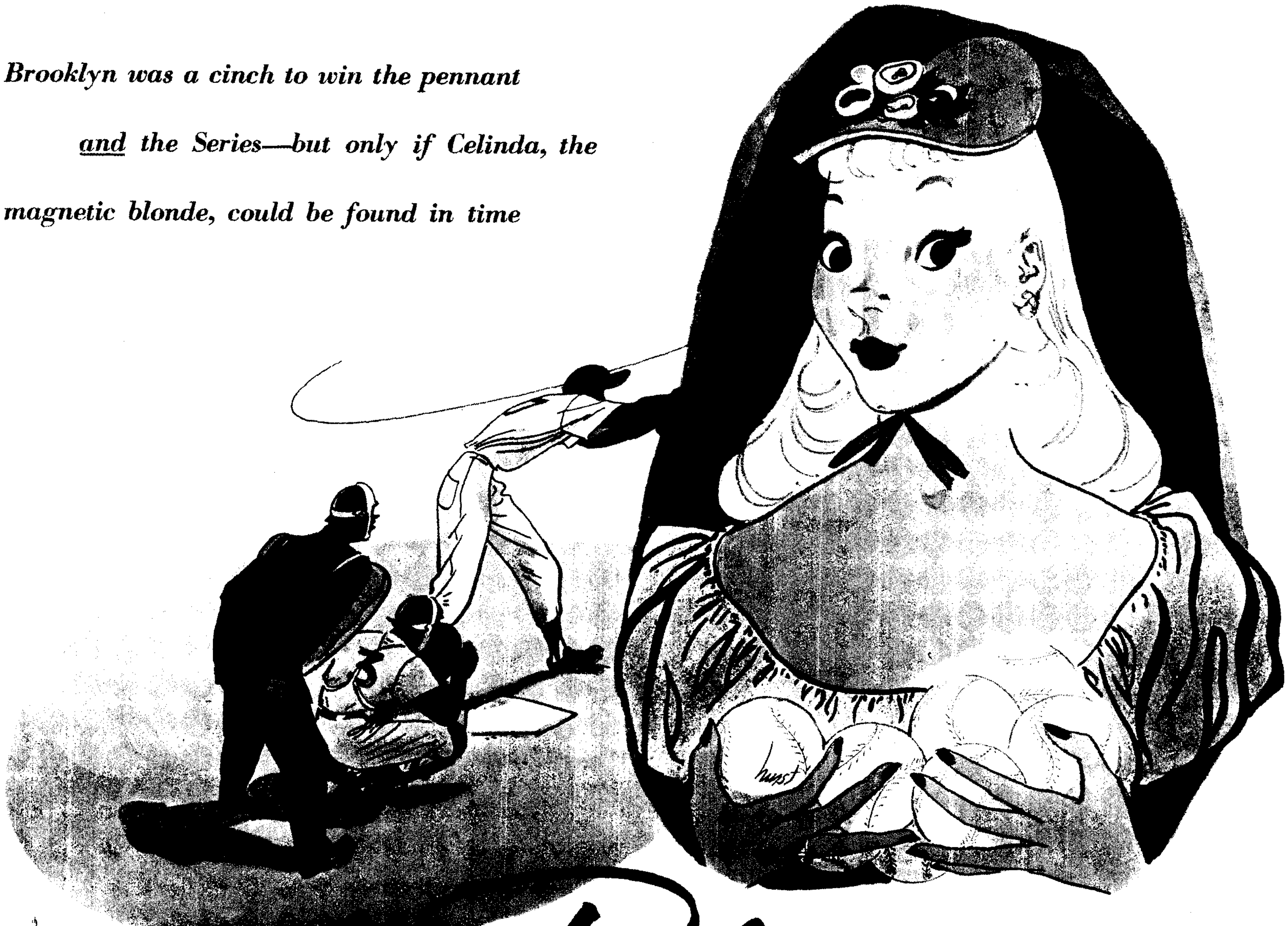
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF.
SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

AS MODERN AS TOMORROW

Brooklyn was a cinch to win the pennant

and the Series—but only if Celinda, the

magnetic blonde, could be found in time



The Blonde WHO ATTRACTED BASEBALLS

By ROBERT MEYER

WHEN Petie Katosh broke into big-league baseball, I took so many bows I wore out three pairs of suspenders. I am the scout who discovered this clod buster, and if it wasn't for how things concerning a certain blonde named Celinda turned out, I could still be grabbing more bows than Milton Berle—because Petie probably woulda rewrote the record book, as they say.

It wasn't so much the blonde's fault, or mine either. It was just one of them things. What I mean is, she had magnetism for Petie, and she couldn't help that. Years later a professor-type feller told me it was due to something called the theory of selective affinities. This theory means a man's got his woman all mapped out for him, and when he meets her—wham!—there's nothing he can do about it. It's all planned out beforehand by fate.

Well, anyway, when Petie comes up with Brooklyn for his first big-league clouts, he fouls the pitch back into the box seats, right into the lap of a little blonde cutie. This no sooner occurs than Petie fouls another to the same spot, and again said blonde collects. Then the pitcher throws three balls, but the next one comes in big as a muskmelon. Petie lays into it and I thought he really had tagged it—but the ball fouls off to this little blonde again, and the crowd thought that was quite a coincidence. On the next pitch Petie walks and everybody figures them fouls was just some screwball accident.

But that wasn't a stitch in the bed quilt compared to what was coming.

Next time Petie comes up for his raps, he really unwinds on one. The ball sails a mile high and finally drops in this gal's box seat, narrowly missing her bean, and she is getting a bit bored with this bad habit of Petie's, even though her collection of baseballs is getting bigger than the management's. Well, just like a dame, she thinks Petie is doing this on purpose and yells that he should cut out the comedy. Petie proceeds to foul the next four pitches over to her, and all the time she is getting madder than damp poultry.

Finally she yells that she is going to sue Petie for damages to her person, and Petie gets special permission to talk to a spectator and he walks over to her and says: "Listen, pretty, I don't think you understand the idea of baseball. I gotta hit that ball out on that grass or out of the ball park, not here among the cash customers. If I don't I'll be back home driving my ice truck. So if you think I am trying to land these pills on your lovely frame, well, you ought to have your pretty little head overhauled."

Well, she is flattered by Petie's mention of her pulchritude so she smiles nice and says forget it. Then Petie draws a walk. He smiles at her

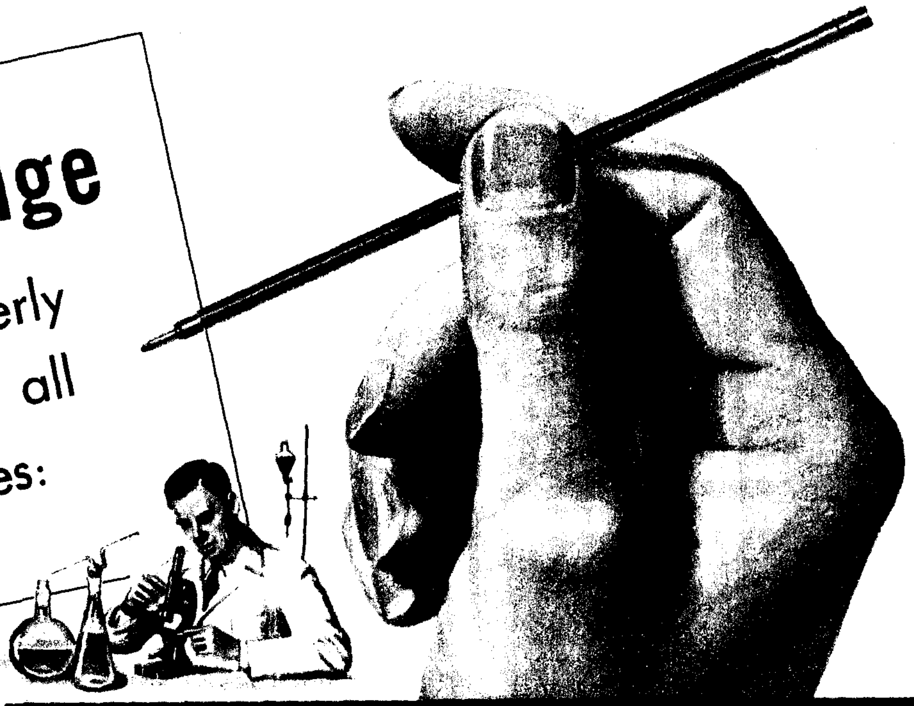
ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

REVOLUTIONARY NEW DEVELOPMENT PUTS

Eversharp Years Ahead of the Field!

New KEC 54 Cartridge

with its secret Kimberly formula ink insures all these advantages:



No Smearing

Won't leak, streak or smear!

No Transferring

Safe for checks and all legal papers!

Dries Instantly

Writes clean, crisp, clear!

Double Ink Supply

Holds the largest ink supply ever!

Visible Ink Supply

KEC-54 Cartridge is transparent!

Permanent

Permanent on paper. And this blue ink *washes off hands, clothing easily!*

Replaceable Ink Cartridges
In 4 Brilliant Colors—50¢ Each

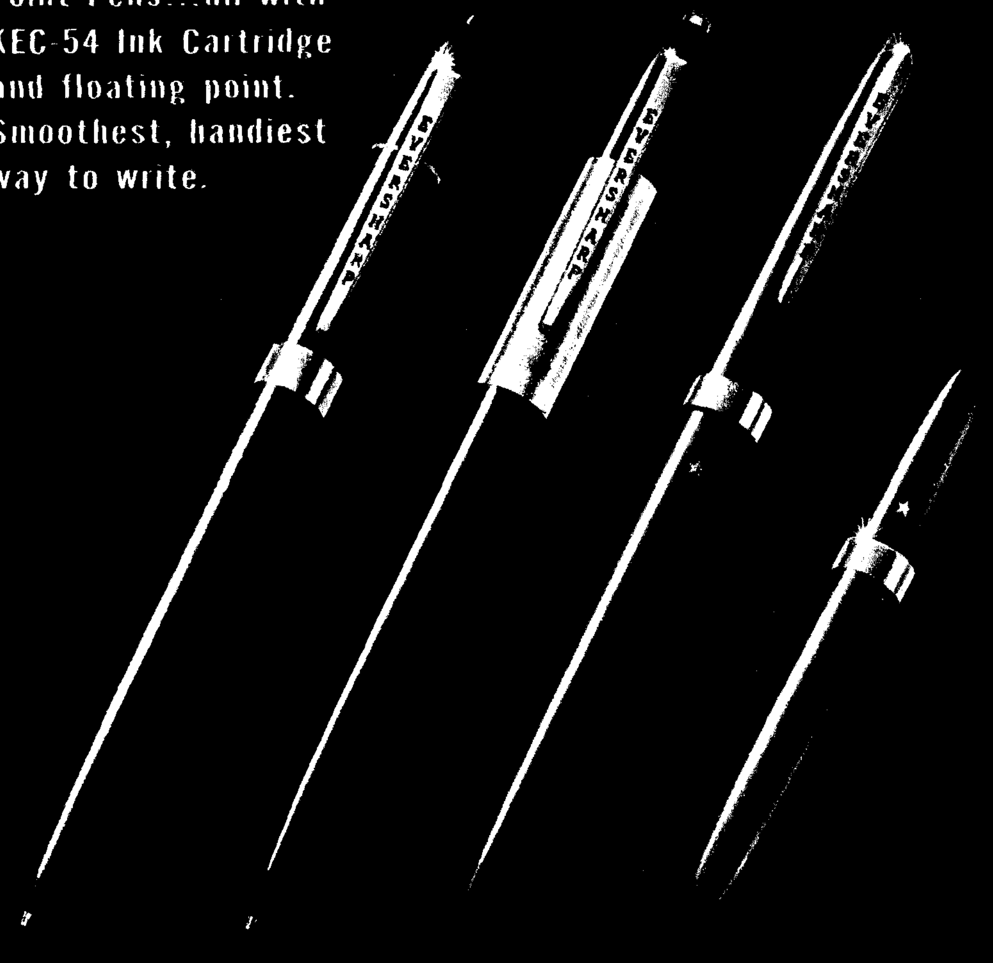
RED • BLUE • GREEN • BLACK

Eversharp offers America's *only fool-proofed pens* styled to suit every writing need. Two retractable models *without caps:*—simply press top—you're ready to write . . . press clip and point retracts! Two pens *with caps:*—regular size and the handy pockette model that slips easily into pocket or purse. All recommended and used by bankers, lawyers, teachers. Get one for yourself—for your friends today! Perfect as business gifts, too!

Give **EVERSHARP** *and you give the finest*

©1953, Eversharp Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

4 New Eversharp Ball Point Pens...all with KEC-54 Ink Cartridge and floating point. Smoothest, handiest way to write.



EVERSHARP	**EVERSHARP**	**EVERSHARP**	**EVERSHARP**
RETRACTABLE	Deluxe RETRACTABLE	Star Reporter	Kim Pockette
$1 29	$2 00	$1 00	$1 00
F. E. Tax Incl.	F. E. Tax Incl.	F. E. Tax Incl.	F. E. Tax Incl.

NEW RICHER CRISPER
RITZ
ALEMITE

"Friction Fighters" work for Nabisco

helping smash production records to satisfy the appetite of a nation!

They're making baking history out at National Biscuit Company! Miracle ovens—600 feet long—are turning out upwards of 3,000,000 crackers *every 8 hours!*

And helping to maintain this almost incredible production flow at National Biscuit's many plants are Alemite Lubrication and Lubrication Systems. You'll find them on the job here—as throughout all industry.

Only Alemite offers a complete line of lubrication fittings. Better for every purpose. Hydraulic, Pin Type, Button Head, Dot . . . all are Alemite. Bodies are hardened to resist nicks, corrosion, bending. High-pressure ball-checks prevent grease leakage.

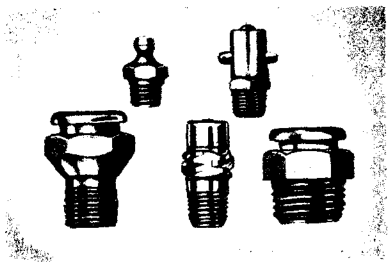
Protecting vital machinery against critical damage, eliminating downtime, saving countless man-hours.

Alemite—Great Name in Lubrication—Serves the Great Names in Industry

It was Alemite's invention, in 1918, that marked the end of the crude, unsure, grease-cup method of lubrication. It was Alemite who perfected the tiny Fittings that gave the world of industry its first high-pressure lubrication methods for fighting friction.

Today—in industry—on farms—at sea—in the air . . . Alemite "Friction Fighters" work unceasingly. Roller skates to motor cars. Bicycles to bombers. Wherever metal touches metal, wherever machinery is in motion, you'll find these vital Fittings—and the lubrication "know-how" of 35 years of Alemite progress from invention to perfection.

ALEMITE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
35 YEARS OF LUBRICATION PROGRESS
A PRODUCT OF SW STEWART WARNER



en route to first and she smiles back.

Well, Petie walks four times that day, and since a walk ain't an official time at bat, his box score reads: 0 3 0 2 0. Barnaby MacShane, the old Dodger manager, figures I did some bonehead skulling when I sell him on Petie as a slugger, but the picture is not all bad. "Boys," he says, "we got ourselves a lead-off man who will put the hitless wonders to shame. That rookie's traffic to first base is like the Fourth of July on the Pennsylvania Turnpike."

Even the front office is happy, figuring it's worth the price in baseballs to have Petie draw a free pass each time he comes up.

But nobody figured on Beeline Magonigle, who at that time is known as the best control pitcher in both leagues. Next day Beeline takes the mound for Philly and when Petie leads off for Brooklyn it is like the irresistible force meeting the immovable object, so to speak, because Beeline Magonigle refuses to walk Petie and Petie will not strike out. Petie was the first and last Dodger hitter to come to the plate that day. He knocks 95 foul balls a country mile into the left-field grandstand, any of them long enough for home runs if they were straightened out.

And then the umpire gets mad and says Petie is employing tactics designed to delay the game, and Brooklyn loses on a forfeit.

Well, sir, nobody knows this at the time, but after Petie clouts fifty or so foul balls, Mac, the manager, sneaks off to see where all the horsehides are going. He finds Celinda up there by the left-field wall dodging baseballs like she is the chief attraction at a country-fair side show. This is when Mac has a stroke of genius! He goes back to the clubhouse and writes out an invite, all formal like, and gives it to the head usher to deliver to this little cutie in person. It says:

This Is an Invite
To My Office
Tomorrow A.M.
In Order to Meet Your
Acquaintance
And Figure Out What We Should Do
With This Screwy Rookie
Of Ours
Barnaby F. MacShane
Manager of the Dodgers

Well, it don't take a bank night for this cookie to gobble up Mac's invite, and she shows up in Mac's office early, before the first Sunday double-header of the season.

"I am pleased to meet you," Mac says, "as you are the only person to get beaned more times than Babe Herman."

This is quite a compliment and Celinda blushes, looking very pretty in spite of the adhesive tape on her head. "I always want to meet you, Mr. MacShane," she says. "Once you give me your autograph, but I guess you don't remember a Little Miss Nobody like me, Mr. MacShane."

"Well," says Mac, "you can be a Little Miss Somebody if you listen to me. And you can make a little dough besides . . ."

Then Celinda listens while Mac talks.

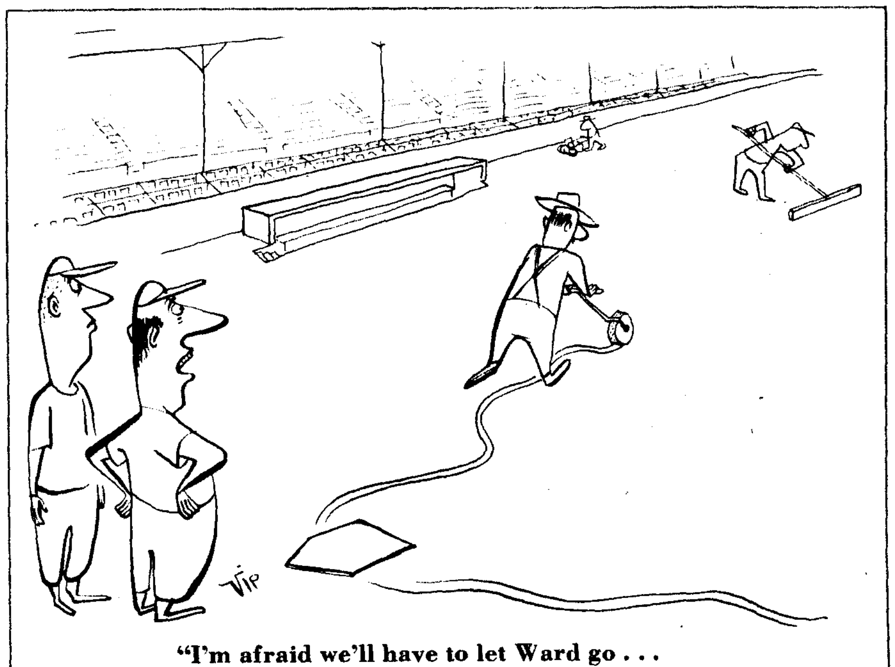
THAT Sunday double bill is a cinch for Brooklyn. They win both games easy, all because Mac proves the cookie has magnetism for Petie. Our rookie poles hisself nine home runs, that's all, and all of them sail into the bleachers where you-know-who sits, wearing a catcher's mask and chest protector.

Cagey old Mac has assigned a cordon of ushers to sit around her and retrieve the management's baseballs. The number used has already reached mid-season level.

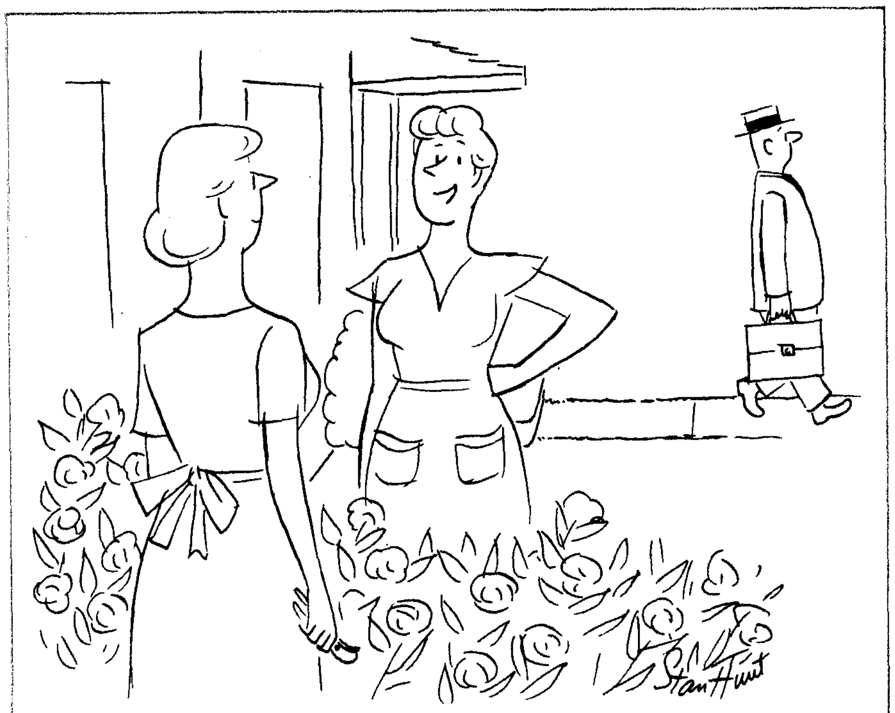
Petie seems to solve all Mac's problems and Mac figures the rookie will pass Babe Ruth's home-run mark along about May 15th. But this is where Mac makes his mistake. He forgot there's never been an offense in any sport that sooner or later don't have some defense for it. Soon all the scouting systems in the league go to work on Petie, and it ain't long before all the managers know about Celinda's magnetism for baseballs off Petie's bat.

When the Cubs come to town, first thing they do, they see if they can "jam the circuit" of magnetism between Celinda and Petie. They find out where Celinda is sitting, then they hire a guy with one of them walkie-talkies to sit right in front of her. When Petie comes to bat, this guy switches the controls around like mad, trying to throw the magnetic circuit out of whack, but Petie's homer snaps the aerial right off the walkie-talkie and then it lands in Celinda's lap.

Next day after the walkie-talkie idea flopped, the Cubs come up with another trick. You can talk about the Kiner shift, but you should see the shift they spring on Petie Katosh. It begins with the Cub catcher and pitcher the only



COLLIER'S "I'm afraid we'll have to let Ward go . . . he never knows where to draw the line" VIRGIL PARTCH



"It's an old recipe of my mother's. I simply put in one egg, salt, pepper, butter, one cup coffee, agitate slightly, add briefcase and pour out door"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

defensive players in the infield. The other seven Cubs string out in a straight line leading from the infield skin to the bleachers, aiming right at the seat where Celinda is sitting. They do this just in case the magnetism gets weak and maybe a ball drops short of Celinda. So Mac tries changing Celinda's seat around, and even disguising her as an old woman, but the opposition is scouting her like bloodhounds. No matter where she sits, the Cubs got a finger man in the crowd who puts the thumb on her, and then that crazy defensive line-up would shift just like the gals at Minsky's and aim right at the blonde.

But for all their pains, it don't do much good. The chorus line, as it gets to be known, can snag only those balls off Petie's bat which drop short of the bleachers. And they aren't many. To make sure, though, Mac makes another countermove. Across the street from Ebbets Field is an apartment building where the landlord rents out space in an upstairs window for people who want to see the ball games cheap. Mac crosses the landlord's palm with silver and arranges an armchair seat for Celinda. Next day Petie hits four of the longest home runs ever clouted out of any park, and Brooklyn wins, 12-4, going away.

In the fourth and closing game with Chi, Petie is about to duplicate this feat when the Cubs learn that the landlord is really from Chicago and it seems he hates New York, and especially Brooklyn. He is living there under protest, and only because his wife owns the apartment house. When the Cub management tells him in no uncertain terms what he is doing to their season's record, and present him with a side of beef from the stockyards for his trouble, he boots Celinda out of his house and she goes back to her bleacher seat.

Next day when St. Louis comes to town, Petie steps to the plate and the fans see the Cards go into a contortion that would put the professional rasslers to shame. It is a refinement on the Cubs' chorus line, and more effective. Out to the wall in left center, just in front of where Petie's cutie is sitting, goes the whole Card team, minus catcher and pitcher. Like a gymnasium squad practicing for the Olympics, they start climbing all over each other, with alley-oops and everything, until they end up in a big pyramid with their little shortstop and Stan Musial looking red-faced from being one of the men on the bottom. And sure enough, Petie belts one into the shortstop's glove.

Well, Mac starts tearing his hair but nothing beats Mac for long, and by the time Petie comes to bat again and the Cardinals start their pyramid, they don't know where to stand because Celinda ain't there in her seat. Instead, Mac has her strolling all over the bleachers, selling hot dogs, and Petie collects his usual homer—right into Celinda's mustard jar.

So Mac outguesses 'em again, although Celinda sets up a loud squawk that a gal like her with so much influence on the team should not have to sell hot dogs, and maybe should get better seats for the game.

Mac throws her a hint about a World Series bonus of one fur coat and that shuts her up fast.

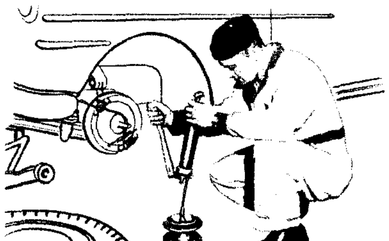
AFTER sweeping the Card series, the Dodgers pile on a train for the first road trip of the season, and Mac shows up at the railroad station with the magnetic blonde on his arm. She is making the whole trip on the cuff, with steak for dinner, private compartment and the works. It's Mac's idea that she follow the team, and the only thing he worries about is that the commissioner might rule Brooklyn is over the player limit and declare Celinda a free agent. Mac is ready to send ten players to Mobile rather than lose the cute cooky. Besides, he has plans for her and Petie that go further than home-run records.

After leaving the dining car that night, Mac starts things rolling. "Let's go out to the observation platform," he says sweetly to Celinda, "and cool off from this here heat."

Soon as Mac gets on the back platform with Celinda, he says, "Oh, excuse me, as I want to go get a cigar so's I can enjoy your pleasant and intelligent company out here."

And Celinda answers, "That's all right, as I like to sit here and watch the railroad tracks coming out from under the train."

So Mac leaves. But he goes right to Petie's car and finds his meal ticket get-



ALEMITE

"Friction Fighters" work for you

helping protect the vital moving parts of your car against critical damage

Most of the cars rolling along America's highways today are equipped with genuine Alemite Lubrication Fittings. Put there by the car *makers* to assure you of *proper* lubrication.

Offering you the finest lubrication that money can buy, is the Alemite Lubrication *dealer* in your neighborhood. He's the most important man in the life of your car! Behind him stands Alemite's billion dollar investment in lubrication progress.

This dealer has invested *thousands of dollars* in genuine Alemite equipment especially designed to prolong your car's life and maintain it at peak efficiency. Get to know this man and his Alemite trained experts. No other dealer is so familiar with the Alemite Fittings on your car. Only through *him* are you assured of the *original*, the *genuine* Alemite Lubrication. Nowhere else can you buy such specialized care with your lubrication dollar.

What's good enough for National Biscuit is too good for you to miss!

• • •

Wheel Bearings—vital to the performance of your car—are expertly lubricated with specialized Alemite equipment.

Behind this man behind the gun...

a Billion Dollar Investment in Lubrication Progress

ALEMITE LUBRICATION

ALEMITE

1850 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois

35 YEARS OF LUBRICATION PROGRESS

ting ready for some shut-eye, as he is tired after a hard day poling balls out of the city block. Well, Mac looks at Petie a long time without saying anything, and then he takes Petie's wrist to feel his pulse and he purses his lips thoughtfully, like a doctor. "How are you feeling, Petie?" he asks, very sweet.

"I feel fine, boss," Petie says, "although I am sleepy."

"You don't look so good," Mac says. "Are you sleeping good?"

"Sure, boss. I sleep fine."

"I don't think you're getting your proper rest," Mac says. "What you need is some good, fresh Pennsylvania air, and as now the train is somewhere near Harrisburg, there is good Pennsylvania air all around us. I want for you to go out on the rear platform and sit there a while."

"Okay, if you say so, boss," says Petie, "but I am so tired I might fall asleep out there and maybe fall off the train."

"Well," says Mac, "I know how to handle rookies who don't sleep so good, and them's my orders."

So Petie goes to the observation platform, his head nodding like he will go to sleep standing up, and he sees Celinda there. "Oh, beg pardon, miss," Petie says. "I do not mean to disturb you, but I must get some air to make me sleep, although I feel like I can sleep right through the Cincinnati series without even blinking a eyelash."

"That's all right," the blonde answers, "and you must call me Celinda, not miss, because I feel I know you very well, seeing as how you are hitting baseballs at me all day long."

Well, Petie sits down next to her and she says what a thrill it is for a little girl from Flatbush to travel with a big-league team and even help out in the win column, though in a very unusual manner at that. She talks and talks and the sound of her voice is putting Petie to sleep, when she nudges him with her elbow and says, "Look at the way the tracks come out from under the train—it's so romantic." So Petie starts watching the tracks and this only makes him sleepier and not a bit romantic at all. So soon his head is again nodding and finally it falls against Celinda's shoulder and Petie is immediately sleeping very sound and loud.

CELINDA then takes her fur jacket from around her knees and puts it over Petie, taking special care to tuck it around his throwing arm. In a few minutes Celinda is feeling very romantic, as being in this position with the hottest rookie in the league has wakened the mother instinct in her. And this is the position Mac finds them in when he returns to the platform at midnight to check whether his rookie has fell off the train. Only just before Mac opens the platform door he sees Celinda reach over and stroke Petie's cheek, and then bend her head around and kiss him very softly on the lips.

Well, Mac whispers to the blonde that he is very sorry about leaving her stranded, but that he can't find his cigars. Celinda tells him not to worry about little her and together they hoist Petie to his feet and the blonde drapes her fur jacket over his shoulders. Then they walk him back to his berth and drop him on his bunk with all his clothes on, and Celinda tucks the jacket over him.

Next morning when Petie wakes up he naturally finds this ladies' jacket on him. This puzzles him as he can't remember acquiring any such garment. He is still trying to figure it out as he goes to the gents' room to shave, and when he looks in the mirror he sees lipstick on his mouth and this reminds him of tracks coming out from under a train. This is puzzling too, for a minute, but then suddenly all is clear to him regarding the observation platform. A good feeling starts racing from his head right down to his toes and he feels like he has just slammed a home run with the bags loaded.

And all of a sudden Petie Katosh is in love.

THE rest of that road trip is like a long stroll through lovers' lane for Petie and Celinda. The romance blooms daily, and wise old Mac warns the boys he will slap a fat fine on the first guy who makes a wisecrack. While the team is traveling, Petie and Celinda eat together in the diner, then go out to bill and coo and watch the rails. When they get to the next city, they always meet right after each game and go off to dinner. Sometimes they take in a show, or maybe dance in a quiet place, or just sit in some park. And all the time Petie keeps belting that ball at Celinda, who never sits anywhere less than 350 feet from home plate.

More than half the time the enemy managers decide to walk Petie, but Mac does not squawk as the rookie still gets his share of four-ply blows, and by mid-July he has collected 41 homers and 98 runs batted in. The Dodgers are riding along in first place by three games and the boys are beginning to count their World Series dough already. Some of them are even spending it.

This is where the boys make their mistake. They fail to count on Six-Fingered Grogan of the Giants.

This Grogan is a rookie pitcher, a southpaw, who does very unusual things with a baseball. Most of the high-powered experts say that Grogan's famous dipsy-doodle pitch is impossible for a human being to throw unless he has got six fingers. Well, Grogan has them. He is born with two thumbs on his left hand, one on each side of his palm.

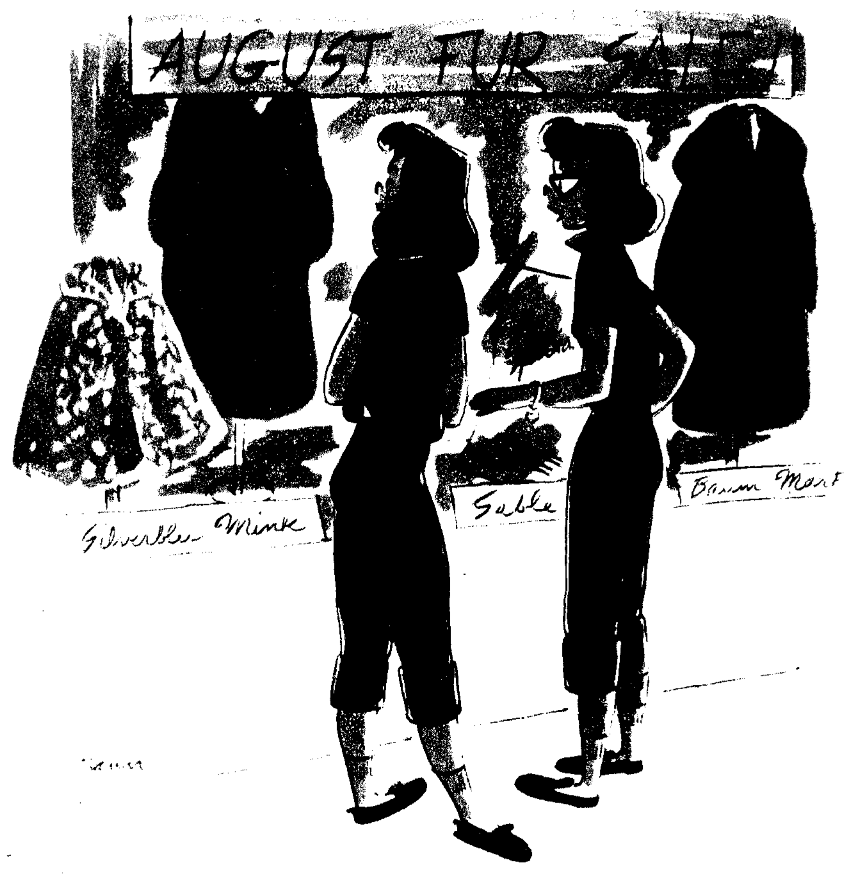
Six-Fingered Grogan's dipsy-doodle pitch is considered unusual because it is a curve ball that breaks twice in different directions. First it breaks in and then it breaks out. It is very rare when a batter can touch his wood to one of Grogan's dipsy-doodlers. But the screwiest thing about it is the way it squirts off the bat. It goes *poingggg* against the stick—stinging the hands something fierce—and then it goes *pfloop* up in the air, usually a foul into the box seats.

Well, it so happens that early in the season Grogan had split his thumb, the starboard one. As he is reaching for the resin bag, he jams one of his thumbs against a beer-bottle cap that some fan has sailed out on the field. This takes a hunk of meat about as thick as a one-buck steak out of Grogan's extra digit and causes him a great deal of pain. One sports writer remarks that this mishap leaves Grogan one-half thumb ahead of all the other southpaw pitchers in the world, but it nonetheless puts Grogan out of action for a couple months with infection.

And so when the Brooks come to town, it is the first time Mac's team ever has to face the screwy slants of Six-Fingered Grogan.

When Petie steps up to face Grogan, he don't know it, but the luckiest thing that can happen to him is to strike out, for on this day there is a little redhead who dances third from the right in a chorus line on Fifty-second Street occupying a box seat. Her name is Camille Schultz. And Petie's bad luck begins when he fouls the first pitch right into her pretty lap. He fouls the next one the same way and the ball lodges in her upsweep like a bird in a nest. Then Petie fouls another one in her direction, but it falls short and the catcher grabs it for the put-out.

TIZZY



"Let's go in and try 'em on. They don't have to know we're not going to buy"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

Even this event would not be so unlucky, except for Celinda, sitting way out in the bleachers. For some weeks she is getting impatient, not to mention sunburned, from sitting as far from home plate as Mac can put her. So she has purchased a pair of powerful Swiss binoculars from Switzerland, and they happen to be the Swiss army model with hair lines crossing in the middle. Well, Celinda puts this + smack on Camille's personage, which is coming through in color, as the redhead is crimson with rage at finding it necessary to pick baseballs from her coiffure. When Celinda spies Petie's new target, there is no doubt she would like to have La Schultz zeroed in with a howitzer instead of binoculars, but she decides to be reasonable and wait for more evidence. Sure enough, next time up Petie supplies it by beaning Camille again.

Now this Camille Schultz has no more magnetism for Petie than she has for Cary Grant. But Grogan's dipsy-doodle throws the whole magnetic network between Petie and Celinda out of whack, and from where Celinda sits it looks like Petie is giving Camille the same play he gave her a few months previous. So Celinda forms the opinion that her lover-boy is fickle with his attentions. With this impression, she leaves the vicinity of her erstwhile sweetheart in a huff, not to mention a yellow cab, which takes her to Flatbush, where she rejoins her old mother.

AFTER the game Petie showers and dresses fast, but when he comes out of the locker room Celinda is nowheres to be found. Then up comes an usher with a note for Petie, which says: *I don't want to disturb you, Mr. Fickle, as it is obvious you have some other plans for the evening, namely with the ugly red-head in the box seat. Aw reevor. Celinda.*

Well, Petie is fit to be tied. He starts to run out of the ball park, then stops up short when he realizes he don't know where to run to. So he runs back to buttonhole Mac. Mac reads the note and he starts to run too, with Petie chasing after him, but Mac also stops when he is aware of the lack of anyplace to go.

"Now, let's be calm, Petie," he finally says. "Let's sit down and talk it over like intelligent people."

So they return to the locker room and Mac says, "Now listen, Petie, where does Celinda live?"

"I don't know," says Petie. "I never visit her home to meet her old mother, as it seems the old lady has a weak heart and don't like ballplayers."

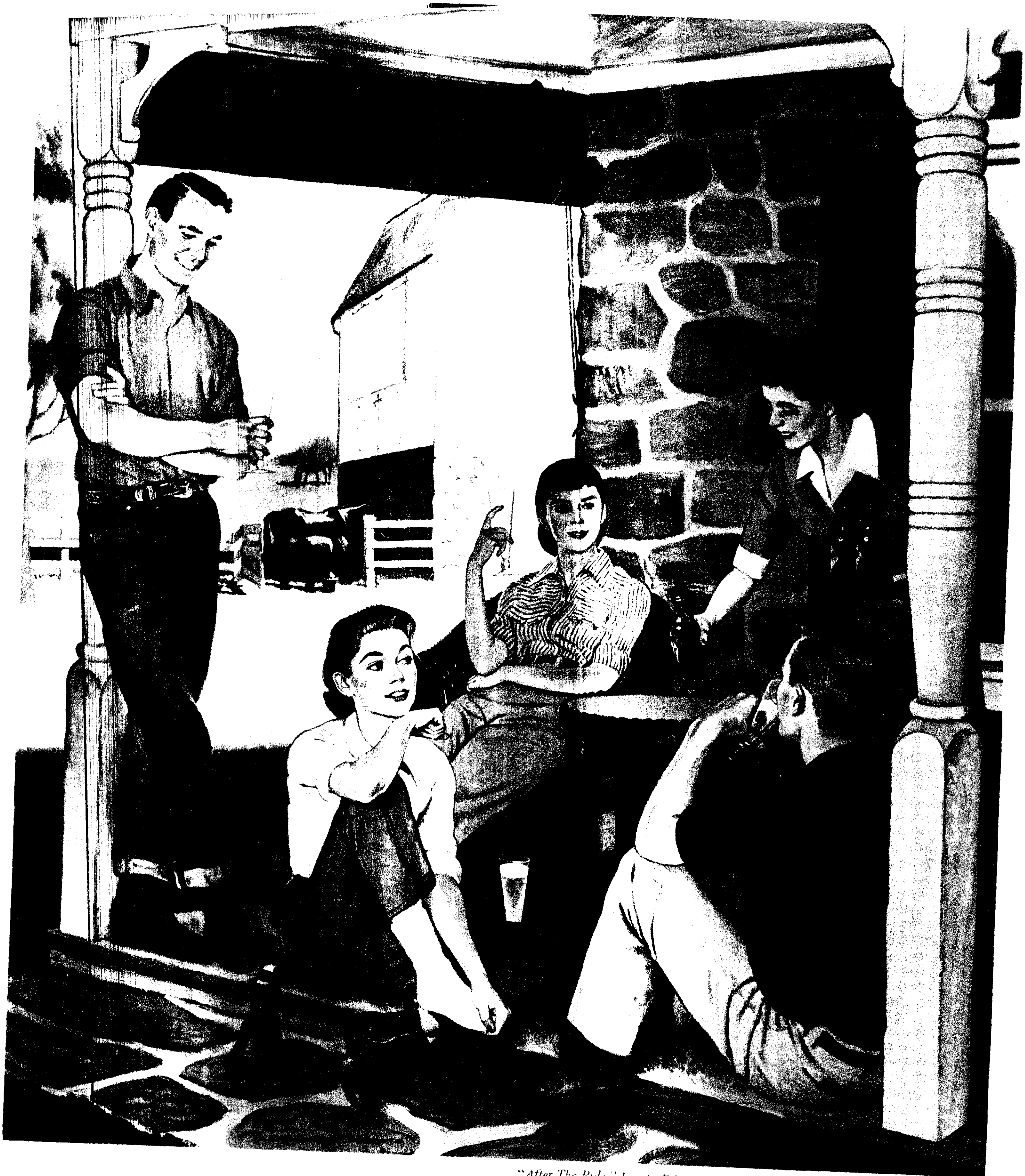
"Well, we know she lives in Flatbush," Mac says, "and although finding anybody there is like finding a nickel on skid row, I am going to enlist the services of the New York Telephone Company."

So Mac gives Celinda's name to the chief operator and asks her to ring every number in Flatbush, if necessary, to find her. This chief operator happens to be a Dodger fan and she is happy to oblige, so soon Mac is talking to Celinda's old mother.

"She ain't here," she tells Mac. "I don't see her since she loses her heart to some jerk of a baseball ballplayer."

Well, of course Celinda is there all right, but she has filled in the old mother on what to say, so Mac and Petie swallow the story. They are at wits' end and don't know what to do.

Next day Petie don't get even one safety although he is hitting against a



"After The Ride," by John Falter. Number 85 in the series "Home Life in America"

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—Beer belongs . . . enjoy it!

BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION
Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862

blood cousin with a 3-10 record. Next day is the same thing, and the following day when the Giants come back with Grogan on the slab, Petie fans four times. Petie's chin is dragging the ground and Mac's is even lower than that. The team can see the World Series money flying out the window, and this affects their ballplaying to the point where fans are staying away in large numbers.

Finally Petie takes to daydreaming about Celinda out in left field, which becomes dangerous to his life and limb, and Mac has to bench his rookie. Petie calls Celinda's house every day, but the old mother has the same words to speak, namely her daughter is definitely not in.

BY THE time September arrives, the Dodgers are down in fourth place, eight games off the pace, as they say. Petie is getting bench calluses, and with the stretch drive coming up, Mac is going nuts. What he needs is a long winning streak of, say, fifteen games and he is staying awake nights trying to figure out something. He and Petie make several trips to Celinda's house but each time the old mother covers up while the blonde crawls into a closet. Then Mac gets a desperation idea. He puts a private eye on Celinda, and meanwhile he has the ball club's press agent type out a love letter, not too lovey but not frosty either. He gives this to Petie and says it arrives from Celinda.

It says: *Darling: Perhaps I figured you wrong as I see by the colyumists this redhead is keeping steady company with a saxophone player. I am rooting for you to win the pennant. I can't see you yet, but maybe I'll come back to you soon. Love. Celinda.*

Well, sir, that did it! Petie is a changed guy. Mac sticks him right back in the line-up and he starts belting them again. He smacks two out of the park over the left-field stands. Next time up he walks when the pitcher aims at the screen. Last trip up he hits eight pitches over the left-field stands—ten feet outside the foul line, and then he is called out on strikes.

Now, Mac is naturally very disturbed about Petie's last trip to the plate. He keeps wondering why the two home runs sail over the stands in the same spot, but all the foul balls disappear from the ball park fifty feet farther left.

That night Mac gets a call from the private eye, who reports Celinda is living with the old mother, all right. He says Celinda goes shopping between 1:00 P.M. and 3:30 that day, and then returns home. That is when Mac guesses what is happening, and he calls up a professor at Brooklyn College and asks him to rush right over. Being a loyal Dodger booster, this professor comes and Mac explains his theory.

Well, before the night is over, the professor gets maps and compasses and things—called protractors, and he figures out that Celinda's house is on a straight line running from home plate and cutting over the top of the left-field stands in foul territory. But while she is shopping in the P.M., she is in a department store on a line from home plate through the left-field stands in fair territory, where Petie's homers left the ball park.

Now it is all clear to Mac, who knows the magnetism is still working, even at a distance.

Well, when Mac makes this discovery, the Dodgers are ready to make the last road trip of the season. Mac gets some dope together concerning the layout of the Western ball parks, and he finds that Celinda's house is in fair territory, although at quite a distance, for three out of four Western diamonds. But that still don't solve the problem back in Ebbets Field—especially if Celinda sits at home listening to the radio to find out how Petie is doing.

But everything is sure rosy on this here road trip. Petie wins game after game belting balls straight as a compass needle right in the direction of Celinda's house. When the Brooks come back to Ebbets Field they are tied for first place.

And the first thing Mac does, he sends Celinda an invite to come sit in her very own private box seat, especially built for her by the management. He tells her how it is located in left-center field, with a striped awning and a chaise longue. He also mentions very casual that Petie may come in for a nice piece of World Series change. Then he adds that Petie is crying out his eyes with love and might get killed by a fly ball if he don't stop bawling.

Now the result of this note is that it wakes up Celinda's goodly supply of mother instinct and next day she shows up at the ball park. She is delighted with her box seat and she stretches out to watch the game and keep Petie from getting conked. This works out fine, as Petie puts the game on ice in the sixth with a home run right to Celinda's chaise longue. The blonde sees there is nothing wrong with his eyesight, so she goes down under the grandstand to enjoy a hot dog.

WELL, it is a safe bet that nobody in the history of the world, or Brooklyn either, ever got in so much trouble by buying a hot dog. Because while Celinda is down there munching this dog, a character from the underworld takes her firmly by the arm and starts to ease her out the gate. Celinda thinks he is a Broadway-type masher and is prepared to give him her A-1 brush-off, but her mouth is so full of dog she can't even talk, not to mention scream for help. So she finds herself pushed into the back seat of a large, powerful car, which speeds off somewheres, she don't know where. A captain of ushers who witnesses this event starts screaming copper and soon the sirens are blowing. The usher runs around to inform Mac what happens, and right away Mac knows it is a gambling syndicate trying to make a pile on the flag race.

That evening the papers are full of the snatch story, and Celinda's picture makes every front page. Soon everyone in Flatbush and also elsewheres is on the lookout for the blonde. Petie is almost crazy with worry, and Mac knows he cannot count on him to play until Celinda is found safe.

Next day the Brooks lose and there is still no sign of Celinda. The cops are hunting every place east of the Three-Eye league. Then the cops get one of their rare bright ideas, and that night they come around to Petie's hotel room. They are accompanied by Mac and a rookie pitcher who is used only for relief jobs in lost causes. Then Mac explains the setup to Petie like this:

"Look," he says, "if you want to get your little cutie back from those crooks, you got to play ball with these here flatfeet gentlemen, who have an idea. The idea is that this pitcher here keeps tossing you baseballs and you hit 'em. Where the balls go, the cops go."

Petie says it's a deal and they start out. They drive a while with the police and then they get out in the middle of the street under the street lights and the pitcher starts throwing balls to Petie. As Petie hits them a mile, a special engineer-type fellow the cops have brought along starts making calculations with a lot of instruments.

Well, after Petie hits about fifty balls, they get what they call a "fix" on their direction, and they climb back in the car and go that way. Soon they stop again and the same thing occurs. After this goes on most of the night, they have pinpointed a position in the upstairs of an old garage where Petie has just knocked out five windows. Then the cops put in a radio call for reinforcements, and in about two minutes this here alley is swarming with cops of all shapes and sizes.

A police captain steps up and yells: "Come on out with your hands up or we're coming in!"

The answer to this is a blast from a Tommy gun and everybody, including Petie does a quick dive. So the cops start tossing tear gas through the garage windows, then they rush up the stairs blasting away on their heaters. When they rush in, a couple of hoods are sitting on the floor crying like babies, and Petie, who rushed in right behind the law, finds Celinda tied to a chair and she is bawling also. He gets a cop to cut her loose and he carries her outside to get some air. Here Celinda recovers from the tear gas but she is still crying anyways, although it is not from the gas but just because she is so glad to be rescued and to be standing there in Petie's arms, where she hasn't been since before the Giant series.

"I happen to know he wants to take you to the dance but he's too shy to ask. About five dollars too shy"

COLLIER'S

CHARLES PEARSON

WELL, it is just like in the movies, because next day Petie and Celinda get married, with Mac as best man. She attends the ball game that afternoon and she gladly consents to sit in her special box again, although this time she has a regiment of cops around her to protect her from assorted gangsters and the baseballs Petie hits her way. Brooklyn wins all the rest of the games, and naturally goes into the World Series, where they proceed to sweep four straight from the Yankees on the strength of Petie's clouts and Celinda's magnetism.

Now, you might think this story has a happy ending, and it has and it hasn't, depending on how you look at it. It has a happy ending for Petie and Celinda all right. But it isn't such a happy ending for Mac, or the Dodgers, or the Brooklyn fans, or for anybody else except maybe the other seven teams in the league.

During the winter months, Petie and Celinda go to Cow Cave, Kentucky, where Petie takes his World Series dough and buys a piece of the local ice-and-coal company, plus a little white house for him and Celinda. Along about Christmas, Mac gets a letter from Petie which says that Celinda is going to have a baby. At first this is good news to Mac, who has got nothing against kids at all, but when he reads further down in the letter, Petie says he won't be playing no more baseball next year or any year after that in his entire lifetime.

I figure, Mr. Mac, Petie writes, *that it is dangerous for Celinda to have me hitting baseballs at her in her condition. And even after the baby is born, it just ain't nice to be dropping home runs around the head of a little mother, and maybe make an orphan, practically, out of my own kid.*

Mac was sore at first, but next summer he made a visit to Cow Cave for the christening, as he was asked to be godfather. When the kid was christened Barnaby MacShane Katosh, old Mac had to wipe tears from his eyes.

When Mac came back from Cow Cave, he told the team that Petie was having a little trouble with his ice-and-coal truck. Seems the darn' thing keeps trying to head for home in the middle of the day. Along about five o'clock, Petie just gives the truck its head, and it takes him to that little white house where he spends considerable time kissing his little blonde cutie, while young Barnaby hugs him around the knees. —ROBERT MEYER

Let Your Throat Enjoy Smooth Smoking

There is no substitute for PALL MALL
— the finest quality money can buy

PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
18

Discover a Smoothness, Mildness and Satisfaction No Other Cigarette Offers You

Pall Mall is Longer

Guard against throat-scratch. Compare PALL MALL with any short cigarette. See how mild PALL MALL's smoke becomes as it is filtered further through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos. PALL MALL—the cigarette that changed America's smoking habits—gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer you.

Pall Mall is Finer

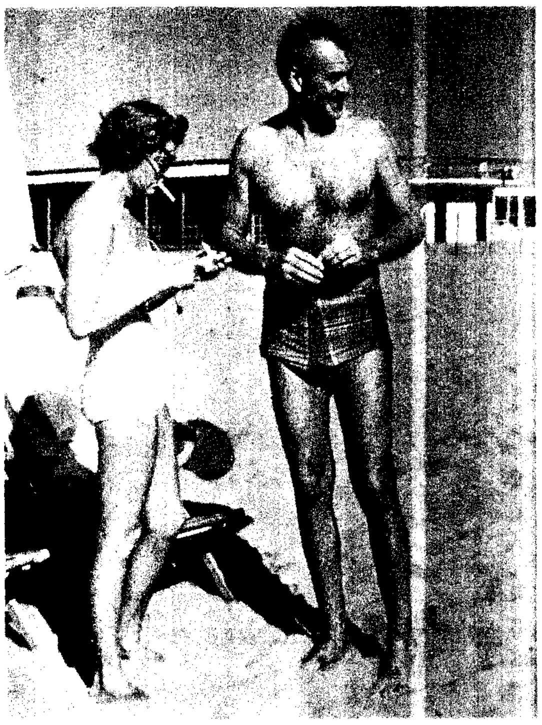
Compare PALL MALL with any long cigarette. PALL MALL's fine tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy and fine tobacco is its own best filter for sweeter, smoother smoking. Moreover the better a cigarette is packed, the better it filters the smoke on the way to your throat. No other cigarette of any length can give you the pleasure you get from PALL MALL.

THE CIGARETTE THAT CHANGED AMERICA'S SMOKING HABITS

Outstanding...and they are mild!

Stow the six-gun, pardner.

On European tour, Coopers, daughter Maria (right) journey from Naples to visit Raffaella Gravina, Italian girl they "adopted" through Foster Parents' Plan for War Children. In village celebration, Coopers meet Raffaella and mother for first time, find language no barrier to humor



Rocky and Gary Cooper shake dust of historic Rome in cooling-off session at nearby beach

Gary Cooper
AN AMERICAN TOURIST

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN HARRIS

The old cow hand has hung up his holster and gone to the Continent to see the sights

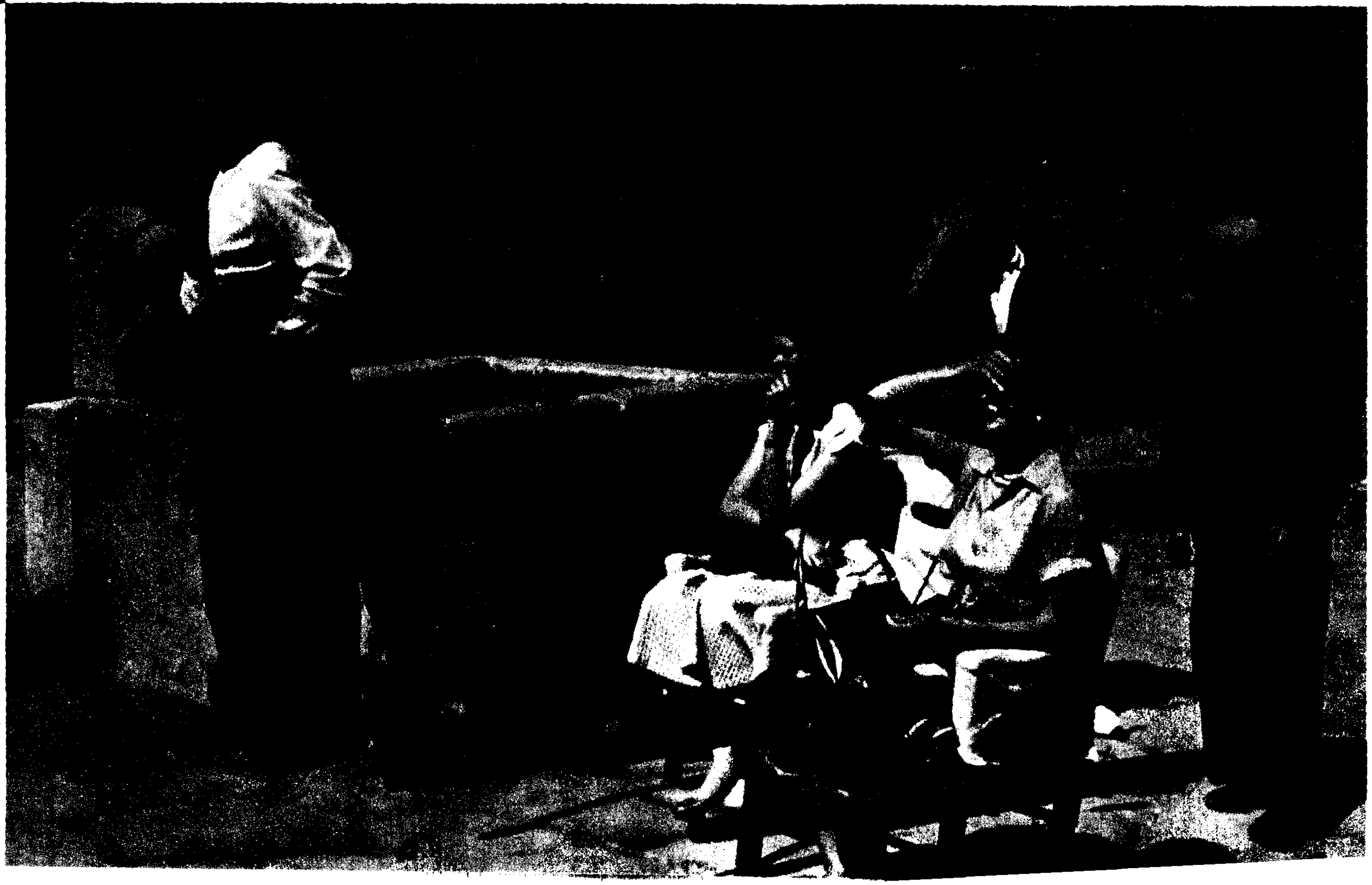
SEE that tall, tweedy tourist buying a ticket to the Eiffel Tower? That's no stranger. It's Gary Cooper. The slowest-talkin', fastest-drawin' *hombre* in films and his womenfolk have been on a sight-seeing tour. After a year in which Cooper won an Academy Award (High Noon) and made a new picture (United Artists' recently released Return to Paradise), it was time for recess. So all summer long, the fifty-two-year-old motion-picture star has been investigating monuments, ruins and acres of ecclesiastical art. He was joined on his journeys by his handsome wife Rocky (thus stilling rumors that their recent separation may become final), by his fifteen-year-old daughter Maria and —for a time—by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Paul Shields.

Hot, footsore and saturated with history, the Coopers have plodded through Pompeii, gazed at the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, shopped, struggled with luggage and jousted with unfamiliar jargon. They have relaxed at outdoor cafés, swum at Mediterranean beaches and consumed many an excellent Continental meal.

Between sight-seeing trips they paid a visit to Raffaella Gravina, a fourteen-year-old Italian girl the Coopers "adopted" four years ago through the Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc. Raffaella and her family had been receiving money, food and clothing from the Coopers since December, 1948. They had exchanged letters and photographs, but they had never met. The encounter was an emotional one. And everyone in the village of Mignano Monte Lungo, 10 miles south of Cassino, had a hand in the celebration. Colored streamers were strung between the houses. There was a

Cooper family was greeted by entire town of Mignano Monte Lungo, near Cassino. Welcome signs were painted on stone paving, and feast of bread, wine and native delicacies wound up with a round of beer

Like most tourists in Italy, the Cooper family drove to Pompeii to explore sun-scorched ruins of a civilization embalmed by a volcano in 79 A.D. Maria and Rocky did it easy way, by chair. Gary walked



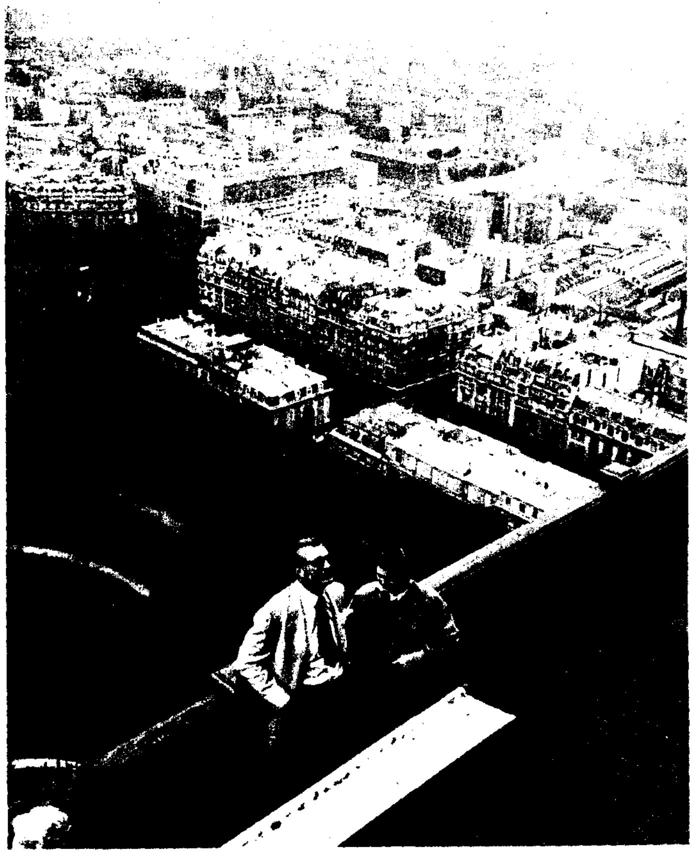
There's a moment when every traveler wonders why he left home. Coop had his identifying family luggage on their arrival at Orly airport

Cooper tracks along tourists' trail

community feast of local delicacies, wine, beer and fresh bread.

Unlike the average shoestring traveler, Cooper and his entourage have been exploring in comparative luxury—sometimes by plane or by rail, sometimes by hired limousine, sometimes in Cooper's brand-new Mercedes-Benz. Airline and studio representatives have been on hand to cope with customs and other red tape. But fame has its hazards. Personal appearances and visits to Army camps have broken the journey. Cooper's laconic personality, weather-tanned features and lanky six-foot three-inch frame are immensely popular abroad, and autograph hunters have intercepted him at every turn, even during his audience with the pope. Gary Cooper, the American tourist, remains unavoidably Gary Cooper, the movie star; his guidebook and custom-tailored suit are, to European fans, a costume replacing only briefly the Stetson and Colt .45. ▲▲▲

Unlike the average tourist, Cooper's casual clothes bear mark of custom tailor. At Rome's fashionable Caraceni he's being measured for new suits



No Europe jaunt is worth its ticket without a ride in cagelike elevator of Paris' Eiffel Tower and lingering look at City of Light from the top

Traveling is not all monuments and old masters. Left, Cooper and his pretty 15-year-old daughter Maria watch jets at Le Bourget air show

Here's one well that will never run dry

... and here's how Nickel is helping de-salt it

1,100 gallons a day!

That's *your* share of the fresh water used in this country for all purposes – municipal, industrial, agricultural.

1,100 gallons a day!

Multiply that by 150,697,361 (1950 census), and you see why people should worry about this country's underground water "resources." Why they should keep an eye on such installations as the Kuwait Oil Company's new distillation plant which is de-salting the ocean.

This *Kuwait* de-salting plant is a tremendous thing. It distills more than 600,000 gallons of fresh water a day from the salty Persian Gulf.

The actual distillation—about one gallon of fresh water from two of sea water—takes place in three big cylindrical vessels.

Each vessel has thousands of square feet of heating tubes. And these tubes are made of an alloy using Inco Nickel . . . for two reasons.

These Nickel Alloys have the heat transfer ability that conserves fuel; the corrosion-resistance that protects against the ravages of sea water, and thus conserves expensive equipment.

Only time can tell, of course, whether or not this method of extracting fresh water from the ocean is the most economical and efficient one for general use. If it *is*, it will be due to fuel and maintenance economies effected by good engineering design and choice of the proper metals.

Where metals are concerned, the sea is indeed a savage and ruthless enemy. But by turning the ocean into a test tube at Harbor Island, N.C. and other marine testing stations, The International Nickel Company has—after years and years of research—come to know the alloys that have least to fear from "Old Man Sea."

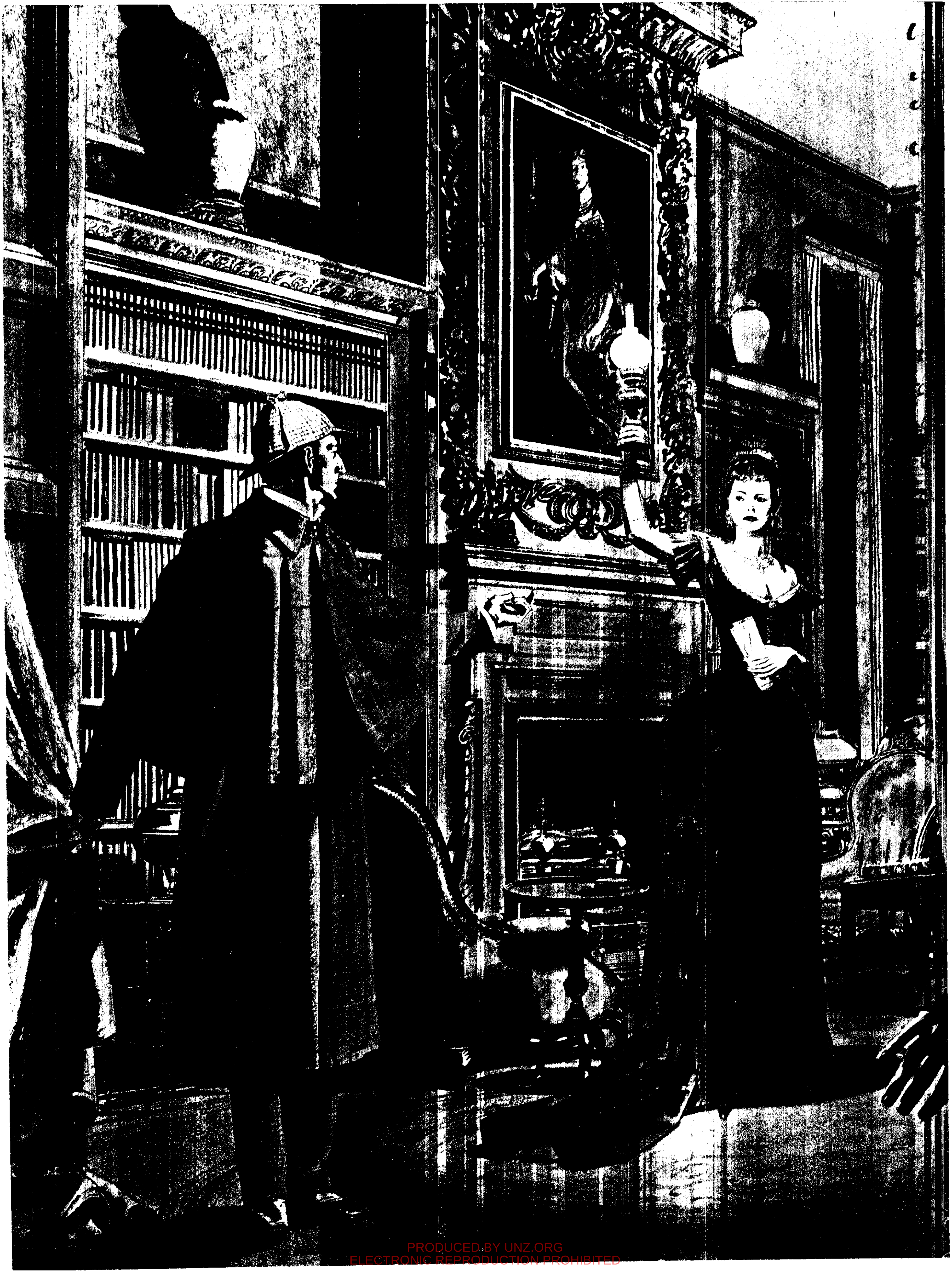
The Sea's a killer *. . . and, for years, Inco researchers have been going up against this killer at its marine testing station in North Carolina, finding out the "why" and "how" of salt water's destructive action on most metals. The things they've found to date make mighty interesting reading as well-known writer Cal Calahan tells the story in his "When Metals Go To Sea."*

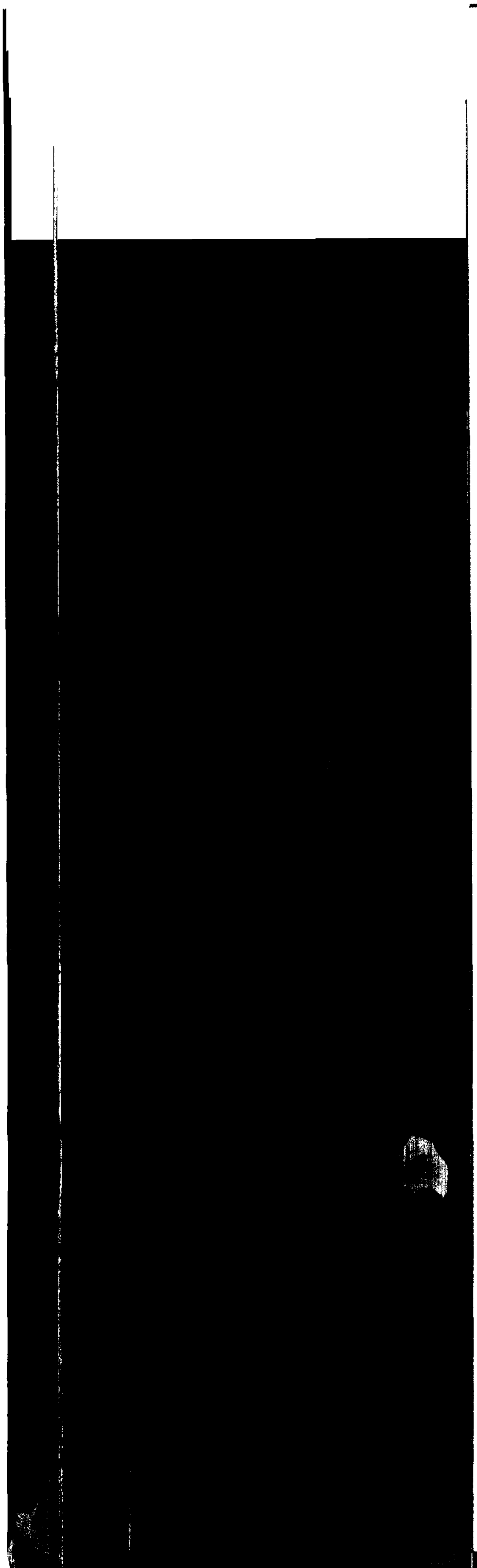
For your free copy of this booklet, write The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 307b, New York 5, N. Y.

©1953, T. I. N. Co.

Inco Nickel . . . Your Unseen Friend

The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.





Holmes pointed to her left hand. "I am here to examine those papers," he said. "I warn you I mean to do so."

The Adventure of the TWO WOMEN

Regretfully, Holmes turned burglar—a desperate move, but the stake was high. The late Duke's indiscretions could ruin his widow and even rock the British Empire itself

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

I SEE from my notebook that it was late in September, 1889, shortly before my departure to Dartmoor with Sir Henry Baskerville, that my attention was first drawn to that curious affair, since termed The Blackmailing Case, which threatened to involve one of the most revered names in England. Even at this late date, Sherlock Holmes has urged me to spare no pains to conceal the real identity of the personage concerned and, in my recital of the events, I shall certainly do my best to observe his wishes in this matter. Indeed, I am as sensitive as he is to the fact that, owing to the many cases in which we have been concerned over the years, we have been of necessity the depositaries of many strange confidences and secrets which, should they become known to the world, could only arouse scandal and amazement. Our honor is therefore deeply involved, and I shall make very sure that no inadvertent word of mine shall point the finger of accusation at any one of those men and women, in high life or in low, who have poured out their troubles to us in our modest Baker Street chambers.

I recall that it was on a late September morning when I was first introduced to the adventure which forms the subject of this narrative. It was a gray, depressing day with a hint of early fog in the air, and, having been summoned to a patient in Seaton Street, I was walking back to our lodgings when I became aware of a small urchin slinking along at my heels. As he drew even, I recognized the lad as one of the Baker Street Irregulars, as Holmes termed the group of grubby little boys whom he employed on odd occasions to act as his eyes and ears amid the purlieus of London.

"Hullo, Billy," I said.

The lad returned no sign of recognition. "Got a match,

Another New Sherlock Holmes Story

THIS STORY IS PRINTED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE ESTATE OF THE LATE SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. COPYRIGHT 1953 BY ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

WILBUR WRIGHT is here shown carrying gasoline to plane for one of man's earliest powered flights. Girl is believed to be Harriet Quimby, America's first woman pilot. Continuous oil research for 50 years makes the difference between the gasoline in Wilbur Wright's 5 gallon can and the special jet fuels and aviation gasolines in the tanks of today's planes.

They brought you the Age of Flight because

They Were Free To Try The Impossible

In 1903 "experts" said it was impossible for a powered heavier-than-air machine to fly. But the Wright Brothers weren't discouraged by the experts. Free to put energy and money into a challenge to the impossible, they flew at Kitty Hawk—opened up the Age of Flight—created new jobs and opportunities for millions.

This same freedom—under a system where the opportunity for rewards exists—has also been a major reason for the constant progress U.S. oilmen have made.

Just one example—in the early thirties the experts said it was impossible to produce low-cost 100 octane aviation gasoline. But U.S. oil companies, competing with each other, stubbornly invested millions learning how—long before a market for the product existed.

When World War II came, the oilmen were ready. And 100 octane gasoline, which the Germans never had in quantity, was one vital key to victory because it gave Allied planes vastly greater speed, range and maneuverability.

Because they were free to try the impossible again and again, oilmen, like the men of aviation, have served you and the nation well in the 50 years since Kitty Hawk. They will continue to search out new horizons for you so long as this great American freedom exists.

Oil Industry Information Committee
AMERICAN PETROLEUM INSTITUTE
50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

1911—EARLE OVINGTON, pilot of first experimental air mail run, gets mail sack from Postmaster General Hitchcock before 10 mile flight. Better planes, fuels and lubricants later made dependable air mail service possible.

1927—CHARLES LINDBERGH—(arrow) stands by as the Spirit of St. Louis is fueled for its historic flight from New York to Paris. Over 450 gallons of gasoline were poured by hand into the plane's tanks.

1940—"SCRAMBLE"—RAF pilots race toward their Spitfires to repel Luftwaffe attack. British call American-produced 100 octane gasoline, which Germans didn't have in quantity—the margin of victory in the Battle of Britain.

1953—OFF KOREA—carrier jets being refueled at sea. Even though new jets gulp fuel 8 times faster than World War II planes, U. S. oilmen are keeping ahead of record demands for these special fuels.

Guvnor?" he asked, exhibiting a frayed cigarette end. I gave him a box and, on handing it back to me, he raised his eyes for an instant to my face. "For God's sake, Doctor," he whispered swiftly, "tell Mr. Holmes to watch out for Footman Boyce." Then, with a surly nod, he slouched on his way.

I was not displeased to be the bearer of this cryptic message to my friend, for it had been apparent to me for some days past, from his alternating moods of energy and absorption and his tremendous consumption of tobacco, that Holmes was engaged upon a case. Contrary to his usual practice, however, he had not invited me to share his confidences and I must confess that my sudden precipitation into the affair, irrespective of Holmes's wishes, caused me no small satisfaction.

ENTERING our sitting room, I found him lounging in his armchair before the fireplace, still in his purple dressing gown, his gray, heavy-lidded eyes staring thoughtfully at the ceiling through a haze of tobacco smoke, while one long thin arm, a letter dangling between his finger tips, hung down the side of his chair. An envelope, embossed with a coronet, I noticed, lay on the floor. "Ah, Watson," he said petulantly. "You are back earlier than I expected."

"Perhaps it is as well for you, Holmes," I replied, a trifle nettled at his tone, and proceeded to give the message with which I had been entrusted.

Holmes raised his eyebrows. "This is most curious," said he. "What can Footman Boyce have to do with the matter?"

"As I know nothing about it, I am hardly in a position to answer your question," I remarked.

"Upon my soul, a distinct touch, Watson!" he replied, with a dry chuckle. "If I have not thus far taken you into my confidence, my dear fellow, it was not for any lack of faith in you. The affair is, however, of a most delicate nature, and I preferred to feel my way a little before inviting your invaluable assistance."

"There is no need for you to explain further," I began warmly.

"Tut, Watson, I have reached a complete impasse. Possibly it may prove one of those instances where an active mind may overreach, while a merely reflective one, functioning largely on the obvious . . ." He lapsed into a brooding silence for a moment, and then springing to his feet, he strode over to the window. "I am faced with one of the most dangerous cases of blackmail in all my experience," he cried. "I take it that you are familiar with the name of the Duke of Carringford?"

"You mean the late Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs?"

"Precisely."

"But he died some three years ago," I observed.

"Doubtless it will surprise you to learn, Watson, that I am aware of that fact," replied Holmes testily. "But to continue. A few days past I received a note from the duchess, his widow, couched in such urgent terms that I was constrained to comply with her request to call upon her at her house in Portland Place. I found her a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and what you would term beauty, but overwhelmed by the fearsome blow which, striking literally overnight, now threatens her with the complete social and financial destruction of herself and her daughter. And the irony of the situation is the more terrible because her destruction comes from no fault of her own."

"One moment," I interposed, picking up a newspaper from the couch. "There is a reference to the duchess in today's Telegraph, announcing the engagement of her daughter Lady Mary Gladsdale to Sir James Fortesque, the Cabinet minister."

"Quite so. There lies the beautifully tempered point in this sword of Damocles." Holmes drew two sheets of paper, pinned together, from the pocket of his dressing gown and tossed them across to me. "What do you make of those, Watson?" he said.

"One is a copy of a marriage certificate between Henry Corwyn Gladsdale, bachelor, and Françoise Pelletan, spinster, date June twelfth, eighteen forty-eight and issued at Valence in France," I observed, glancing through the documents. "The other would appear to be the entry of the same marriage in the Valence church registry. Who was this Henry Gladsdale?"

"He became Duke of Carringford upon the death of his uncle in eighteen fifty-four," said Holmes grimly, "and five years later took to wife the Lady Constance Ellington, the present Duchess of Carringford."

"Then he was a widower."

To my surprise, Holmes drove one fist violently into the palm of the other hand. "There's the diabolical cruelty of it, Watson," he cried. "We do not know! Indeed, the duchess is now told for the first time of this secret marriage made in her husband's youth when he was staying on the Continent. She is informed that his first wife is alive and ready if necessary to come forward, that her own marriage is bigamous, her position spurious, and the status of her child illegitimate."

"What, after thirty years! This is monstrous, Holmes!"

"Add to that, Watson, that ignorance is not innocence in the eyes of society or the law. As to the lapse of time, it is claimed that the French wife, after her husband's sudden disappearance, did not associate Mr. Henry Gladsdale with the Duke of Carringford. Nevertheless, it is unlikely that I would engage in an affair of this nature were it not for the introduction of a more sinister element."

"I noticed that in speaking of the first wife coming forward you used the term 'if necessary.' So it is blackmail and doubtless for a large sum of money."

"We are moving in deeper waters, Watson. No money is demanded. The price of silence lies in the duchess' delivery of certain copies of state papers now lying in a sealed box in the strong room of Lloyd's Bank in St. James's Street."

"Preposterous, Holmes!"

"Not so preposterous. Remember that the late duke was Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs and that it is not unknown for great servants of the crown to preserve copies of papers and memoranda when the originals are safely lodged in the custody of the state. There are many reasons why a man in the duke's position might keep copies of certain documents which, innocent enough at the time, could become, under the changing circumstances of later years, matters of utmost gravity if viewed by a foreign, and perhaps unfriendly, government. This unhappy lady is faced with the choice of an act of treason to her country as a price for this marriage certificate, or a public exposure followed by the ruination of one of the most revered names in England and the destruction of two innocent women, one of them on the eve of her marriage. And the devil of it is, Watson, that I am powerless to help them."

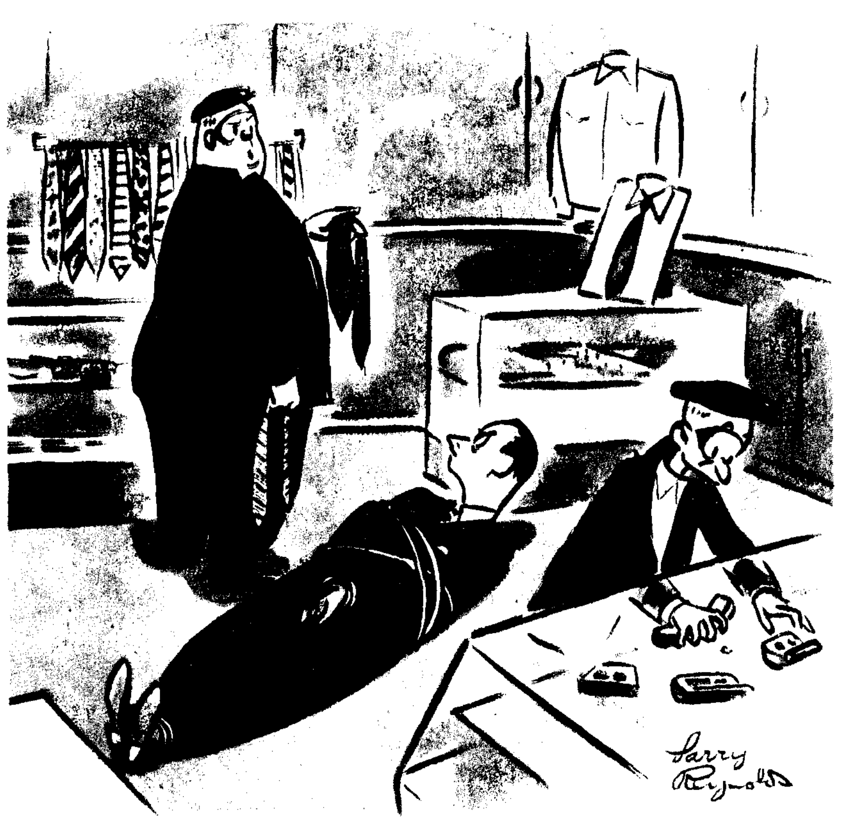
"Have you seen the originals of these Valence documents?"

"The duchess has seen them and they appear to be perfectly genuine, nor can she doubt her husband's signature."

"It might be a forgery."

"True, but I have already ascertained from Valence that there was a woman of that name living there in eighteen forty-eight, that she married an Englishman and later moved to some other locality."

BUTCH



"Orange does so look good wit' a blue suit, doesn't it, Slug?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

"But surely, Holmes, a provincial Frenchwoman, if driven to blackmail by the desertion of her husband, would demand money," I protested. "What possible use could she have for copies of state papers?"

"Ah! There you put your finger on it, Watson, and hence my presence in this case. Have you ever heard of Edith von Lammerain?"

"I cannot recall the name."

"She is a remarkable woman," he continued musingly. "Her father was some sort of petty officer in the Russian Black Sea Fleet and her mother kept a tavern in Odessa. By the time that she was twenty, she had fled her home and established herself in Budapest where, overnight, she gained notoriety as the cause of a saber duel in which both combatants were slain. Later she married an elderly Prussian *Junker* who, having borne away his bride to his country estate, upped and died most conveniently within three months from eating surfeit of turtledoves stuffed with chestnuts. They must have been very interesting, those chestnuts!

"You will take my word for it," he went on, "that for the past year or so the most brilliant functions of the season, be it London, Paris or Berlin, would be considered incomplete without her presence. If ever a woman was made by nature for the profession of her choice, then that woman is Edith von Lammerain."

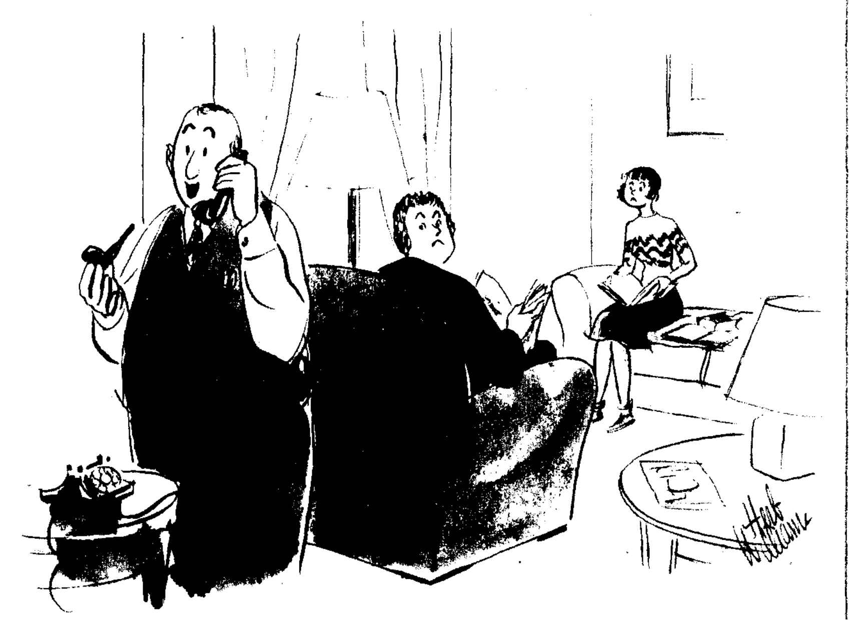
"You mean that she is a spy?"

"Tut, she is as much above a spy as I am above the ordinary police detective. I would put it that I have long suspected her of moving in the highest circles of political intrigue. This, then, is the woman, as clever as she is ambitious and merciless, who, armed with the papers of this secret marriage, now threatens to ruin the Duchess of Carringford and her daughter, unless the duchess consents to an act of treason, the results of which may be incalculable in their damage to England."

HOLMES paused to knock out his pipe into the nearest teacup. "And I remain here useless, Watson, useless and helpless to shield an innocent woman who in her agony has turned to me for guidance and protection," he ended savagely.

"It is indeed a most infamous business," I said. "But if Billy's message refers to it, then there is a footman involved."

"Well, I confess that I am deeply puzzled by that message," Holmes replied, staring down thoughtfully at the stream of hansoms and carriages passing beneath our window. "Incidentally, the gentleman known as Footman Boyce is not a lackey, my dear Watson, though he takes his nickname, I believe, from the circumstance that he commenced his career as a manservant. He is in fact the leader of the second most dangerous gang of slashers and racing touts in London. I doubt that he bears me much good will, for it was largely owing to my efforts that he received two years on that Rockmorton horse-doping affair. But blackmail is out of his line and I cannot see—" Holmes broke off sharply and craning his neck peered down into the street. "By Jove, it is the man himself!" he said, "and coming here, unless I am much mistaken. Perhaps it would be as well, Watson, if you concealed your-



COLLIER'S "Did you say 'Dreamboat' or 'Tugboat'?" HERB WILLIAMS

self behind the bedroom door," he added with a chuckle and crossed to the fireplace and threw himself into his chair. "Mr. Footman Boyce is not among those whose conversational eloquence is encouraged by the presence of a witness."

There came a jangle from the bell below, and as I slipped into the bedroom I heard the creak of heavy steps upon the stairs followed by a knock and Holmes's summons to enter. Through the crack in the door I had a glimpse of a stout man with a red, good-natured face and bushy whiskers. He was clad in a checked overcoat and was sporting a brown bowler hat, gloves and a heavy Malacca cane. I had expected a type far different from this vulgar, comfortable person, whose appearance was more in keeping with a country yeoman. But then, as he stared at Holmes from the threshold of our sitting room, I had a good view of his eyes. They were round as two glittering beads, very bright and hard, with that dreadful suggestion of stillness that belongs to the eyes of venomous reptiles.

"We must have a word, Mr. Holmes," he said in a shrill voice curiously at variance with that portly body. "Really, we must have a word. May I take a seat?"

"I would prefer that we both stand," came my friend's stern reply.

"Well, well," the man said and turned his great red face slowly around the room. "You're very snug here, very comfortable and snug, lacking nothing, I'll be bound, in the way of home cooking by that respectable woman who opened the door to me. Why deprive her of a good lodger, Mr. Holmes?"

"I am not contemplating a change of address."

"Ah, but there are others who might contemplate it for you. 'Let be,' says I, 'Mr. Holmes is a nice-looking gent.' 'Maybe,' says others, 'if his nose wasn't a little too long for the rest of his features, so that it is forever sticking itself into affairs that are no concern of his.'"

"You interest me profoundly," said Holmes. "By the way, Boyce, your orders must have been pressing, to have brought you up from Brighton at a moment's notice."

THE cherubic smile faded from the ruffian's face. "How the devil do you know where I've come from!" he shrilled.

"Tut, man, today's Southern Cup racing program is peeping out of your pocket. However, as I am a trifle fastidious in my choice of company, kindly come to the point and put a close to this interview."

Boyce's lips curled back suddenly like the grin of some ill-tempered dog. "I'll put a close to something more than that, you nosy busybody, if you get up to any more of your flash tricks," he snarled. "Keep out of madam's business or"—he paused significantly, his beady little eyes fixed immovably upon my friend's face—"or you'll be sorry you were ever born, Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

Holmes chuckled and rubbed his hands. "This is really most satisfactory," said he. "So you came from Madam von Lammerain?"

"Dear me, what indiscretion!" cried Boyce, his left hand sliding stealthily to his Malacca cane. "I had hoped that you would take a word of warning but instead you make free with the names of other folk. And so"—in an instant he had whipped off the hollow length of the stick, leaving in his other hand the grip and the long evil blade that was attached to it—"and so, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I must make good my words."

"To which I trust, Watson, that you have paid the attention they deserve," remarked Holmes.

"Certainly!" I replied loudly.

Footman Boyce stopped in his tracks and then, as I emerged from the bedroom armed with a heavy brass candlestick, he leaped for the sitting-room door. On the threshold, he turned for a moment toward us, his little eyes flaming evilly in his great crimson face while a flood of foul imprecations poured from his lips.

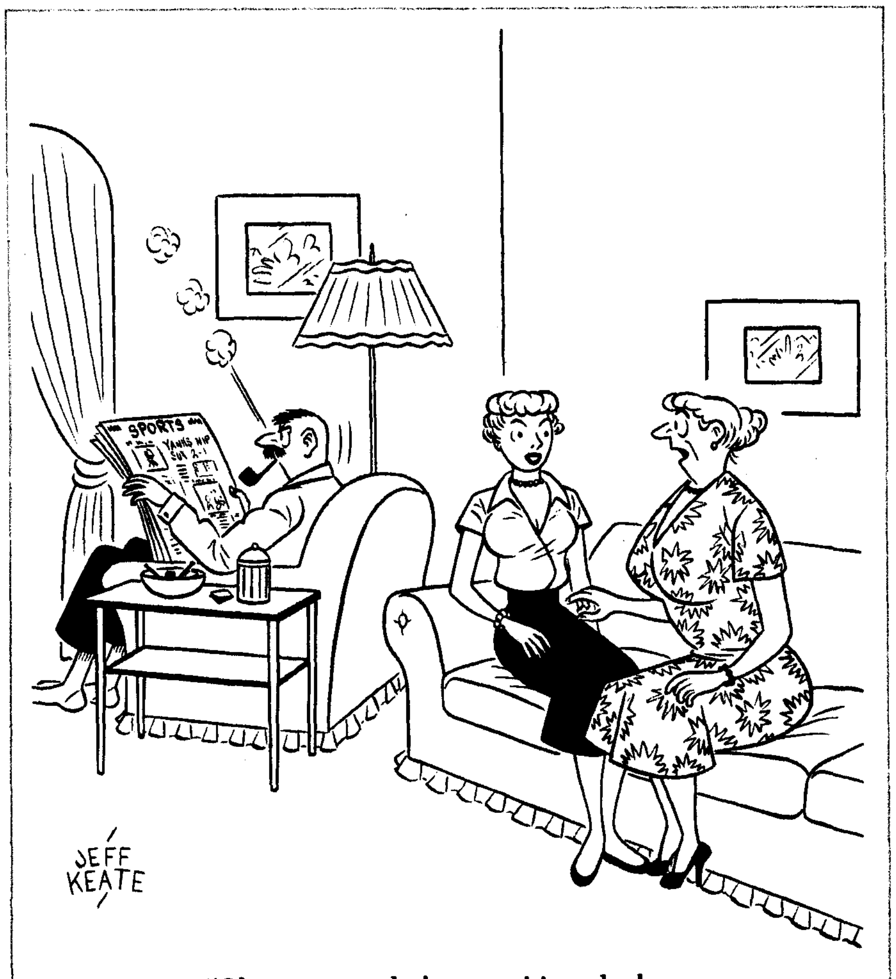
"That will do!" interrupted Holmes sternly. "Incidentally, Boyce, I have wondered more than once how you murdered Madgern the trainer. No knife was found on you at the time. Now I know."

The ruddiness faded slowly from the man's features leaving them the color of dirty putty. "Why, Mr. Holmes, surely you don't think—only a little joke, sir, among old friends—" Then, springing through the door, he slammed it behind him and went clattering wildly down the stairs.

My friend laughed heartily. "Well, well. We are hardly likely to be bothered any further by Mr. Footman Boyce," said he. "Nevertheless, the fellow's visit has done me a good turn."

"In what way?"

"It is the first ray of light in my darkness, Watson. What have they to fear from my investigations unless there is something to be discovered. But get your hat and coat and we will call together on this unhappy Duchess of Carringford." . . .



COLLIER'S "Oh, money, clothes, position, looks, success aren't everything, Deborah. Look how happy I am with your father" JEFF KEATE

Our visit was a brief one and yet I will long recall the memory of that courageous and still-beautiful woman who, through no fault of her own, now stood face to face with the most terrible calamity that fate could have devised. She was the widow of a great statesman, the bearer of a name revered throughout the country, the mother of a young and lovely girl on the eve of her wedding to a public man and then, overnight, she was faced with this dreadful discovery of a secret, the publication of which must destroy irrevocably the very fabric of her life and being. Here was enough to justify the extremes of human emotion.

INSTEAD, when my friend and I were ushered into the drawing room of Carringford House in Portland Place, the lady who rose to meet us was as distinguished for the grace of her manner as for the beauty of her complexion and delicate serene features. It was only in the dark stains beneath her lashes and the too-brilliant luster of her hazel-tinted eyes that one sensed the dreadful tensity that was eating its way through her heart.

"You have news for me, Mr. Holmes?" she said calmly enough, but one of her long slim hands flew to her bosom. "The truth cannot be worse than this suspense, so I beg that you will be frank with me."

Holmes bowed. "I have no news as yet, your grace," he said gently. "I am here to ask you one question and to make one request."

The duchess sank into a chair and, picking up a fan, fixed her fevered, brilliant eyes upon my friend's face. "And these are?" she asked.

"The question is one which can be forgiven from a stranger only under the stress of the present circumstances," said Holmes. "You were married for thirty years to the late duke. Was he a man of honorable conduct in his sense of private responsibility, as distinct from his moral code? I will ask your grace to be very frank with me in your reply."

"Mr. Holmes, during the years of our marriage we had our quarrels and our disagreements, but never once did I know my husband to stoop to an unworthy action or lower the standard which he had set himself in life. His career in politics was not made the more easy by a sense of honor that would not descend to the artifices of compromise. He was a man whose character was nobler than his position."

"You have told me all that I wished to know," answered Holmes. "Though I do not indulge in emotions of the heart, I am not among those who consider that love tends to blind. With a mind of any intelligence, the effect should be the exact opposite, for it must promote the most privileged knowledge of the other's character. Your grace, we are face to face with necessity and time is not on our side." Holmes leaned forward earnestly. "I must see the original documents of this alleged marriage in Valence."

"It is hopeless, Mr. Holmes!" said the duchess. "This dreadful woman will never let them out of her hands, save at her own infamous price."

"Then we must summon craft to our aid. You must send her a carefully worded letter at once, conveying the impression that you will be driven to comply with her demands if you are convinced that the marriage documents are really genuine. Implore her to receive you privately at her house in St. James's Square at eleven o'clock tonight. Will you do this?"

"Anything, save what she asks."

"Good! Then one final point. It is essential that you find some pretext at exactly twenty minutes past eleven to draw her from the library containing the safe in which she keeps these documents."

"But she will take them with her."

"That is of no importance."

"How can you be sure that the safe is in the library?"

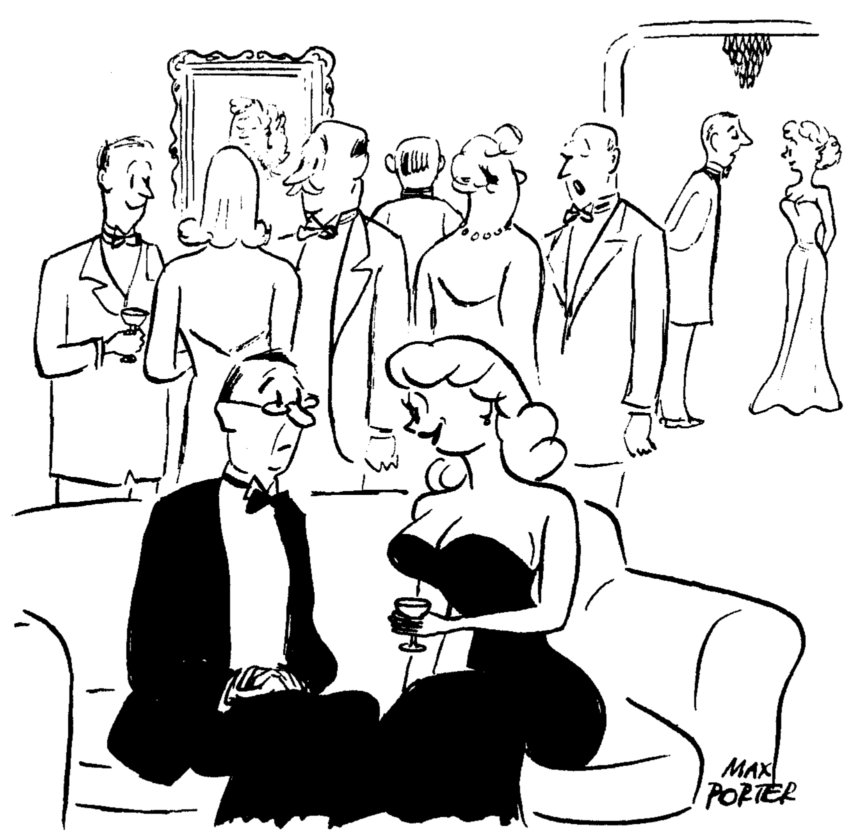
"I have a plan of the house, thanks to a small service once rendered to the firm who rented the property to Madam von Lammerain," my friend said. "Furthermore, I have seen it."

"You have seen it!"

"A window was broken mysteriously yesterday morning," said Holmes, "and the agents very promptly supplied a glazier. It had occurred to me that there might be advantages."

The duchess leaned forward, her hand to her breast. "What do you propose to do?" she demanded almost fiercely.

"That is a question in which I must use my own judgment, your grace," replied Holmes, getting to his feet. "If I fail, I will do so in a good cause."



"I certainly enjoyed your last book. I made fifty dollars posing for the cover"

COLLIER'S MAX PORTER

WE WERE making our adieus when the duchess laid her hand on my friend's arm. "If you examine these terrible documents and convince yourself that they are genuine, will you remove them?" she asked.

There was no hint of concern under Holmes's austere manner as he looked at her. "No," he said quietly.

"You are right!" she cried. "I would not have them taken. A hideous wrong must be righted, whatever the cost to myself. It is only when I think of my daughter that all the courage goes from my heart."

"It is because I recognize that courage," said Holmes very gently, "that I warn you to prepare for the worst."

During the remainder of the day my friend was in his most restless mood. He smoked incessantly until the atmosphere of our sitting room was hardly bearable and, having exhausted all the daily newspapers, he threw the lot of them into the coal scuttle and set himself to pacing up and down with his hands clasped behind his back and his thin, eager face thrust out before him. Then he came to the fireplace and, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, looked down at me as I lounged in my chair. "Are you game to commit a serious breach of the law, Watson?" he asked.

"Most certainly, Holmes, in an honorable cause."

"It is hardly fair on you, my dear fellow," he cried, "for it will go hard with us if we are caught on that woman's premises."

"But what is the use?" I demurred. "We cannot conceal the truth."

"Admittedly. If this *is* the truth. I must see those original documents."

"Then there would appear to be no alternative," I observed.

"None that I can see," said he, thrusting his fingers into the Persian slipper and drawing out a handful of black shag which he proceeded to stuff untidily into his pipe. "Well, Watson, a lengthy sojourn in jail will enable me at least to catch up in my studies of the effect of Oriental plant poisons on the organic blood stream, and for you to bring yourself up to date on these inoculation theories of Louis Pasteur."

And there we left it, while the dusk deepened into night and Mrs. Hudson bustled in to poke the fire and light the lamp.

It was at Holmes's suggestion that we dined out. "The corner table at Fratti's, I think," he said, "and a bottle of Montrachet sixty-seven. If this should be our last evening of respectability, at least let us be comfortable."

My watch showed me that it was after

9460 Medium Manifold
9048 Shaded Writing
2968 Broad writing
2668 General writing
2550 Bookkeeping
2556 Fine writing
9550 Extra Fine
1555 Shorthand
1551 Student
9314M Medium stub
9668 General writing

CHOOSE the right point for the way you write... by number

ADD it to the barrel of an Esterbrook Fountain Pen

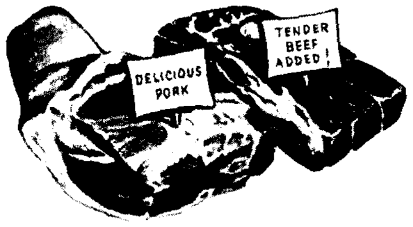
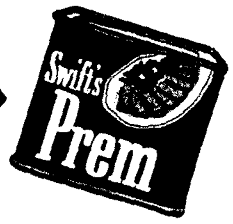
TO SELECT OR REPLACE ...HERE'S ALL YOU DO

WRITE with the pen that writes your way ...naturally

COPYRIGHT 1953, THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY

Esterbrook®
FOUNTAIN PEN
THE WORLD'S MOST PERSONAL FOUNTAIN PEN

You get all the famous SWIFT G

)DNESS →  →  packed fresh to stay fresh!

DELICIOUS PORK
TENDER BEEF ADDED!
Swift's Prem

CHOPPED Ham
Swift's Premium
Swift's Premium
Ready to Serve
BONELESS Skinless HAM
PERISHABLE · KEEP UNDER REFRIGERATION
Hamburgers
Swift's Premium
Pork Sausage
Swift's Premium
Swift's Prem

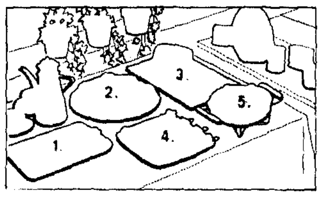
Take Swift's Prem, for example—a delicious, ready-to-serve luncheon loaf made from selected cuts of juicy pork with tender beef added. That's the secret of its delightfully different *double flavor.*

Each of the more than twenty-five varieties starts with wonderfully fresh, quality meats . . . prepared to retain all the goodness, then labeled Swift's Premium. Try a selection from your grocer's—today!

Back Porch Buffet for Labor Day

Here's a quintet of ideas for happy holiday eating. Come around the table, now, with Swift's Martha Logan, and see how easily it's done:

1. SWIFT'S PREMIUM CHOPPED HAM—with real *smoked* flavor, chilled and sliced. Peaches are filled with cottage cheese . . . spiked with horseradish.



2. SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAMBURGERS—sizzling hot "party-style" patties resting on toasted buns. Crisp relishes for munching.

3. SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM—famous for flavor! Here, it's scored and glazed . . . served up on a handsome plank . . . ready for folks to help themselves.

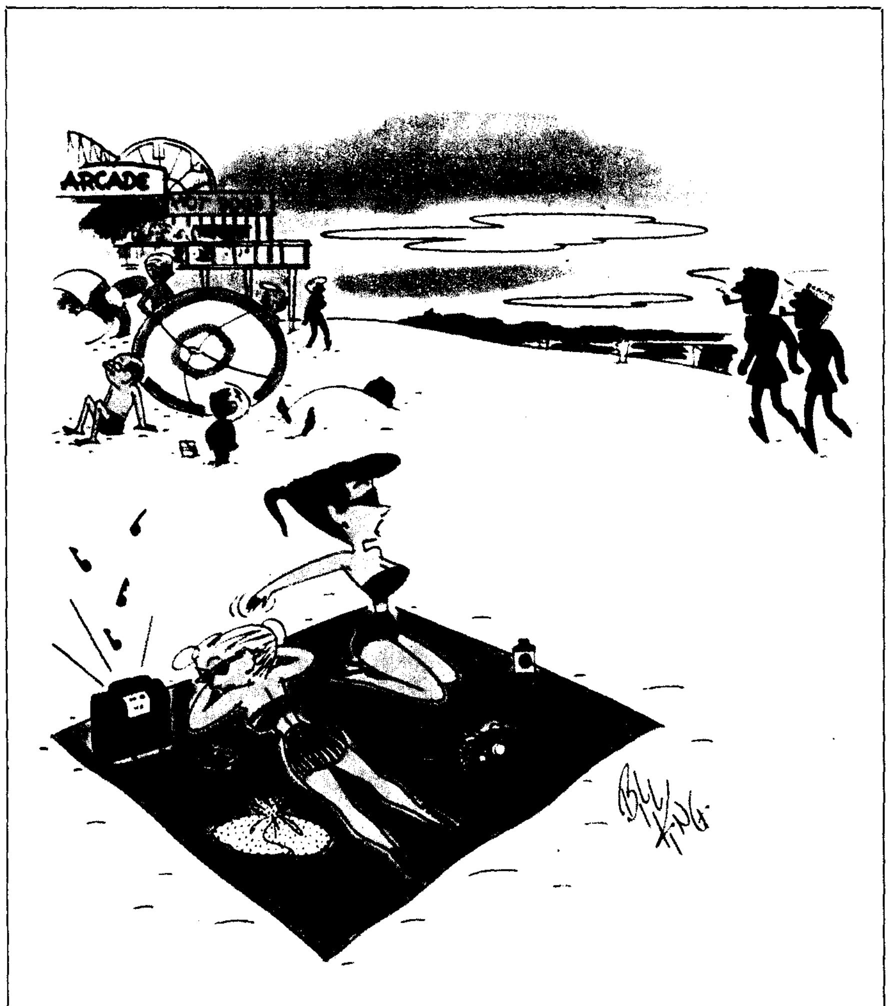
4. SWIFT'S PREM—the *one* with tender beef added! Skewered Prem cubes are soaked in barbecue sauce; broiled; then served with additional sauce.

5. SWIFT'S PREMIUM PORK SAUSAGE—juicy, brown links baked *in* and *on* your favorite macaroni casserole. A dandy dish to set before a hungry crowd!

Hear the "Breakfast Club" Mon. thru Fri. mornings on the ABC network

SWIFT
makes such good Canned Meats!

SWIFT QUALITY FOODS



COLLIER'S "Quick!—Switch over to the ball game!" BILL KING

eleven o'clock when our hansom deposited us at the corner of Charles Street. It was a moist, chill night and in the air were wisps of fog that hung around the street lamps in dim yellow halos and glistened on the cape of the policeman who slowly passed us by, switching his bull's-eye lantern into the porticoes of the dark, silent houses.

ENTERING St. James's Square, we had followed the pavement round to the western side when Holmes laid his hand upon my arm and pointed to a lighted window in the façade of the great house that reared above us.

"It is the light of the drawing room," he whispered. "We have not a moment to lose."

After a swift glance along the empty pavement, he sprang for the top of the wall abutting the mansion and, pulling himself up by his hands, he dropped out of sight, while I followed quickly at his heels. So far as I could judge through the darkness, we were standing in one of those dreary plots of grass and grimy struggling laurels that form the garden of the average "town house," and in consequence we stood already on the wrong side of the law. Reminding myself that our purpose was at least an honorable one, I followed Holmes's figure along the flank of the house until he halted beneath a line of three tall windows. Then, in answer to his whisper, I gave him a back and in an instant he was crouching on the sill with his pale face outlined against the dark glass and his hands busy with the catch. A moment later the window swung silently open, I reached up and caught his outstretched hands and, with a heave, I found myself in the room beside him.

"The library," Holmes whispered. "Keep behind the window curtains."

Though we were enveloped in a darkness smelling faintly of calfskin and old leather, I was conscious of a sense of space about me. The silence was profound, save for the measured ticking of a grandfather clock in the depth of the room. Perhaps five minutes had dragged by when there came a sound from somewhere within the house followed by steps and a soft murmur of voices.

A line of light gleamed for an instant beneath the edge of a door, vanished and, after a pause of some moments, slowly reappeared. I caught the sound of swift footfalls; the line of light grew brighter. Then the door was flung open, and a woman, carrying a lamp in her hand, entered the room.

Though time tends to erase the sharp outline of past events, I recall as though it were but yesterday my first view of Edith von Lammerain. Above the rays of an oil lamp, I beheld an ivory-tinted face with dark, somber eyes and a beautiful scarlet, remorseless mouth. Her hair was piled high upon her head and of a raven blackness, and below her bare neck and shoulders was a magnificent gown of black satin.

For a moment she stood as though listening and then, closing the door behind her, she swept down the great room, the lamp in her hand casting a dim, spectral glow along the book-lined walls.

Perhaps it was the rustle of the curtain that reached her ears but as Holmes stepped out into the room, she was round in an instant and, holding the lamp above her head so that the rays fell in our direction, she stood quite still and looked at him. There was not a trace of fear upon her ivory face, but in the dark eyes that glared at us across that great silent chamber there was fury and venom. "Who are you?" she asked, as I stepped from behind the curtain. "What do you want?"

"Five minutes of your time, Madam von Lammerain," rejoined Holmes softly.

"So you know my name. If you are not burglars, then what is it you seek? It would amuse me to hear before I raise the house."

Holmes pointed to her left hand. "I am here to examine those papers," said he, "and I warn you that I mean to do so. I beg that you will not make it necessary to prevent an outcry."

She thrust her hand behind her, her eyes blazing. "You ruffian!" she cried. "Now I understand! You are her saintly grace's hired burglar." Then, with a swift movement, she craned forward, the lamp outheld before her and, as she looked intently at my friend, I saw her expression of fury change into one of incredulity. A smile, as exultant as it was menacing, dawned slowly in her eyes. "Mr. Sherlock Holmes!" she said.

THERE was a touch of mortification in Holmes's manner as he turned away and lighted the candles on an ormolu side table. "The possibility of recognition had already occurred to me, madam," said he.

"This will earn you five years," she cried, with a flash of her white teeth.

"Perhaps. In that case, I must have my money's worth. The documents!"

"Do you imagine that you will accomplish anything by stealing them! I have copies and a dozen witnesses to their contents," she said and laughed throatily. "I had imagined you to be a clever man," she went on. "Instead, I find a fool, a bungler, a common thief!"

"We shall see," he said and held out his hand. With a sneer and a shrug she resigned the documents to him. "I rely on you, Watson, to prevent any collusion between Madam von Lammerain and the bell rope," he said, stepping across to the side table.

There, in the glow of the candles, he read through the documents and then, holding them up against the light, he studied them intently, his lean, cadaverous profile a black silhouette against the luminous yellow parchment. Then he looked at me, and my heart sank at the chagrin in his face. "The watermark is English, Watson," he stated quietly. "But as paper of this make and quality was imported into France on a large scale fifty years ago, this does not help us. Alas, I fear the worst."

And I knew that he was thinking not of his own unenviable position but of the anxious, courageous woman in whose cause he had risked his own liberty.

Madam von Lammerain indulged in a little peal of laughter. "Too much success has gone to your head, Mr. Holmes," she jeered. "But this time you have blundered, as you will find to your cost."

My friend had spread the papers on the table immediately below the candle flames and was bending over them again when I saw that a sudden change had taken place in his expression. The chagrin and annoyance that had clouded his face had gone, and in their place was a look of intense concentration. His long nose seemed almost to smell the papers as he leaned over them. When he straightened himself at last, I caught a gleam of excitement in his deep-set eyes. "What do you make of this, Watson?" said he, as I hastened to his side. He pointed to the writing that inscribed the details on both documents.

"It is a very legible hand," I said.

"The ink, man, the ink!" he cried impatiently.

"Well, it is black ink," I remarked, leaning over his shoulder. "But I fear that there is little to help us in that. I can show you a dozen old letters from my father written in similar ink."

Holmes chuckled and rubbed his hands together. "Excellent, Watson, excellent!" he cried. "Now, kindly examine the name and the signature of Henry Corwyn Gladsdale on the marriage certificate. And now, look at the entry of his name in the page from the Valence register."

"They appear to be perfectly in order, and the signature is the same in both cases."

"Quite so. But the ink?"

"There is a shade of blue in it. Yes, certainly it is ordinary blue-black indigo ink. What then?"

"Every word in both documents is written in black ink, with the exception of the bridegroom's name and signature. Does not this strike you as curious?"

"Curious, perhaps, but by no means inexplicable. Gladsdale was probably in the habit of using his own waistcoat inkpot."

Holmes rushed to a writing desk in the window and, after rummaging for an instant, returned with a quill and inkstand in his hand.

"Would you say that this is the same color?" he asked, dipping the quill and making a mark or two on the edge of the document."

"It is identical," I confirmed.

"Quite so. And the ink in this pot is blue-black indigo."

Madam von Lammerain, who had been standing in the background, darted suddenly for the bell rope but, before she had time to pull it, Holmes's voice rang through the room. "You have my word for it that if you touch that bell, you are ruined," he said sternly.

SHE paused with her hand upon the rope. "What mockery is this!" she sneered. "Are you suggesting that Henry Gladsdale signed his marriage documents at my desk. Why, you fool, everybody uses ink of that description."

"Largely true. But these documents are dated June twelfth, eighteen forty-eight."

"Well, what of that?"

"I fear that you have been guilty of a small error, Madam von Lammerain. The black ink that contains indigo was not invented until eighteen fifty-six."

There was something terrible in the beautiful face that glared at us across the circle of candlelight. "You lie!" she cried.

Holmes shrugged. "The veriest amateur chemist can prove it," said he as he picked up the papers and placed them carefully in his cape pocket. "These are, of course, the perfectly genuine marriage documents of Françoise Pelletan." he continued. "But the name of the real bridegroom has been erased both in the certificate and in the page from the Valence church register and the name of Henry Corwyn Gladsdale substituted in its place. I have no doubt that, should the need arise, an examination under the microscope would show traces of erasure. The ink itself, is, however, conclusive proof and represents but another example that it is on the small, easily committed error, rather than on any basic flaw in the conception, that the most intricate plans crash to their ruin, just as the mighty vessel is wrecked on the small but fatal point of rock. As for you, madam, when I consider the full implications of your scheme against a defenseless woman, I am hard put to it to recall a more cold-blooded ruthlessness."

"What are you to insult a woman?"

"In scheming to destroy another, should she refuse you her husband's secret papers, you have surrendered the prerogatives of a woman," he replied bitterly.

She looked at us with an evil smile on her waxen face. "At least you shall pay for it," she promised. "You have broken the law."

"True, and by all means pull the bell," said Sherlock Holmes. "My poor defenses will be the provocation of forgery, attempted blackmail and—mark the word—espionage. Indeed, as a measure of tribute to your gifts, I shall allow you exactly one week in which to leave this country. After then, the authorities will be warned against you."

There was a moment of tense stillness and then, without a word, Edith von Lammerain raised her white, shapely arm and pointed silently toward the door.

IT WAS past eleven next morning and the breakfast things had not yet been cleared from the table when I got back from my rounds. Sherlock Holmes, who had returned from an early excursion, had discarded his frock coat for an old smoking jacket and now lounged in front of the fire. He was cleaning the stems of his pipes with a long thin bodkin that had originally come into his possession under circumstances with which I do not propose to harrow my readers.

"You have seen the duchess?" I inquired.

"I have, and put her in possession of all the facts. Purely as a precautionary measure, she is lodging the documents inscribed with her husband's forged signature, together with my statement of the case, in the hands of the family lawyers. But she has nothing more to fear from Edith von Lammerain."

"Owing to you, my dear fellow," I cried warmly.

"Well, well, Watson. The case was simple enough, and the work its own reward."

I glanced at him keenly. "You look a bit fine-drawn, Holmes," I remarked. "You should get away into the country for a few days."

"Later on, perhaps. But I cannot leave town until madam has departed from these shores, for she is a person of singular address."

"That is a very fine pearl which you are wearing in your cravat. I do not remember seeing it before," I said.

My friend picked up two letters from the mantelpiece and tossed them across to me. "They arrived while you were absent on your round," said he.

The one which bore the address of Carringford House ran thus: *To your chivalry, to your courage, a woman owes her all, and such a debt is beyond reward. Let this pearl, the ancient symbol of Faith, be the token of the life that you have given back to me. I shall not forget.*

The other, which had neither address nor signature, ran: *We shall meet again, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. I shall not forget.*

"It is all in the point of view," said Holmes, "and I have yet to meet two women who view any situation from the same angle." Then, throwing himself into his chair, he reached out lazily for his most obnoxious pipe.

—ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

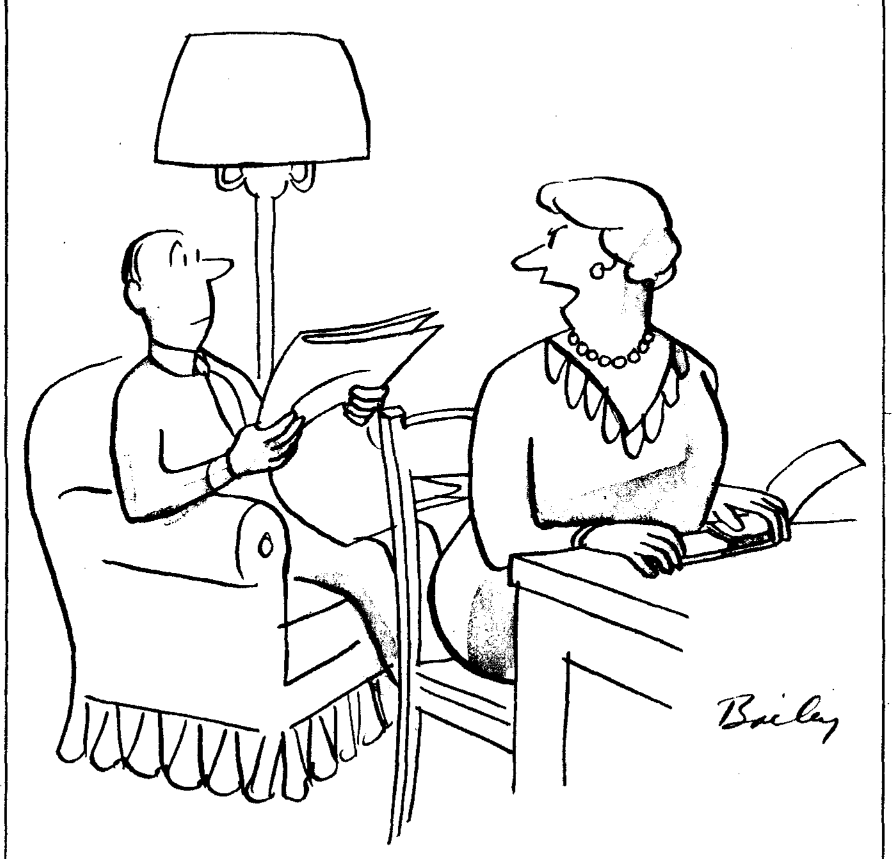
In Collier's Next Issue

Sherlock Holmes in

The Adventure of the

DEPTFORD HORROR

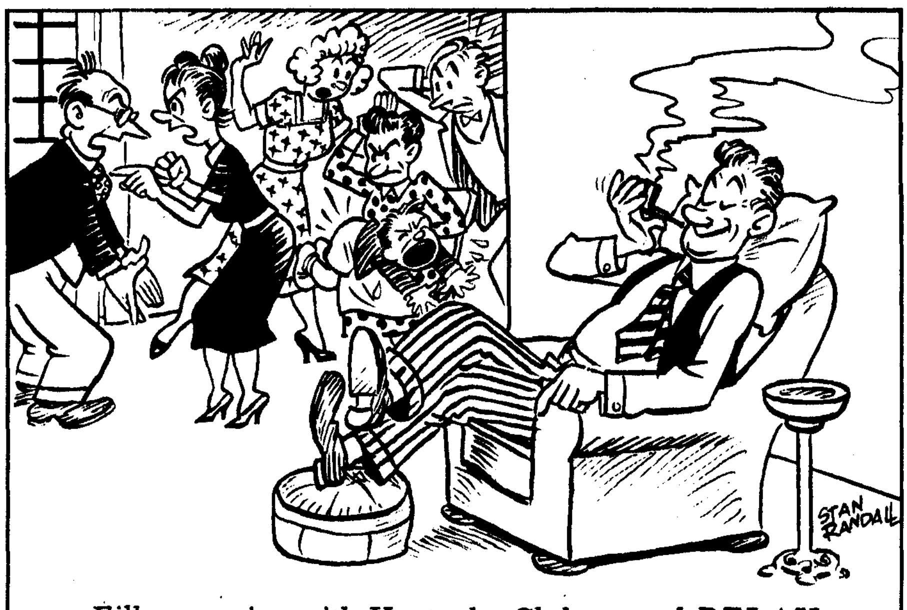
The whole Wilson family was mysteriously dying out. Holmes suspected murder, but he had to act quickly: only two members were left



COLLIER'S **"Joe, have you been writing checks on my joint account?"** JOHN BAILEY

Don't let it get you down—

If your in-laws get in your hair...



Fill your pipe with Kentucky Club . . . and RELAX

KENTUCKY CLUB
FOR PIPE LOVERS

Maybe you can't escape from your in-laws completely, but you can keep them from making you a nervous wreck. Light up a pipeful of Kentucky Club—and pull your mental curtains down on them. For hundreds of years, smoking a pipe has been helping men find release from life's tensions. Notice how calm pipe smokers are. Then discover for yourself how easy it is to relax when the tobacco is Kentucky Club. Kentucky Club is mild and mellow—smooth and satisfying—the honest blend of choice White Burley with that wonderful taste and aroma.

• • •

Start relaxing with Kentucky Club today. Look for the blue tin with the picture of the red-coated rider. Produced by the makers of famous Mail Pouch tobacco.

You're so right—to smoke KENTUCKY CLUB

P. S. An easy-to-read, helpful book on relaxation is *Release from Nervous Tension* by David Harold Fink, M. D., published by Simon and Schuster. $2.95 at book stores—or you can get it postpaid from Kentucky Club for $1 and two Kentucky Club coupons. A coupon is in every package of Kentucky Club. Address Kentucky Club, Wheeling, West Virginia. Dept. CL-8.

Does IKE Get Things

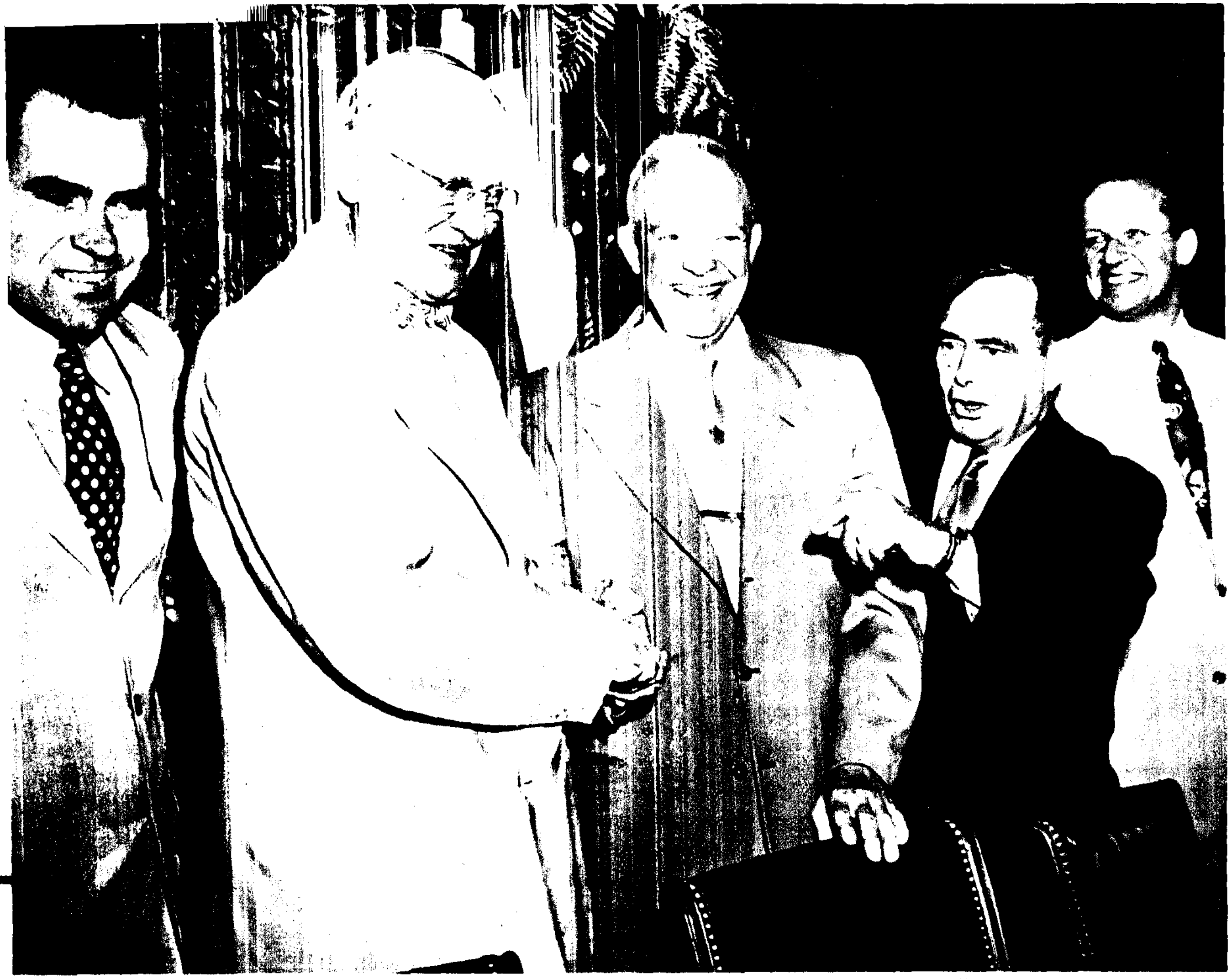
Ike reminds people that Roughrider Teddy Roosevelt, when President, "used every form of polite advance, including breakfasts"

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB PHILLIPS

Done?

Ike is trying a new strategy in dealing with Congress which has puzzled the public and surprised politicians. Here's the story of his methods—and a report on how successful they have been so far

By SAMUEL GRAFTON



HARRIS & EWING

Typical of Ike's attitude toward congressmen was his friendly handshake with Rep. Daniel Reed after he had beaten the New Yorker's effort to kill the excess-profits tax. Others (l. to r.): Vice-President Nixon, Speaker Joe Martin (Mass.), Senator W. F. Knowland (Cal.)

SOME of the best political observers in Washington have been reading with amusement in the last six months that "the professional politicians have President Eisenhower at a disadvantage," that Ike is timid about the legislative branch, that he has a tendency to jump whenever a congressman barks.

In the opinion of a number of the oldest hands on Capitol Hill, no analysis could be wronger. They smile when they hear it, and wonder how long it will take the country to catch on to the real story of Ike's relations with Congress.

A recent lunch tendered the President by the Congressional Republicans in the House Office caucus room illustrates what they mean. At the table of honor, in Ike's company, sat Representative Daniel A. Reed, of upstate New York, whom the President had just resoundingly beaten on the issue of extending the excess-profits tax for six months. Dan Reed's emotion about the excess-profits tax is deep and strong. Most congressmen dislike the tax, too. Ike detests it.

But late in May, Ike and his Secretary of the Treasury, George Humphrey, decided (as foreshadowed in an article on Mr. Humphrey by this reporter in Collier's for May 2d) that the time for tax cuts had not yet come. They asked that the excess-profits levy be extended through 1953. Dan Reed hit the ceiling when he heard the news. He went all out. He tried to keep the measure from reaching the floor by refusing to call a meeting of the House Ways and Means Committee, of which he is chairman. He denounced the administration's tax policies on the floor almost daily, and won a good press doing so.

Within a few weeks, through certain processes of persuasion with which this article will be concerned, Ike had won and Reed had lost. A face-saving compromise was arranged, under which Reed, keeping his dignity, summoned a meeting of his committee "for another purpose," thus enabling members of the committee to move to change the agenda and bring up excess-profits taxes.

The ending of the story is typical of Ike's way. Reed and the President grinned at each other and shook hands. At the honor table the President made a speech about how much better it is to pull than to push in putting a public project across. He illustrated with a remark by the late General George Patton about how easy it is to pull a strand of spaghetti across a tabletop and how hard it is to push one. Reed, who had been pulled out of an entrenched position, applauded with the others.

By methods so gentle they have escaped public notice and, for long periods, have even created the impression that "nothing is happening in Washington," Ike has managed to win Congressional approval of many of his policies. Notably he has squashed a "go it alone" movement in Korea started by the late Senator Taft; he has kept major taxes from being reduced by a Congress ravenous for tax reductions; he has cut the size of the Air Force appropriation during a period when some politicians would rather walk naked down the street than vote against an arms appropriation; and he has fought and beaten the formidable Senator Joseph McCarthy on the appointment of Charles E. (Chip) Bohlen as Ambassador to Russia.

Matthews' Magazine Article Denounced

Later in the session, he stopped McCarthy again by denouncing the attitude of J. B. Matthews, executive staff director of the Senator's subcommittee, for writing in a magazine that Protestant clergymen constitute "the largest single group supporting the Communist apparatus in the United States today." Shortly before Ike's statement was released to the public, McCarthy accepted Matthews' resignation.

Ike has pulled off legislative accomplishments by evolving a wholly new philosophy concerning White House relations with Capitol Hill. The philosophy: that the more important Congress is in the total governmental picture, the more real decisions that are left to it, the more responsively it will behave. This new philosophy represents a staggering change in the Washington story. It has been carried out with a measure of success which is beginning to surprise observers as they tot up the results.

The story begins with (but goes much deeper than) the famous Presidential breakfasts and lunches with members of Congress. Ike has had all the members of Congress in for lunches (except two who have been ill), in squads of about 24. To outsiders it seemed that Ike was currying favor, that there was something even a little abject about this performance.

We have been so accustomed, for almost 20 years, to wrangling between the President and Congress that we have almost forgotten there is any other way of doing the public's business. To be a good Congress-fighter has almost come to be an index of Presidential guts.

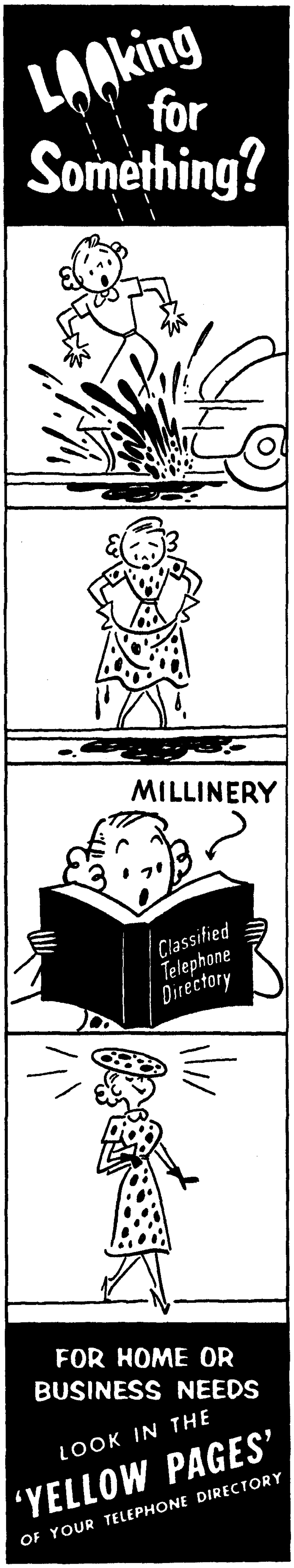
But guests at these lunches have failed to find anything abject about them. There has been an institutional flavor and a dignity about these meals that has surprised some of the lunch-sharers.

Party lines have been disregarded. Democrats and Republicans have been entertained together. Ike seats the members near him in strict order of Congressional seniority. But Democrats far outrank Republicans in years of continuous service; no Republican Senator has ever served under a Republican President before.

As a result, at these meals, Democrats are usually clustered near the President, while Republicans find themselves sitting below the salt. The conversation is general and jovial, and after each such meal Ike takes his guests on a little tour of the White House, showing them objects of historical interest.

A demand for pictures of these gatherings has developed—Democrats and Republicans, both, hang them proudly on their office walls. At first congressmen depended on newsmen for these photos, but the demand became so great that the White House staff finally had to have formal photos taken of each gathering in order to supply requests for prints.

One Democrat was heard to say as he shook


Looking for Something?
MILLINERY
Classified Telephone Directory
FOR HOME OR BUSINESS NEEDS
LOOK IN THE
'YELLOW PAGES'
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

As part of his campaign to win over congressmen, Ike has the

hands with Ike on leaving: "Mr. President, if you keep this up, you might even win the support of the Republicans."

Ike really feeds them. The lunch menu is always steak. For breakfast, the assembled statesmen are given the works: eggs, bacon, sausages, cereals, and such attendant items as juices, jams and marmalade. And having broken bread with all members of Congress as individuals, Ike began having them in by committee groups. On one day he had the entire House Appropriations Subcommittee on Foreign Affairs in for breakfast, and the Senate Appropriations Committee for lunch.

BLIND RAGE

Two cords are always used, one finds,
To regulate Venetian blinds.
There is a short one and a long one,
And when I pull, I pull the wrong one.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

By means of these breakfasts and lunches, Ike has given formal notice to Congress of a deep change in executive-legislative relations; and one facet of this change is Ike's determination never to spring any surprises on Congress.

There have been Presidents who have deeply enjoyed going on the radio to announce some new proposal in foreign or domestic affairs, hoping to win approval through the dramatic flavor of the declaration and the shock value of its novelty.

It can be predicted that the Eisenhower administration will never do this. Up to now, no bill has been presented until Republican legislative leaders and committee chairmen have been talked to about its contents, have had the need for it explained to them by executive department experts and have had their own possible objections heard. Ike feels that the first reaction to a surprise is always suspicion and criticism.

At the Morning Conferences

There is nothing Machiavellian or cagey about Ike's approach. It is modeled, if on anything, on sound Army staff procedure. Every Monday morning Republican legislative leaders of both Houses have filed in for a conference with Ike at the unlikely hour of 8:30.

These have not been political palavers, but business sessions. New legislative proposals have been brought forth first at these meetings (which presumably will resume after Congress finishes its summer vacation).

The chairmen of any committees likely to be affected attend along with Senate and House floor leaders, Senator William Knowland (after Taft's illness) and Representative Charles Halleck, Vice-President Richard Nixon, Speaker Joseph Martin and others. The Cabinet member primarily concerned with the new legislative proposal makes his presentation, and Congressional opposition, if any, is heard out to the end. There is a good deal of give and take.

An enormous amount of work is done before any subject is introduced at a meeting with the legislative leaders. "Everything is prepared," says a White House staffer; "nothing is ever done bang-bang." A Cabinet member who feels he needs a new law will get up a meeting with Ike at which executive experts will "kick the subject around" and finally crystallize it.

After a topic is "crystallized" the next step is to "shake it down" informally with the legislative leaders and the Cabinet member most concerned. Members of Ike's four-man Congressional liaison staff, headed by Major General Wilton B. Persons (retired), attend the meetings with legislative leaders, so as to know what is going on. Ike expects each man present to speak up; if any man has a doubt or objection which he doesn't state, and trouble later develops, he will hear from the President. All discussion is completely "on the table," a favorite phrase around the White House. One result of these time-consuming processes is that, up to a date late in July, there had been only two Presidential vetoes, both of minor private relief bills.

Early in the Congressional session, General Persons' liaison staff (whose four members have a total of 70 years of combined experience in working with Congress, for one government agency or another) prepared four large show cards with running charts revealing the Congressional progress of every piece of legislation of interest to the administration.

These charts have been brought out at the legislative leaders' meetings with Ike, and placed against chairs, for thoughtful group inspection; two of them were designed to deal with general bills, one with appropriations measures, and one with reorganization plans. The idea was that "we can see on these charts if things are moving nicely."

The same charts have been carried to Cabinet meetings, to be studied as sales or production charts might be in the head office of a business firm.

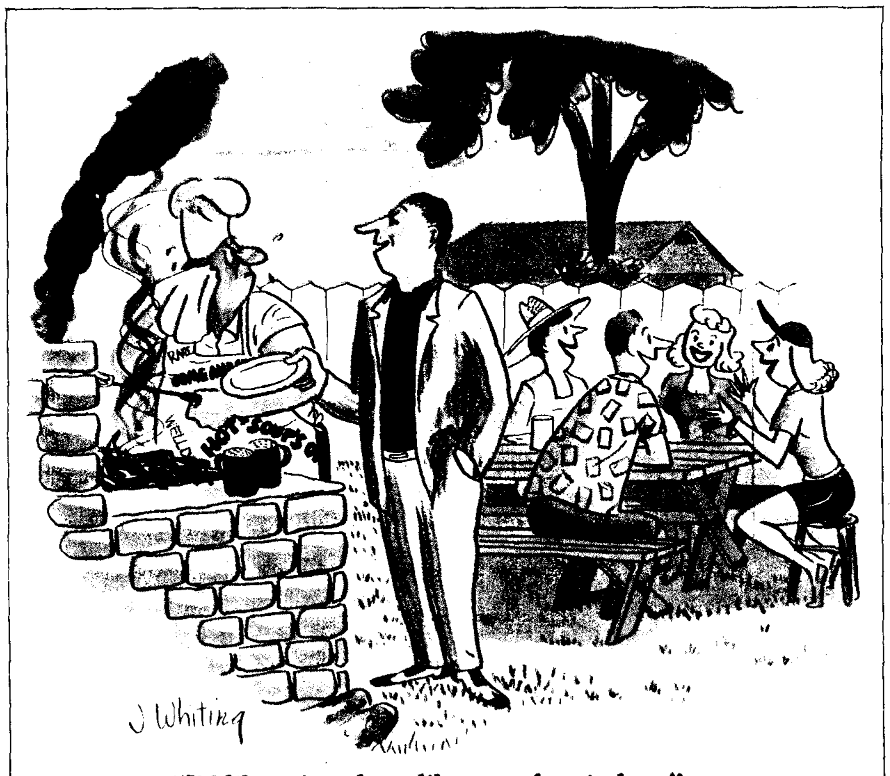
The basis of this new legislative method is negotiation. It depends for its success on talk—endlessly patient private talk. The more negotiation, the less controversy is the theme. This policy makes for the mostly "quiet" atmosphere which sections of the public at times have interpreted as an absence of activity. But Ike is convinced the people like it the new way, that they enjoy sustained rests from what the White House calls "legislation by conflict."

Known as a Face-to-Face Man

Ike is an able negotiator, as he has to be, to succeed with his method. He can ride a chair patiently to the end of any conference, no matter how lengthy. He is, his associates say of him, a "face-to-face" man; he'd rather talk to you than read your memos. And he would rather persuade someone to do what he wants than compel him to do it.

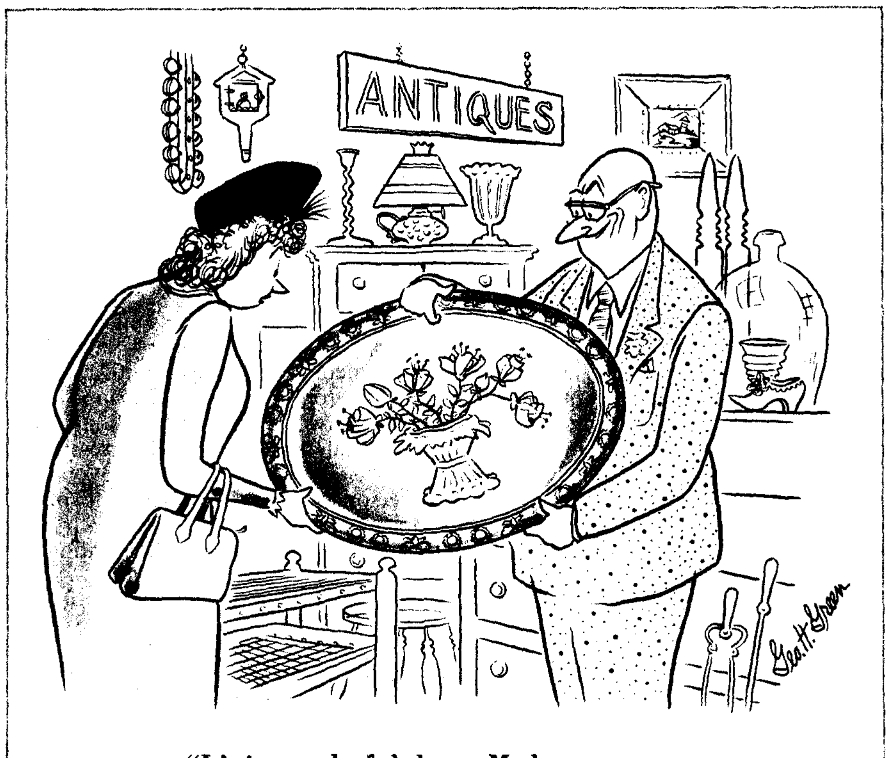
A Presidential definition which floats around the White House is that leadership is the ability to get people to do what you think should be done without using authority. Ike feels he has no authority over Congress, and shouldn't have. A high-placed Republican Representative gave me one of the most curious quotations I have ever picked up in years of Washington coverage: "Ike," he said, "is an Army man, and so he naturally respects the Constitution and Congress"—an odd aftermath of campaign fears that it is unsafe to have a military leader in civilian office.

Ike's use of talk as a method of government is deliberate and highly organized. The essence of the method is to substitute as many informal steps for formal ones as possible. An immense amount of talk will have taken place long before one of Ike's Cabinet mem-



COLLIER'S "I'd like mine about like your face is done" JAMES WHITING bers finally appears before a Congressional committee to make a formal presentation on behalf of a bill. Congressmen will have been seen, individually and in groups; the need for the bill will have been explained by executive department experts; obvious objections will have been met and criticisms worked over. This procedure is one of the reasons why the low, angry hum which is a characteristic noise of Congress in session has been largely replaced in 1953 by a curious new kind of quiet.

Ike's door is as open to congressmen as it is to any other officials of the government. He doesn't enter into every situation—most bills which pass at every session are rather obviously needed and roll through unattended—but when it is necessary to bring Ike into the picture, it is done. His liaison aide, General Persons, has a private phone "to the bunk"; Persons sometimes cuts off his personal phone, but never the one to Ike's desk or bedside. Ike is one of the most telephonic Presidents the country has ever had; he likes to get facts through the ear. But if he prefers the phone to the written report, he prefers face-to-face conversation to the phone.



"It's in wonderful shape, Madam—It was formerly owned by an elderly spinster who never served anything stronger on it than tea"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Legislation Must Meet Needs

A favorite White House phrase is: "Go to the need." In Ike's view, every piece of legislation is enacted in answer to some need. And the chief task of the executive department is not to browbeat Congress, but to try to make sure that every congressman understands the "need." An astute administrator, Ike believes, is one who apprises the people as soon as the need starts. He must let the public know, and he must let Congress know.

A Cabinet member who "develops a need" talks it over with Ike long before the matter is brought up with the legislative leaders. The legislative leaders are not asked to swallow the proposal, but to criticize it. At some point in these talks, however, Ike looks up and asks mildly if there is general agreement. If there is, the proposed measure becomes administration policy.

But even beyond that point, the administration method is never to use pressure, or recrimination, or to engage in personalities; in every discussion, the motto is to "go to the need," to explain the need, endlessly and tirelessly. The method depends for success on the deep administration belief that if Congress truly understands a need, it will meet it by adequate legislation.

If the President had any mental reservations about Congress, his approach wouldn't work. After 20 wrangling years under his predecessors, the legislators really had to be made to believe that Ike believes in Congress. To an important degree, he has done so. One by-product of the method is the administration's deliberate policy of not hating anybody. To Ike, there are no "good congressmen" or "bad congressmen" on the Hill; there are only congressmen. A Republican Representative who opposes Ike on 99 measures and votes with him on the hundredth, will receive a thank-you letter from the President. These letters go out from the White House in a steady stream.

A comment one hears around the executive offices is that "there is plenty of room in his administration for differences of opinion—but no room for personality problems or for questioning of motives." If a congressman really can't vote for an administration measure because of pressure from back home, he isn't pushed. An effort is made to understand his problems.

One rigid rule is to tell Congress the truth. When Ike's fiscal experts appeared before Congressional committees to testify on extending the excess-profits tax, they said frankly that they considered the tax unsound, even though they wanted it renewed. This attitude upset congressmen. "They

From light to dark—
and *any* shade in-between!

Toast the way YOU want it...

with G.E.'s NEW truly automatic toaster!

Only $23.95

Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.

THIS is the all-new, truly automatic toaster that gives you toast exactly the way you want it! *This* is the toaster with the simplest, most dependable automatic toasting mechanism ever developed!

Here are some of the many new features:

6-position control gives you toast as you like it. Set the control knob for light . . . dark . . . or any shade in between.

Extra-high toast lift brings small pieces, frozen waffles, and even muffins, well up out of the toaster.

Extra-large snap-out, snap-in crumb tray is *completely* cleanable in seconds. Or, wash it along with the dishes.

Pick up your dependable G-E Toaster at your dealer's *now*. Remember—it makes a wonderful gift, too!

General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

IF. . you're UNDER 35
IF. . you're NOT a world traveler
IF. . you've NEVER tried TAYLOR'S

THEN. . chances are you've NEVER tasted the fine old-world flavor of a TRUE Dry Vermouth...

MAYBE. . you'll STILL prefer a colorless, flavorless Vermouth. Frankly, most Americans under 35 have never tried any other type...

BUT. . you owe it to your good taste to TRY a true Dry Vermouth. Try TAYLOR'S New York State Extra Dry Vermouth . . . a Vermouth with the traditional continental flavor...

AND. . give your cocktail-taste a chance to get acquainted with authentic Vermouth flavor. Don't expect it to taste like the usual domestic Vermouth — it WON'T. If you must compare it, compare it to the finest IMPORTED Vermouth...

SO. . make your next bottle TAYLOR'S Extra Dry Vermouth — treat yourself to a new taste experience. At better wine stores everywhere. The Taylor Wine Co., Vineyardists and Producers, Hammondsport, N.Y.

EXTRA DRY
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
VERMOUTH
THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY

Ike is one of the most telephonic Presidents we have ever ha

"hurt their own case," one said to me. "How can they expect us to pass the tax when they themselves said it was no good?" It worked out exactly the other way. The administration's frankness helped win support for the measure as a temporary expedient, and the tax that almost nobody liked (only one witness, a CIO representative, testified in favor of it, in principle) was extended.

Ike has a curious gift for informally creating new governmental institutions. Thus, the legislative leaders who meet with him on Monday mornings have become a recognized group in Washington. One hears that "the legislative leaders" want this or that, "the legislative leaders" favor so and so. The group has cohesion and a life of its own, as if it were an established agency.

In the same way Ike has raised the Cabinet to new status. Recently he let it be announced that the Cabinet had voted unanimously in favor of the St. Lawrence Seaway and Power Project. Here again a new center, so to speak, had been established in government—the Cabinet, speaking for itself, as a body.

The National Security Council, which consists of the President, the Vice-President, the Secretaries of State and Defense, and others, is now being expanded and built up as a top policy staff with a streamline planning board working under it. Soon we will be hearing that the National Security Council had decided on this plan or considered the other, and Ike, as always, will be in the background while the new instrumentality takes the stage. All these groups are advisory, but all of them become powers.

Speaking Trips Bring Results

What Ike is doing does not, as is sometimes said, stem "unconsciously" from his personality. The structure he is building is about as unconscious in form as the Pennsylvania Turnpike. He is knowing enough to have developed a habit of taking short trips around the country and speaking to large, enthusiastic audiences just before Congressional action on a major piece of legislation comes to a head. Recently he spoke to an overflow audience in Minneapolis, Minnesota, before his bill to cut Air Force funds came up for discussion. Congressmen noted the cheers he drew and the length of the applause when he spoke in defense of this controversial measure, and the bill passed unamended.

Speaking at Oyster Bay, New York, at the dedication of Theodore Roosevelt's old home, Ike said meaningfully that Teddy Roosevelt, in spite of popular legend, did not gallop "down Pennsylvania Avenue on a spirited charger with his saber drawn" to rush into the Senate or House and demand what he wanted. The Roughrider, said Ike with a smile, "used every form of polite advance there was open to him, including . . . many breakfasts."

There is no element of kowtowing in Ike's approach—or in Congress' reaction to it. In its reorganization plan for the Defense Department, the administration wanted to make two technical changes increasing the power of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. These changes were highly controversial and sure to stir debate. It happened that existing law already gave the administration the power to do what it wanted. Agitated congressmen urged the administration not to include the changes in its new reorganization plan, but to go ahead and make them under the old law, avoiding a controversy. Ike answered mildly that, while the language of the law gave him the power to make the changes, he wasn't sure the intent of the present Congress was behind them, and he wanted that intent.

"We had a good debate," say White House staffers happily, "a good long debate, and the changes were approved. Now we know the intent is there and there can't be any argument." You're only afraid of debate, they tell you around the White House, when you're afraid of Congress, not when you trust it.

The model for Ike's methods of work is the Army General Staff whose method of solving problems is to assign them to competent groups of men, each group busy with its own specialty and each getting its turn to brief the chief. Public controversy is not an Army method. Though Ike has substituted face-to-face talks for the Army's endless written reports, the methods by which he keeps his finger on every aspect of tangled and complicated situations still closely resemble the methods he worked out for himself as Chief of Staff.

Army Liaison with Congress

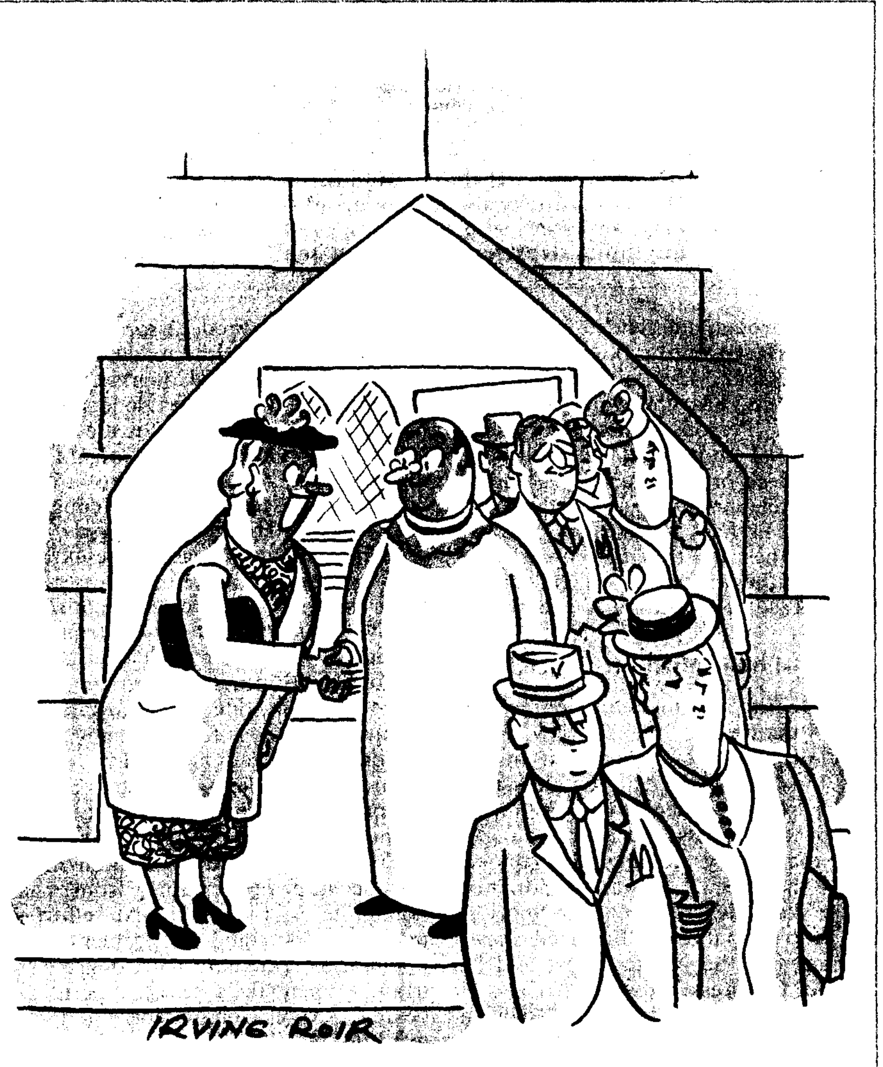
The Army long ago developed its own winningly deferential approach to Congress; Congressional liaison is an established Army job. General Persons, now Ike's chief Congressional liaison aide, was chief of the War Department's Legislative and Liaison Division for six years. During Ike's NATO days in Europe, Persons was his special assistant on Congressional matters.

Persons and his three-man staff spend a lot of time on the Hill. They try to fill in gaps where more information is

Detour

Your directions have been most explicit:
Turn left, go six miles, climb the hill.
But don't tell me I simply can't miss it;
I can—and assuredly will.

—JOYCE CARLILE



COLLIER'S **"That was a pretty good sermon, Reverend. I think I'll give it to my husband"** IRVING ROIR needed by Congress, and they keep tabs as to the exact status of every pending matter. When a major bill is rolling, they "stick with it." They drop in on Ike from time to time, usually informally, and try to work out necessary compromises.

Laws That Had to Be Passed

Ike's big problem, of course, has been that of getting through a Republican Congress a succession of measures which had originally been dreamed up by past Democratic administrations. The political temper of the United States had changed, but the world situation hadn't. Ike still believed it necessary to maintain foreign aid, reciprocal trade treaties and high taxes. It wouldn't have been much of a trick to put a Republican program through a Republican legislature. It is a measure of Ike's effectiveness that he has been able to get across in large part a program whose inspiration in so many aspects can be traced back to the time of Democratic administration. And he's done it through a Congress many of whose members were committed to more or less wholesale reversals of past policies.

At the beginning of the session, Ike sometimes received more support from the Democratic side than from his own. Democrats evolved an offbeat strategy of "opposing Ike by supporting him." That is, they hoped to run in the 1954 Congressional elections both as Democrats and as friends of Ike.

The low point in Ike's prestige came in April, when there was criticism of him for "lack of leadership" even by some newspapers which had supported him. This criticism continued into May, when one national magazine remarked that if Ike should demand extension of the excess-profits tax, "it would be amended to death." But as the session wore on into summer, Republican support for Ike's program increased.

Late in July, Ike laid down a "must" list of legislation to be acted on before adjournment. Typically, the list was made public not by the White House but by Congressional leaders. High on the list was the administration's bill to admit 240,000 refugees during the next two years. This bill was considered important to the re-election hopes of Republican Senators in certain Northern industrial states; by making it "must," Ike was establishing the refugee issue as Republican policy.

Some congressmen, contrariwise, were afraid the refugee bill was unpopular in their states; they wanted to be able to say, "Well, Ike asked for it." In a sense even Ike's "must" list thus grew out of his close relations with Congress. Rather than waving a stick at Congress, he was letting it make use of his personal popularity to help solve some of its problems.

He Has No Selfish Motives

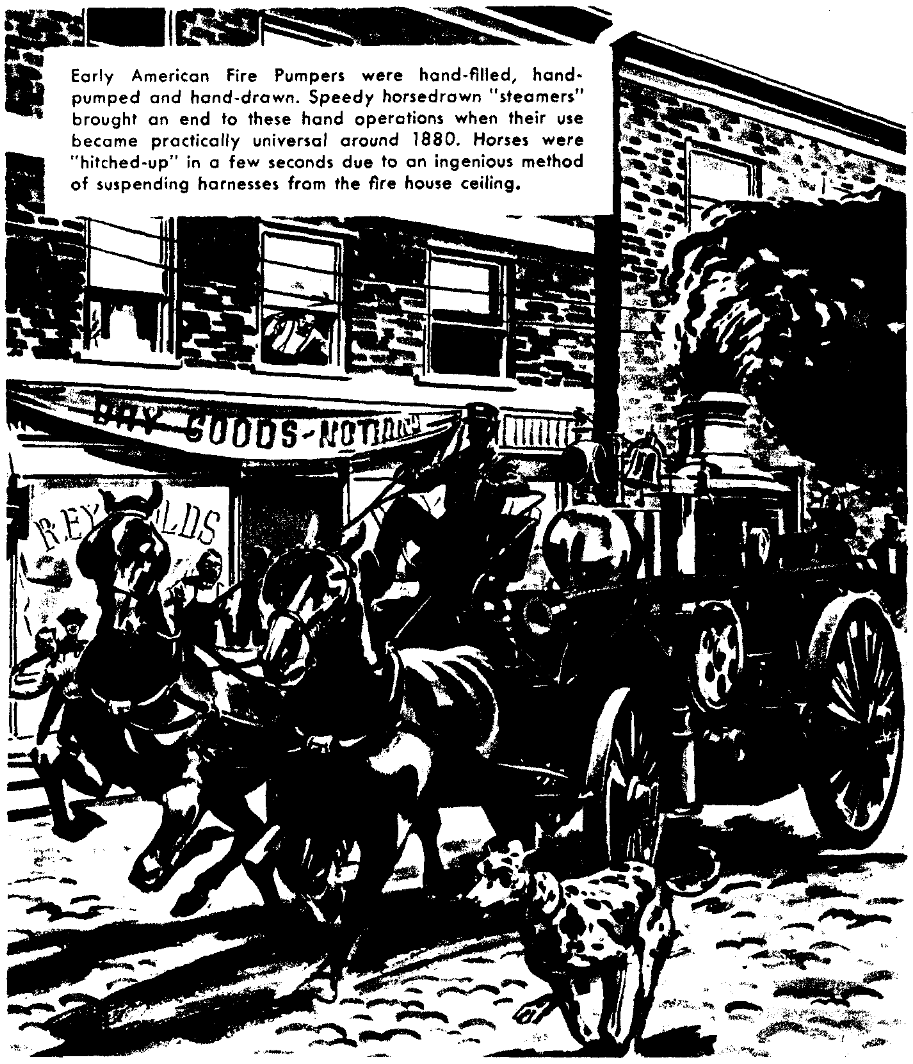
Ike is helped enormously in his relations with Congress by the fact that he so obviously doesn't want anything for himself. Congressmen are sensitive to career considerations; they know that Ike had everything before he ran for President—a place in history, fame as the conqueror of Hitler, a large pension. They are impressed by the fact that he does not become angry when opposed, that he never talks in terms of names, of "Tom" or of "Jack" being against him, but always about the "need."

"Why," one congressman confided to me, "I go in there to talk with him, and I come out being ashamed of having personal feelings about anything."

▲▲▲

COLLIER'S "I can't wait to see if I can cook" EDWIN LEPPER

HORSE-DRAWN PUMPS
Speed Fire Fighting



Early American Fire Pumpers were hand-filled, hand-pumped and hand-drawn. Speedy horsedrawn "steamers" brought an end to these hand operations when their use became practically universal around 1880. Horses were "hitched-up" in a few seconds due to an ingenious method of suspending harnesses from the fire house ceiling.

AC FUEL PUMPS
...America's First and Finest

It was a great day for fire-fighting when horse power replaced man power in the race to fires. Of comparable importance to motorists was AC's development of the first efficient fuel pump. 115,000,000 ACs have been built since 1927.

First choice for original equipment, the AC Fuel Pump is also America's favorite replacement pump. Motorists have learned the wisdom of replacing with new ACs after several seasons' use . . . *before* pumps lose their efficiency or fail altogether.

You'll save time, trouble and money by keeping your fuel system operating efficiently. Replace the worn pump on your car with a new AC . . . famed for reliability for 26 years.

AC FUEL PUMPS

Equipment on 9 out of 10 cars on the road

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GM GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

So far, Tully's luck had held; not eve

out to get him—someone whos

Alec swung onto the flatcar to warm up the cat's motor. Tully, down by the jeep, suddenly heard his startled profanity. "Come get a load of this!" Alec yelled

Sarah suspected him. But now someone was

methods were violent and whose motives were unmistakable

SILVER ROCK

By LUKE SHORT

The Story: Ex-Marine pilot Tully Gibbs came to the Western mining town of Azurite to get rich off old Kevin Russel's mines. Tully had built himself up with Kevin in advance—with forged letters, supposedly from Kevin's son Jimmy, who later died in Korea. In Azurite, Tully immediately won the friendship of Sarah Moffit, who worked in the recorder's office, and Alec Bacchione, local guide; and he made an enemy of Ben Hodes, powerful mine operator who claimed Sarah as his girl and who, with his sister Beth, controlled the town bank. Tully's chance to raise the necessary money to begin operations came suddenly, when Hodes, enraged over Tully's attentions to Sarah, picked a fight and lost, and was thereby pledged to sign Tully's note for $10,000. With the trust and approval of old Kevin, of Sarah and her mother, Alec and Sam Horne, local newspaper editor, Tully was ready to go to work—despite his feeling of guilt and his fear of exposure.

II

Ben Hodes tramped into the library and dumped the load of wood he carried into the metal wood basket. He hoped the racket would waken his sister Beth, who was resting upstairs. Ben's Sunday had been a dreary one. He wanted company, but a call on Sarah or a visit to the Elks Club was out of the question because of his face. His lip was cut and swollen, but it would be down enough by tomorrow so that it would not disfigure him.

Stoking the fire in the pleasant, tall-windowed living room, he thought of last night's fight. He had taken a genuine beating, he knew, and oddly enough there was little resentment in him. He had picked on the wrong man, and, what was worse, had pegged him for a coward because of his refusal to fight in the hotel bar. He'd thought Gibbs's yarn about the broken legs was just hokum. He'd simply guessed wrong.

Restlessly he wandered about the room and finally stopped in front of the cabinet bar. He poured himself a shot of whisky and was about to sit down in the big leather chair by the fire when the doorbell sounded. Swearing softly, he set his drink on the mantelpiece and went out into the hallway. He opened the door and stared in disbelief. His visitor was Tully Gibbs.

Tully said, "I'd like to see you, if you aren't busy."

Ben swung the door open. "Come inside," he said shortly. He led the way into the library, indicated the easy chair opposite his own and said, "Want a drink?"

Tully said he did. Ben mixed the drink and handed it to him. Then he lifted his own glass and said with a wry humor, "Here's to back-alley fighting."

Tully said nothing, grinning faintly but without derision. Ben wondered what he wanted, and thought: I'll let him fry. However, after a moment's silence it was Ben who was the more uncomfortable. Tully sat staring into the fire, occasionally sipping his drink.

Ben leaned forward. "Look," he said, "if you've come to crow, get it out of your system."

Tully looked closely at him and said, "You don't remember our bet then?"

Ben scowled. He cast his mind back over last evening. He'd been pretty well loaded, he recalled. Of course there had been a bet, but what was it? He said aggressively, "Of course, I remember. You were to leave Sarah alone if I licked you."

"And you didn't," Tully pointed out.

Ben laughed. "All right, you don't have to leave her alone."

Tully looked sharply at him. "Is this the beginning of a welsh?"

Ben's anger was immediate. "If you're looking for another fight, that's the way to get it." He pushed his pride aside. "What was the bet then?"

"Your signature on a ten-thousand-dollar, hundred-twenty-day note at your bank."

Ben slowly sat back in his chair. Now that it was recalled to him, he remembered it. He finished his drink and said, "That's an odd way to get a bank loan. What's the dough for?"

"That's my business," Tully answered coldly.

Ben shrugged and stood up. "All right, I'll call Harry Bogue at the bank tomorrow and tell him to let you have it."

"I'd just as soon you'd call him now," Tully told him.

"Are you still afraid of my welshing?"

Tully looked at him carefully. "Yes."

The insolence of his reply brought a swift anger to Ben. He walked over to the telephone, called Harry Bogue and instructed him to give Tully a certified check for $10,000 tomorrow morning. He further instructed him to draw up a one-hundred-twenty-day note for that sum for Tully to sign. At Bogue's murmur of protest, Ben slammed down the receiver and turned to Tully. "That satisfy you?" he asked.

Tully nodded and rose. "Thanks very much," he said. He went into the hall and Ben watched him leave. Neither man said good-by.

When Ben turned away from the door he saw Beth standing motionless on the stairs. "How much of that did you hear?" he asked sharply.

"Almost all of it," Beth said, coming down the stairs and

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

crossing the living room. She took a cigarette from a box on the coffee table, lighted it, and then stood with her back to the fire, eying her brother closely as he tramped across the room and slumped down into one of the leather chairs. Her face held a sort of sad maturity at the moment. Now it was possible to believe that she was two years Ben's senior and truly his older sister.

Ben said sullenly, "Go ahead. What about it?"

"All right. Who is he?"

"The guy that licked me last night."

"I know that," Beth told him.

"Then why'd you ask?"

Beth said tranquilly, "Because you loaned him money. On what collateral, may I ask, and why?"

Ben leaned back and crossed his legs. "Don't play the heavy banker, sis."

"It's as much my money as yours."

"You tried to prove that once," Ben said, "and got tossed off the board of directors for a while, remember?"

BETH watched him a moment, then said dryly, "You're a lovable cuss, little brother. Sometimes I wonder why you've been allowed to live as long as you have."

"Thank you, my dear," Ben said. He regarded her carefully now. "You aren't getting any ideas, are you?"

"Ideas? About what?" Beth asked.

"Tully Gibbs. Because if you are, get 'em out of your head. Remember Frank Nichols."

"Oh, but Gibbs doesn't work for you," Beth said. "You can't fire him like you did Frank just for calling on me." She paused, then continued with a certain grimness. "Incidentally, I haven't thanked you for letting me out to go to the dance last night. I enjoyed talking with the ladies, and I didn't speak to more than two men under sixty-five."

"I meant what I said," Ben said flatly. "Don't get any ideas about Gibbs. I'm already fighting him off my girl. Damned if I want to fight him off my sister."

As Ben started toward the bar, the doorbell rang. "You'd think this damn' house was a railroad station," he said.

Beth went into the hall and opened the door. Sam Horne stood there. "I believe we were interrupted in our conversation last night," Sam said. Then he added, grinning, "That's a lousy way to say I'd like to see you again."

For just a moment Beth hesitated, already afraid of how Ben might react. Then, with the recklessness of desperation, she said, "Come in, Sam."

Ben was standing by the portable bar, a fresh drink in his hand, and he glared at Beth as she led Sam into the living room.

"Like a drink?" Beth asked. She had not looked at Ben yet, but she could almost feel the tension building up in the room. She knew what was coming, what always came when a man called on her.

"I don't think it would cripple me," Sam answered. "Bourbon, please, if you have it."

There was an awkward silence while Beth mixed Sam's drink, and her hand was shaking as she handed it to him. Sam grinned and observed, "You must have had a big night."

Beth smiled. "No. Ben brought me home early."

"She's always home early," Ben said heavily. "I see to that."

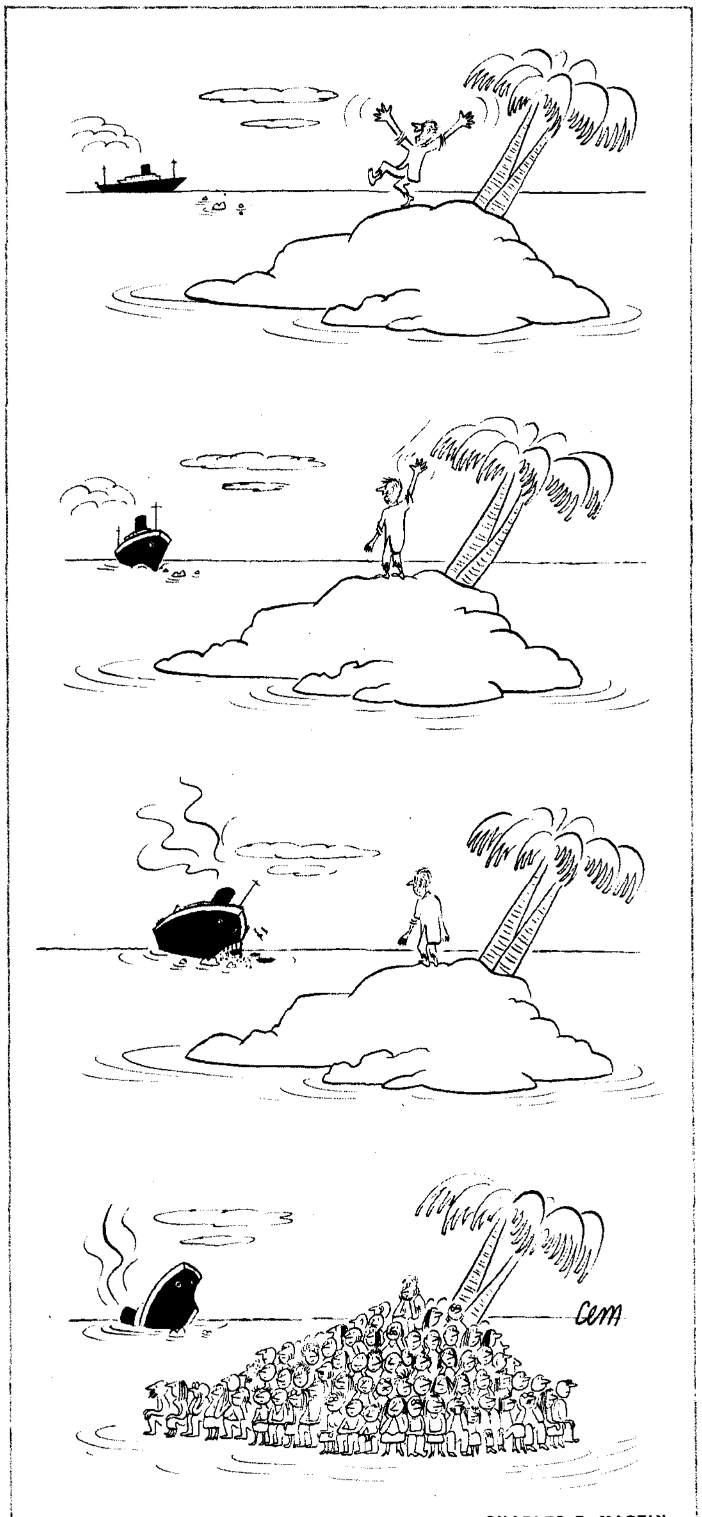
Sam gazed speculatively at Ben for a moment, and then shifted his glance to Beth.

"I've always known your brother as a mining man, but never as a housemother," he said.

His gibe made Ben sit forward in his chair, as if to rise, and Beth thought miserably: Please, Sam, be quiet. But Sam, a look of mockery in his eyes, went on, addressing Ben. "Can you think of any pleasant three-cornered conversation?" he asked.

"No," Ben said bluntly, settling back.

"Canasta, maybe," Sam said. "It's cool outside and this whisky's good."



COLLIER'S CHARLES E. MARTIN

Beth pounced on Sam's suggestion. "That's a good idea, Sam. I'll get the card table."

"No, you won't," Ben said flatly.

Sam sighed. "Well, they say every man's home is his castle, and brother, you've certainly made a dungeon out of this one."

"Oh, Sam, please don't," Beth said quickly.

"I know what you're thinking," Sam said. "The big lug will swing on me." He glanced at Ben. "No. I don't think he will."

"Let him talk," Ben said solemnly. "After he's through, he can leave."

Sam set his glass down on the end table. "With your permission I'll just do that. Hodes, just what are your plans for Beth?"

Ben said sullenly, "That's no concern of yours."

"Maybe not, but I'm very concerned about what'll happen to a nice girl. You haven't got to the stage of locking her in and hiding her shoes yet, but you're warming up."

"You've got quite a lip for a Sunday-afternoon caller," Ben observed.

Beth saw that Sam was ignoring Ben now; he was looking at her musingly, with an open pity in his dark eyes. "I'm sorry about this, Beth," he said. "I wish I could do something to help."

Sam waited a moment, then abruptly got up and left the room. He picked up his coat and hat in the hallway and let himself out. Belatedly, Beth followed him. When she saw she was too late, she halted, then turned and looked at Ben. "I'll never forgive you for that, Ben," she said quietly. "Never."

AT TEN o'clock on that Monday morning Tully Gibbs was standing on the red sandstone steps of the Grant County Bank when the door was opened by a harried-looking middle-aged man.

This was Mr. Harry Bogue, and his disapproval of Tully was obvious. He handed over the cashier's check and the note in silence, and Tully accepted the check and signed the note in the same manner. They nodded coldly to each other, and then Tully left the bank and headed down the street for the courthouse to attend the commissioners' meeting.

The meeting room of the commissioners was lined with chairs, some of which were occupied by petitioners like himself. Three men sat at the big table in old-fashioned swivel chairs, and Sarah Moffit, as the clerk's deputy, was reading the minutes of the previous meeting. As Tully slipped into the chair that was nearest to the door, its wicker bottom creaked. Sarah looked up and smiled at him, and then returned to the minutes.

Tully, studying the commissioners, remembered Sam Horne's description of them and identified the slight wiry man in denim pants at the head of the table as Bill Wishnack, their chairman.

When the minutes were finished, Wishnack turned to the men seated against the wall and asked courteously, "Who's first?"

A man in overalls rose and came to the table. It seemed he wanted a culvert placed in the road several hundred yards below his farm because his neighbor's irrigation left the road a perpetual mire.

TULLY listened attentively. The petitioner was addressing a heavy-set gray-haired man. This would be Justin Byers, he remembered. Byers had a florid, heavily veined face and his pale eyes were large and morose. The remaining commissioner, Harvey Peebles, was a long, angular, cheerful-looking rancher whose hearing was impaired and who listened with his great callused hand cupped to his ear. Tully found Sarah the most attractive thing in the room.

The culvert problem was disposed of and the petitioner left. Then Bill Wishnack addressed Tully. "You wanted to see us?"

Tully moved toward the big table and Sarah said, "Gentlemen, this is Mr. Tully Gibbs, a mining engineer."

Tully seated himself and explained that he had looked over some claims located in the county and that he and his associates were preparing to develop the property. But before doing so he wished to know the attitude of the county toward a new industry.

Bill Wishnack said bluntly, "Why, we'd welcome it, Mr. Gibbs. We already have one crackajack mine in this county and we'd like a dozen more on our tax rolls." He paused. "Just where is this property?"

"I'll come to that later," Tully said matter-of-factly. "I'm mostly interested in how much help you feel you could give us in opening up this property and maintaining a road to it. I already have easements for the road and I'd be willing to deed the road to the county in exchange for help."

Bill Wishnack squirmed deeper into his chair. "Depends on where it is, Mr. Gibbs."

"With what you'll eventually get from us in tax money, I think you could afford it even if it was on Black Mountain Peak."

The commissioners all smiled dutifully at this mild joke. Then Harvey Peebles said, "You plan a year-round operation?"

Tully nodded and Peebles looked at the others. "Shouldn't think maintaining it would be any problem," he observed.

"Wait a minute," Wishnack said slowly. "Before we make any promises, we'd better find out where your mine is."

"Vicksburg Hill," Tully said quietly.

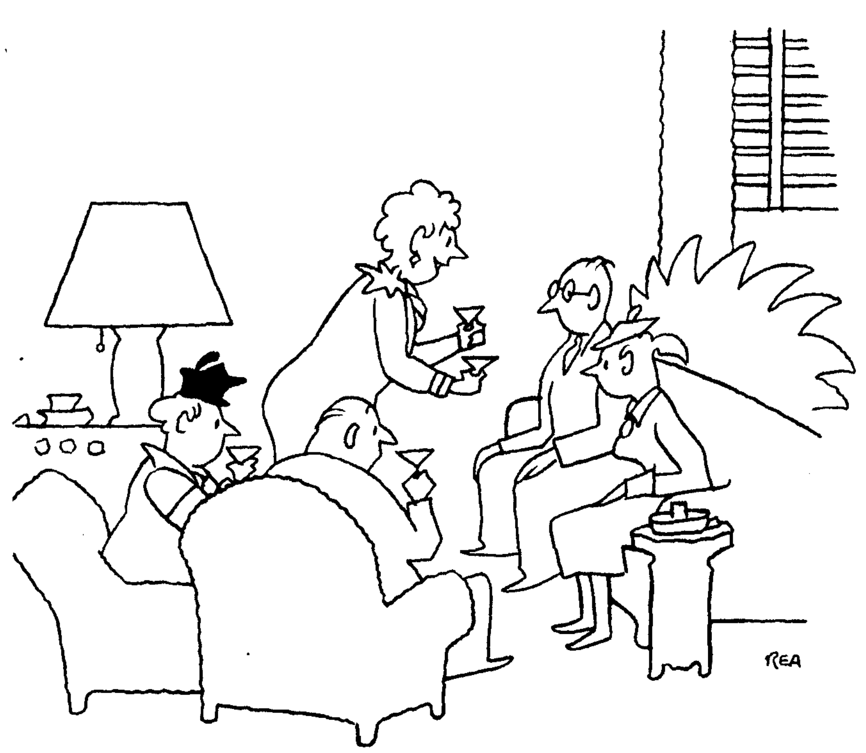
Wishnack cleared his throat. "Those are the Russel claims, Mr. Gibbs?" he asked.

"That's right," Tully said.

Wishnack straightened up. "I don't think we'll be able to give you any help on your road, Mr. Gibbs. We've been over this with Mr. Russel."

"You were pretty helpful until you learned where the claims were," Tully said dryly, looking at Byers. "Suppose I'd said they were on Black Mountain."

Byers lifted his morose glance and regarded Tully with suffering patience. "You don't understand, Mr. Gibbs," he said gently. "Vicksburg Hill is a long way from the closest access road.



COLLIER'S "I kept the rum down, so as not to spoil the taste of the fruit juice" GARDNER REA

Suppose we spent ten thousand dollars putting in the road for you. What guarantee have we got that tax money from you will pay for it?"

"Because we know there's ore there and a lot of it," Tully answered.

"We're not doubting your judgment," Byers said slowly. He leaned forward in his chair. "Mr. Gibbs, here's our problem. The state allows us to spend only so much of county money for roads. Our maintenance problems here are terrible. Sometimes, in one week, we have to move two three-foot snowfalls. We spend twice and three times what other counties do in just keeping our roads open. We can't afford to build new ones."

"But you'll build an access road to a ranch, won't you?" Tully asked.

"Ranches pay taxes," Harvey Peebles reminded him.

"So do mines," Tully countered.

"Just what tax money have you paid, Mr. Gibbs?" Wishnack asked.

Tully glanced briefly at Sarah. Her expression was attentive but not very hopeful.

"I can see your point," he said reasonably to Wishnack. "Still, as a prospective heavy taxpayer, I think I may be entitled to other consideration."

"What consideration, Mr. Gibbs?" Wishnack asked carefully.

"Well, if I'm going to have to build a county road, I'll need a bulldozer. It would be a real break for me if I could rent it from the county for what I'd depreciate it plus a very modest rental. The same would apply for one of your four-wheel-drive trucks when it's not plowing."

Before Tully had finished, Wishnack was shaking his head. "It's an ironclad rule that no county equipment can be rented out."

Tully felt a savage exasperation. "So I rent one in Galena for plenty of dough, is that it? Who made that ironclad rule, Mr. Wishnack—the Board of County Commissioners?"

Wishnack nodded. "Yes—out of simple self-protection."

Tully tried another tack then. "Once I get a road in, will the county help me maintain it, always supposing I'd deed it to the county?"

Wishnack gave Byers a wary glance and said, "Suppose we settle that when your road is built, Mr. Gibbs."

Tully made one last try. "Well, gentlemen, I don't seem to be getting much in the way of positive help from Grant County. I wonder if you'd be willing to help me in a negative way."

"Explain that, Mr. Gibbs," Peebles said courteously.

"Well, when my mine is hauling our ore, it'll be taxable. It will be easy enough for you to ask the county assessor to place a low evaluation on the property until I've recovered part of the cost of building a road."

Wishnack said blandly, "The county assessor's office is elective, and he goes his own way. If you feel like appealing your assessment, we'll hear you."

THAT'S it, Tully thought sourly. He hadn't even succeeded in bumming a cigarette from these three sterling public servants. Rising, he shook hands all around and said courteously, "Thank you, gentlemen." He gave Sarah a fleeting glance and saw that she was studiously recording the decision of the commissioners. He went out.

On Tully's exit, Sarah went into the county clerk's office adjoining the commissioners' room and returned with a batch of warrants for the commissioners to sign. Justin Byers rose and said, "I'll be back in a minute," and stepped out into the corridor.

Turning left, he walked down the corridor and looked into the assessor's office. Behind the counter, a trim blonde girl was typing.

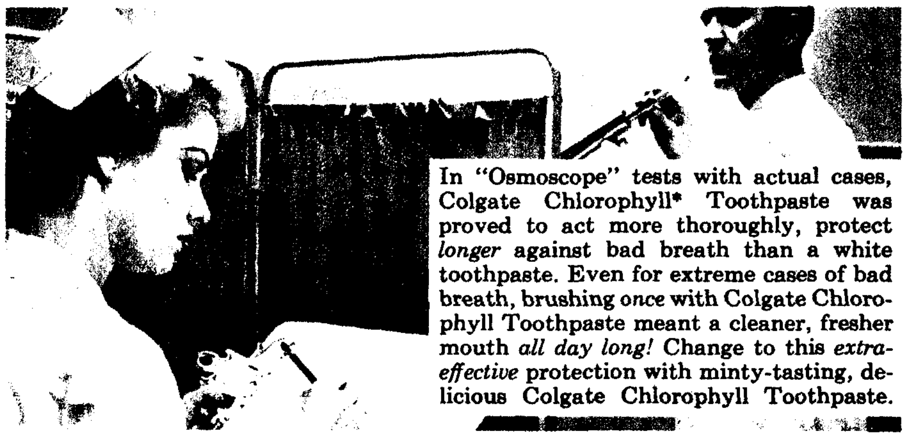
Byers went around the counter, saying in his soft voice, "Morning, Ann. You take a walk, honey. I've got a call to make."

Dutifully the girl rose and left the room. When Byers was certain she was out of hearing, he moved the telephone on her desk toward him and dialed a number. In answer to the voice on the other end of the wire, he said, "This is Justin. I've got to see you right away." He was silent a moment and then said, "But we're meeting this morning." After another pause he said, "All right, be right out."

He hung up the receiver and retraced his steps to the commissioners' room. "I've got an appointment with the doc

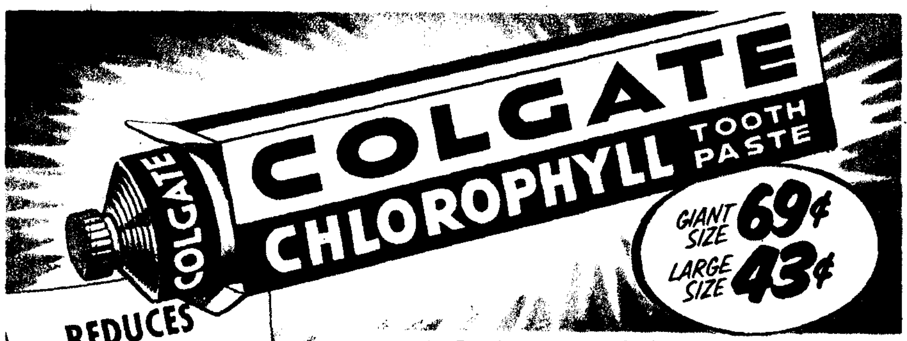
COLGATE CHLOROPHYLL DESTROYS BAD BREATH ORIGINATING IN THE MOUTH MORE EFFECTIVELY Than a White Toothpaste!

JUST ONE BRUSHING GIVES YOU LONGER PROTECTION!



In "Osmoscope" tests with actual cases, Colgate Chlorophyll* Toothpaste was proved to act more thoroughly, protect *longer* against bad breath than a white toothpaste. Even for extreme cases of bad breath, brushing *once* with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste meant a cleaner, fresher mouth *all day long!* Change to this *extra-effective* protection with minty-tasting, delicious Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste.

CLINICAL TESTS PROVE IT! Works Better, Longer Than A White Toothpaste!



REDUCES DECAY BACTERIA! Just one brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste cleans your mouth of a high percentage of decay and odor-causing bacteria!

NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE HAS MORE ACTIVE CHLOROPHYLL!

Get the full Benefits of a Chlorophyll Toothpaste with Colgate's Exclusive Formula!

*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins

"that I can't get out of, Bill," he said to Wishnack. He lifted a dust-colored, narrow-brim Stetson from its wall hook. "I'll sign those later," he added, nodding toward the stack of folded vouchers and warrants on the table.

"What's the matter with you?" Wishnack asked.

"Gas," Byers said mysteriously. Nobody said anything, and he went out.

THE Mahaffey Mine lay two miles up Liberty Gulch. Its tin buildings were shining brightly in the midday sunlight as Justin Byers parked his battered pickup truck and walked toward the office door.

Byers nodded to two middle-aged women seated at desks in the outer office as he crossed to a frosted-glass door marked *Private*. He knocked, was told to come in, and stepped into Ben Hodes's office.

This was a sunny, comfortable room which Ben Hodes had left just as his father had furnished it.

Hodes was seated in a swivel chair at an ancient roll-top desk, his feet hoisted to the writing board. He was coatless and seemed to Byers to be loafing luxuriously.

"What's up, Justin?" Hodes asked.

"Did you know Kevin Russel is starting to mine those Vicksburg claims?" Justin asked, easing his bulk into a chair by the desk.

"Who's been ribbing you?" Hodes scoffed.

"A fellow by the name of Tully Gibbs."

Hodes swung his feet off the desk and stared at Byers in open disbelief. "Gibbs?" he echoed, and then hesitated. "How do you know that?"

"Gibbs came before the commissioners this morning, wanting county help on a road to Vicksburg Hill."

For ten full seconds Hodes was silent. Then he reached out for the telephone on his desk and dialed a number. "Harry?" he asked. Then: "Have you given that party his certified check?"

Upon receiving the answer, Hodes groaned softly. Then he said irritably, "I know, I know. All right." Slowly he replaced the receiver and turned his back to Byers. "What a chump," he murmured. "What a chump."

"Who? Gibbs?" Byers asked.

Ben Hodes did not reply. In deep thought he rubbed his mouth savagely, and then winced when the pressure touched his torn lip. Rising then, he walked over to the window and looked out at the sun-drenched reaches of Liberty Gulch. Over his shoulder he said, "What did you tell him?"

"Gibbs? Why, to go to hell, of course," Byers said. "Bill gave him a pretty thorough run-around. First, he wanted us to build him a road, then he wanted to rent our equipment, and then he wanted his taxes excused." Byers hesitated. "He's serious, Ben."

"Don't I damn' well know it," Hodes said angrily.

Presently, Ben wheeled and slowly walked back to his chair which he pulled up to the desk with the vehemence of suppressed wrath. He had lost not only his last opportunity to force old Kevin into giving up the Vicksburg claims, but he, and he alone, had been instrumental in financing his own defeat. Gibbs had been clever as hell, Ben thought. He had parlayed a simple pickup of Sarah into working capital for his mine.

"He's got to be stopped," Ben said, casting about in his mind for Gibbs's vulnerable points. "What'll he do for machinery?"

"He said he'd have to rent the stuff from Galena," Byers replied.

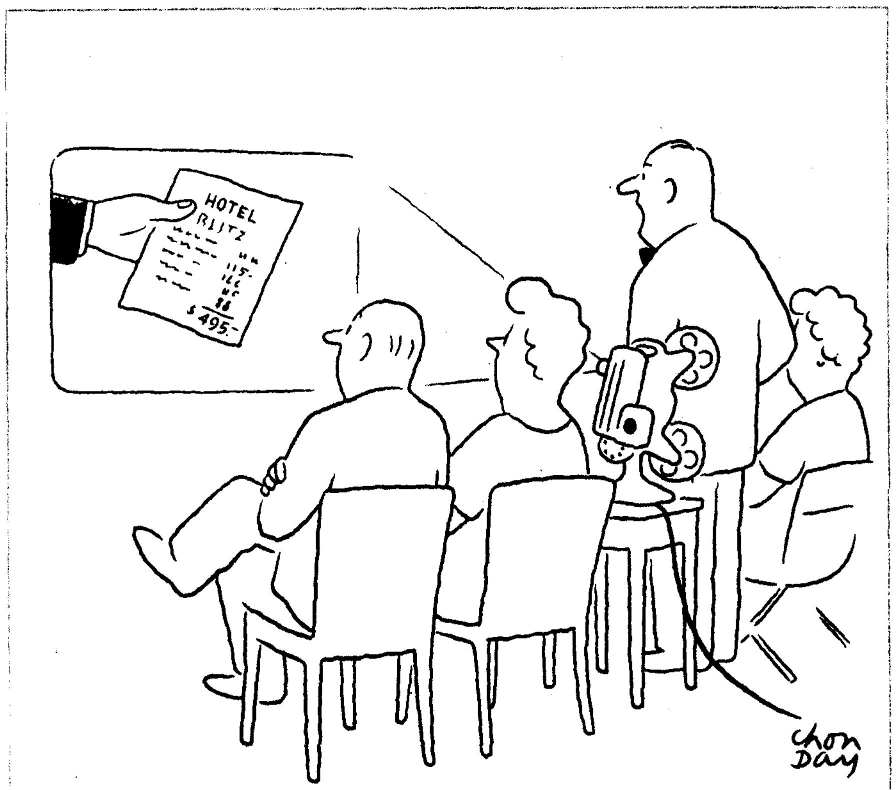
"That would be the Unita Construction Company," Ben said. He paused. "Know who'll work for him?"

"Old man Russel knows every miner in this county," Byers pointed out. "That won't be hard."

That was true, Ben thought sourly. Gibbs had the money and the technical know-how, while old Kevin could certainly come up with practical advice.

Hodes stared morosely out at the distant mountains. Up to now, a case of whisky at Christmas for each commissioner had been enough to keep them co-operative. Since he was the county's major taxpayer, they were understandably anxious to please him. Yet in this emergency, he thought wryly, they were powerless to help him. Or were they?

He turned to look at Justin Byers, remembering all he knew of him. By-



COLLIER'S "That's a view of our hotel bill" CHON DAY

Imported
MARTINI & ROSSI
muth
he rocks"
it's wonderful!
ITALY
MARTINI & ROSSI
MARTINI
the largest selling vermouth in America!
BLUE CHIPS by RENFIELD

So Modern . . . this bright new idea that's sweeping the country! It's delightfully light . . . and downright delicious. Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks" yourself—and taste why so many smart people are serving it today! Yes! find out why it's great when you drink it straight!

Easy to serve! Pour Martini & Rossi Imported Sweet Vermouth over ice. Garnish with a twist of Lemon peel.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

ers had some poor land and a few head of cattle up Officer Creek way. He was lazy, a born gossip and enormously proud of his commissioner's job.

Ben asked bluntly, "Is there any legal way you commissioners can stop Gibbs?"

Byers pondered a moment. "I don't see how."

"It's worth ten thousand dollars to me to find a way," Ben said.

Byers' glance veiled. "If you figure to pick up those claims someday," he said slowly, "I'd judge it's worth that to you."

Ben smiled faintly. "You don't get it, Justin. I said—"

"I heard you," Byers cut in softly, and his eyes were suddenly sharp. "Every act of the Board of Commissioners is known to the people. We're watched. What you need is a good lawyer, Ben."

"I don't think so," Hodes replied. "If my money's going out, I want it to go to my friends."

"Sometimes friends can't accept it without the whole world knowing it," Byers observed.

He gets the idea, Ben thought, and he said, "There are ways to arrange that without it ever showing. The offer stands."

Byers rose, and Ben Hodes rose with him. "Well, thanks for the visit, Justin," he said.

Byers shook hands with him and they looked at each other steadily, with mutual understanding.

"No trouble at all, Ben," Byers told him, "no trouble at all."

IT WAS Sarah's idea that out of consideration for Kevin's physical infirmities they should meet at his house that evening. And it was several minutes after seven o'clock, the appointed time, when Tully knocked on the door. When Sarah opened it, Tully could hear the sound of voices coming from the kitchen.

Tully said, "Sorry I'm late, Sarah." He put the flashlight he'd used to find his way in his pocket.

Sarah smiled. "It doesn't matter," she told him.

"Still speaking to me after that sorry job I did this morning?"

"What was sorry about it?" she asked. "The whole thing was loaded and you knew it."

Tully shook his head. "I didn't look good," he said.

"Let's forget it," Sarah said. "It was a very dignified argument and you lost it." She started toward the kitchen and Tully followed her.

Kevin, Sam Horne and Alec Bacchione were seated at the big, round, oilcloth-covered kitchen table. When Sam Horne saw Tully he said jeeringly, "Hail the conquered hero. Brush the dust off your knees. You don't need to kneel to us."

Tully grinned and sat in a chair between Sarah and Alec. "Has the mining consultant come to confer with his associates?" Alec said.

Sarah laughed. "He almost had them fooled, Alec, so don't tease him," she said. "He sounded very important."

"But he is important," old Kevin insisted.

"Don't build him up, Pop," Sam Horne said. "He looks too much like a young executive right now."

"It's the suit," Tully said. "I promise never to do it again."

Sam Horne lighted his cigarette and then said in mock soberness, "Mr. Gibbs, the market edition of the Azurite Nugget will hit the street in four days. Have you any statements for the press?"

Tully grinned. "Sure. We're starting work tomorrow."

Sarah said seriously, "Really, Tully? Are you really starting to work?"

Tully turned to look at Alec. "That depends on the guy on my right. I asked him to come over tonight so we could put the screws on him."

"No pain so far," Alec said.

"Sarah says you're a heavy-equipment operator, Alec, and that you worked county equipment once upon a time."

"That's right," Alec told him. "But I'm an operator, not an owner."

"Want a job?" Tully asked.

Alec shook his head. "Not in any mine."

"You won't be off the seat of a 'dozer for sixty days," Tully said. "We'll pay going wages for a cat-skinner as long as we have an option on your services."

"That's for me," Alec said promptly. "Sure."

"This sounds a little nasty," Sam said, "but first you've got to get the bulldozer."

"I called a contractor at Galena and rented one this afternoon," Tully said. "I also rented a compressor here in town. And the cat's due in on tonight's train."

Sam Horne's eyebrows rose. "I thought you had to survey a road before you started to build it."

"I can run a hand level," Tully said dryly. "All Alec will need are some grade stakes to go by, and a hand level is plenty accurate for that. Just so a four-wheel drive can get up and down it without too much grief."

Now Tully looked at Kevin. "Mr. Russel, are there six good miners in this town that the Mahaffey hasn't hired?"

"The best ones won't work for Hodes," Kevin said quietly. "There are more than six."

"Can we round them up by noon?" Tully asked. "I've got a cook already located—also a couple of wall tents and enough lumber for floors and sides. I got hold of a trailer this afternoon. We'll load it with a stove and the rest of this junk so that when Alec pioneers the road with the 'dozer we can set up shop in a hurry. By the time Alec has made his second trip and picked up the compressor and hoist, we'll have a roof over the men and be ready to mine. By the time we've got the ore-bin built, we should have something to put in it." He paused. "How does that sound?"

"Like you'd been operating," Sarah Moffit said.

"What have I forgotten, Mr. Russel, not counting powder, fuse and caps, and your own drilling and hoisting equipment?"

"We'd have use for a forge and coal," old Kevin said. "It would be a good idea if one of your miners is a blacksmith too. You better get four hundred yards of inch pipe with enough sawdust to insulate it. You'll be that far from the creek if you make your camp at number one shaft."

Sarah poured coffee then, and the talk went on. His hand shaking with excitement, old Kevin drew for them on a piece of cheap tablet paper the course of the ore body as he had followed its exposures through the ten claims.

Sam Horne, ignorant of everything but the most superficial mining talk, listened with open fascination. Presently he drained his cup and shoved it toward the center of the table. "Rakes and drifts," he murmured, "foot walls and hanging walls, yakety-yak-yak-yak. I'd better brush up on all this double talk if this is going to be a mining town again." He rose then and reached for his coat hanging over the back of his chair. Suddenly he frowned, his gaze settling on old Kevin. "Has this mine got a name yet, Mr. Russel?"

"Yes, sir," old Kevin said promptly. "It's the Sarah Moffit Mine."

Sarah, who was standing behind her chair, went over and put a hand on his shoulder. "That's a bigger honor than having the Golden Gate Bridge named after me, Pop," she said. "Thank you."

"The Sarah Moffit," Sam Horne said. "That's a prettier name than the Home Stake or the Camp Bird, Mr. Russel, even if it isn't in tradition."

"One of the largest nuggets of silver ever mined—eighteen hundred and forty pounds plus—came from a mine in Aspen, Colorado, called the Molly Gibson," old Kevin said slyly.

Sam Horne grinned. "Have I said anything right tonight?" he asked, heading for the door. "I'd better be going."

The others rose too then, and as they went into the living room Alec said, "The jeep's outside. Want a shaking up before you go to sleep?"

Sarah looked up at Tully. "I'd like to walk home if your flashlight will last that long."

"No takers, Alec. See you tomorrow," Tully said.

Alec went out, and afterward Sarah and Tully said good night to Kevin and stepped out into the cool evening. Sarah slipped her arm through Tully's and they set out on the weed-bordered path to town.

SARAH was humming softly, and Tully glanced down at her in the dark. "You sound happy," he said.

"I've got a mine named after me," she answered, "a great big rich mine."

"Your name will bring us luck," Tully told her.

"Well, it always brought me luck," Sarah said.

A fatherless girl drudging at a dull job didn't usually consider herself especially lucky, Tully thought. "How do you figure that?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Sarah said. "I had more fun when I was a kid than any ten girls I know. We lived in a big brick house like the Hodes house. I had banisters to slide down, a big attic to hide in, two ponies—one black, one brown—and five Llewellin setters to play with. My dad taught me to fish dry flies and to hunt elk and how to run a trap line. Did you know I caught a lynx once?"

"Is that good?"

"Good? The pelt was in Harmer's store window for over a year."

"Well, then it must be good," Tully said, and both of them laughed.

There was an engaging simplicity about this girl that made Tully feel good, and for a moment his scheming, his worries and his dim sense of guilt were forgotten. He asked curiously, "Was your dad in the mining business?"

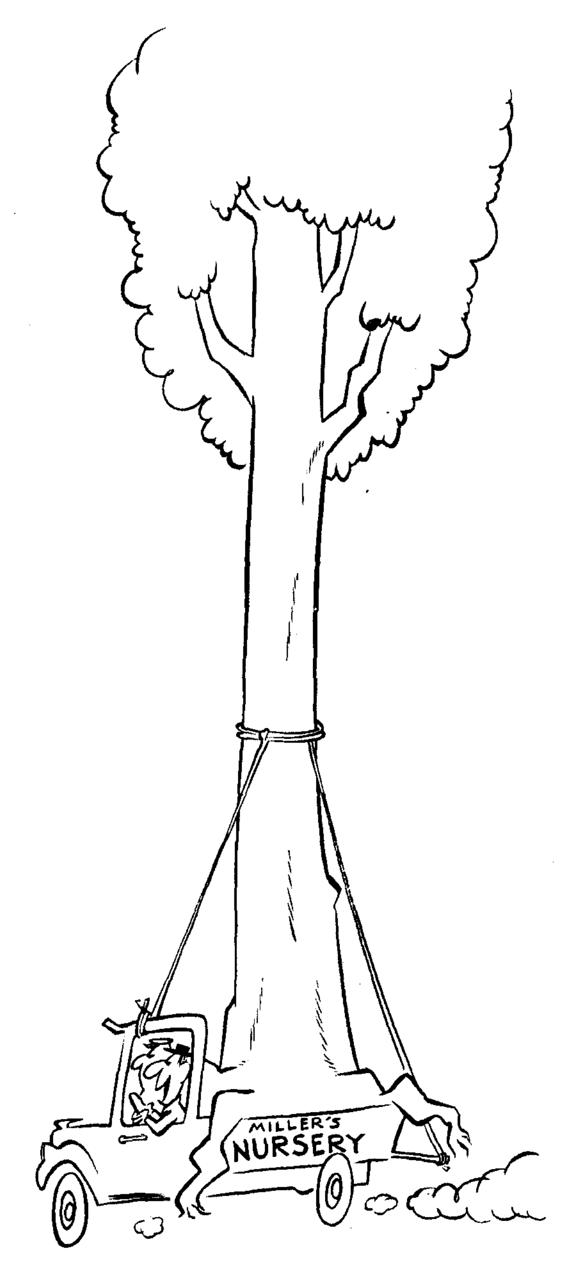
"Mother's father was. Dad took over after he died. You probably never heard of the Hawley Mine. Dad ran it until the shaft got so deep he couldn't combat the water. We were in low-grade silver then and we couldn't buy new pumps."

They were in town now, and as Tully turned the corner toward the Moffit apartment, he remembered his first night here and the imperious girl in the red convertible. At the moment, he found it hard to connect her with Sarah Moffit.

They slowly climbed the stairs of the Moffit apartment arm in arm, and halted before the door to Sarah's apartment.

Sarah put out her hand and Tully took it. "I'd ask you in, but I'm a working girl." She smiled and added, "As of tomorrow you're a working lad too."

"The proletariat has to stand together," Tully said mockingly. And then, on impulse, he took her in his arms. He let the kiss linger a moment longer than he had intended, then broke slowly away from Sarah. He looked deep into her eyes as he murmured,



"Boy! I was beginning to think we never *would* sell this one!"

COLLIER'S JOHN GALLAGHER

"Good night." Then he turned and swiftly descended the stairs. . . .

It was Monday night and the Elks clubrooms were almost deserted. Ben Hodes strode through the reading room and went into the empty billiard room. He poured a drink from his own bottle, pulled off his coat and set about playing a solo game of billiards.

It was no good. Finally, with a violence that he could not control, he drove two balls off the table, racked his cue and sat down heavily in an armchair against the wall, an angry bafflement within him.

In the past two days the whole pattern of his life had changed. All he had liked and grown used to and accepted as his own was now threatened—and by a complete stranger. The Vicksburg claims were slipping away from him and, more important, so was Sarah. When he had called her apartment earlier that evening her mother had told him she was at Kevin Russel's—there with Gibbs, no doubt, listening to him crow over his great victories. Unless he acted decisively now, Ben thought, everything would be lost.

This afternoon, to check Byers' story of what had gone on in the commissioners' meeting, he had told Olive Lindsay, his bookkeeper, to call the Unita Construction Company in Galena to find out whether Gibbs had ordered a bulldozer. He had not only ordered one, but it had been loaded on that day's train and was probably on the Azurite siding right now.

CAREFULLY, Ben considered what advantages lay with him and the Mahaffey. Tully had a hundred and twenty days to build a road and to move enough high-grade ore to the mill and smeltery to pay back the ten-thousand-dollar loan. If he didn't come through, then Ben could attach his assets. And his assets were a share in the Vicksburg claims. His obvious move, then, was to put every possible obstruction in the way of Tully's completing the road and moving the ore. That's it, Ben thought, and immediately he knew the man to do the job.

He put on his coat, left the club and headed for the least prosperous section of town. There, at a dark intersection, Ben halted to get his bearings. Then he entered a narrow alley and walked down it, between rotting sheds, until he came to a small unlighted building. For a moment Ben hesitated, then he knocked loudly. Presently, a sleep-dulled voice called from inside, "Get the hell away from here!"

"It's me, Ben Hodes. Let me in, Arnie." There was a sound of movement in the shack, and then a light went on and the door opened. A gangling barefoot figure in rumpled underwear stood in the doorway. This was Arnie Lind.

"Come in, Ben, come in. I thought you was a drunk on his way home," Arnie said.

Ben stepped into the squalid kitchen-bedroom. Arnie shut the door behind him, then went over to the chair over which his pants were draped. He removed the pants, swung the chair out and said, "Sit down, Ben."

Ben eased himself into the chair, regarding Arnie, who was a wiry but big-boned man. His hands were huge and permanently grease-stained, since he was a machinist at the Mahaffey's mill. Ben had chosen Arnie because he lived and drank alone and because he owed the Hodeses a certain loyalty. Ben's father, years ago, had got Arnie out of a serious knifing scrape. Arnie was reliable up to a point, thoroughly dishonest and sufficiently taciturn.

When Arnie, still barefoot but wearing his pants now, sat down on the edge of the bed, Ben saw that his small, pale eyes, cunning as a homeless dog's, were regarding him with covert speculation.

"Something break down at the mill?" Arnie inquired.

Ben ignored the question. "Arnie," he began, "I've got a new job for you. I want a man I can trust, a man who won't talk and a man with some sense—and I'll pay well."

"For what?" Arnie asked.

Ben considered his freshly lighted cigarette a moment, wondering whether to give Arnie the whole story. He decided he'd have to if Arnie was to operate with any understanding of what was required of him. Accordingly, he told Arnie of Tully Gibbs's new partnership with Kevin Russel to mine the Vicksburg claims. He related with complete candor his own ambitions to get those claims for the Mahaffey. This was something Arnie could appreciate, and he grinned faintly.

"You see how it is," Ben explained. "This Gibbs is racing against winter. He's got a hell of a job getting in that road, and he hasn't got the really big dough to rent lots of equipment and swing it in a hurry." He paused. "I want you to see that he doesn't get it in."

Arnie, not committing himself, was silent.

"There's a hundred things you can do, Arnie," Ben went on. "He's renting some equipment in Galena, and you can find out what equipment he's rounding up here and foul it up. When we find out who's working for him, maybe we can reach them. Understand, I don't want anybody hurt, but I want Gibbs to run into so much grief that he'll be absolutely stalled. How does it sound?"

Arnie stared at the floor, then shrugged. "I got a job to take care of at the mill, Ben," he said.

"I thought of that," Ben said. "Tomorrow, pretend you dropped something on your hand. Get it bandaged up, come in to me and ask to go see Doc Richards. That'll give you three or four days off. Hang around town and see what you can find out about Gibbs's plans. Check with me and then do the job at night. How about it?"

Ben saw the sly amusement mount in Arnie's eyes. Once the financial side of it was taken care of, Ben guessed, Arnie's natural inclination to delinquency would win out.

"Okay with me," Arnie said softly. "When do I start?"

"Tonight."

BY THE time Beth Hodes had the dinner dishes washed, Ben had left the house. She had no idea where he'd gone and cared even less. But there was the whole evening before her. She wondered bitterly what would happen if she went to the telephone and called up Frank Nichols, Sam Horne or even Tully Gibbs and asked one of them to drop over for a drink. With a kind of wry self-derision she thought: Nobody in his right mind invites a beating from Ben.

But she could not shake off the feeling of deep restlessness. She turned down the living-room lights, got a coat from the hall closet and went out. Turning toward the outskirts of town, she walked briskly, and in an hour she had half circled the town and found herself at the south end of Main Street.

Tired now, she turned up Main and into the dimly lighted business section. As she passed the hotel she heard the lobby door open behind her and a man's voice say, "Why, hello, Beth!" She turned and saw that it was Sam Horne. "If I didn't know who it was, I'd swear you were a dame looking for a pick-up," Sam went on.

Remembering yesterday, Beth found it hard to meet his glance, but she decided to adopt his own flippant tone of voice. "How do you know I'm not?" she asked.

Sam slipped his arm through hers and said, "All right. You've made the grade." His easy manner put Beth at ease. "How about a cup of coffee and a doughnut?" he asked.

"Two doughnuts," Beth said. "I think I've walked three miles tonight."

Sam glanced briefly at her. "That business yesterday upset you?" he asked.

"Shouldn't it have?"

Sam didn't answer. He steered her into the empty restaurant and gestured toward a booth on the right-hand side. When they were seated, Sam gave their order and then said irrelevantly, "You know, Kevin Russel's already fed me five cups of coffee tonight, and here I am again. The way I'm going at it, you'd think it was alcohol."

When Beth laughed, Sam said abruptly, "You know, you're damned pretty, Beth. Did anyone ever tell you that?"

Beth smiled faintly and shook her head.

"Ben never gives anyone a chance to, does he?" Sam said.

Beth felt suddenly uncomfortable, and she could not meet Sam's friendly gaze. The cook interrupted them then, with their coffee and doughnuts. When he had gone, Sam folded his arms on the tabletop. "You know," he said conversationally, "you're one of the few women I know who's scared. Like the ladies you read about in books from the rental library who are always cowering in some corner. You'd make a damn' good corn-ball heroine."

As Beth listened, her anger began to rise. She knew Sam saw it, because he smiled. "Your next line should be, 'I didn't come here to be insulted,' " he told her.

"I'm not reaching for a line. I'm just listening," Beth said coldly.

"And thereby admitting it's true?" Sam insisted.

"I guess," she said.

"Then why the hell don't you do something about it?" Sam asked vehemently. "Get out of that big house, Beth. Get a room. Get a job. Cook your own meals and ask the boys up. If Ben bothers you, call in the law. You're over twenty-one and you're fancy-free, at least in theory."

THE truth of his words galled Beth deeply. And she was aware now of the gentleness in Sam's eyes behind his glasses.

"You're just lazy," Sam said accusingly. "You're—"

Beth interrupted him. "I can finish it, Sam," she said. "I'm used to good living, and I like our house."

Sam nodded. "You like it well enough to put up with what happened yesterday?" he asked.

"I'm sorry about that."

"No, you're not." Sam's voice was rough. "If you were, you'd do something about it."

"But what can I do?" Beth asked him. "All I know how to do is cook and keep house. The only reason I learned that is because I was bored."

"Got any money?" Sam prodded.

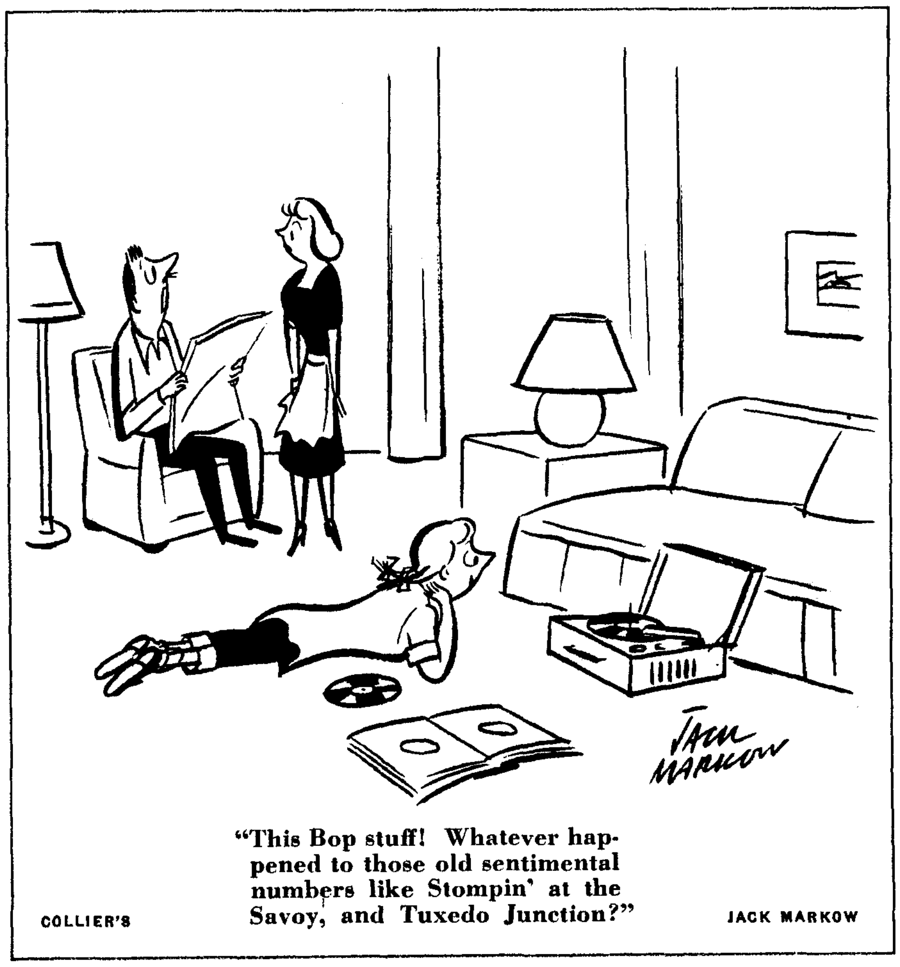
"Enough to keep me," she said. "So what do I do—rent a dirty little room and buy a gas plate?"

"You get a job. After that the room won't seem dirty and you won't mind the gas plate." Sam paused. Then suddenly he said, "Can you spell?"

"Yes."

Sam seemed startled. "That's the first positive statement I ever heard you make," he said.

"All right," Beth said. "But I can."



"This Bop stuff! Whatever happened to those old sentimental numbers like Stompin' at the Savoy, and Tuxedo Junction?"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

"Then how'd you like to work for me?" he asked.

Beth looked at him searchingly. She felt a wild hope for a moment and then it died. She said, "Thanks, Sam, but I can't write and you know it."

"You're not supposed to. All you'll do for a long time is write items like this: Oscar Johnson and the Misses Tillie and Georgia Johnson were visitors to Galena last Saturday. Just so you spell their names right. I'll pay you thirty bucks a week," Sam said; "more than I can afford."

Beth knew that Sam was exaggerating the simplicity of the job. She also knew that he was doing this partly out of pity for her and partly out of liking. If she could pay her way, the pity would vanish and the liking would remain. Lest she reconsider, she said recklessly, "I'll take it."

"On one condition," Sam said firmly. "You move out of that house first."

"I'll do that, too," Beth said.

Sam reached for the check and stood up. "Come on," he said, "I'll take you home. I'll probably try to kiss you too, so start worrying about that."

ALEC BACCHIONE, dressed in a clean pair of mechanic's cover-alls, lighted a cigar as he drove, while Tully marshaled in his mind the chores ahead of him today. They'd unload the cat in plenty of time to avoid a demurrage charge and then assemble their equipment by trailer. In the meantime, he must arrange for one of the crew whom Kevin had rounded up to come with him in Alec's jeep tomorrow to serve as leveling rodman for putting in the grade stakes.

Approaching the spur now, they saw the big yellow fifteen-ton bulldozer resting on the flatcar. When they swung onto the cinder-strewn siding, Alec braked to a stop and looked at the towering cat.

"Looks like it's in good shape," he said approvingly.

Tully spied the pile of ties mentioned by the station agent. To unload the cat they must first shore up the near side of the flatcar and build a ramp to the ground. For this, Tully had asked permission to use the ties.

"Let's check the cat first," Tully said.

Alec swung onto the flatcar to warm up the cat's motor. Tully, down by the jeep, suddenly heard Alec's startled profanity and he glanced up. "Come get a load of this!" Alec exclaimed.

Tully climbed up the flatcar and joined Alec on the cat's tread, and he saw Alec pointing mutely at the fuel pump. Its top was cracked and smashed, its sides stained by leaking Diesel oil. Tully swore softly under his breath and knelt to examine it. There was no mistaking the damage.

"What you figure?" Alec asked Tully bitterly.

"Looks like somebody took a sledge to it," Tully said grimly. "What's the roadbed like between here and Galena? Could a rock have fallen on it in one of those canyons?"

"Rock, hell!" Alec said angrily. "Funny it would pick the fuel pump to fall on." His glance held Tully's. "Who knew it was coming?"

Tully frowned. "That's just it—nobody," he said.

Alec shook his head. "Somebody knew it would be here."

"What'll it do to us?" Tully asked.

"Gimme a minute," Alec said sourly. He swung off the flatcar, lugged his toolbox out of the jeep and went to work dismounting the fuel pump. In a little while they knew the extent of the damage. It was not a thorough job of wrecking. Whoever had done it had been in a hurry.

"All right," Tully said flatly, "let's get on the phone. They may have repairs in Galena."

During the ride back to town, they did little talking. Tully directed Alec to drive to the courthouse and then lapsed into gloomy silence. The whole thing made no sense to him. Only Alec, Sam Horne, Sarah and Kevin knew about the cat's coming. It was true that the station agent could have known and informed Ben Hodes. Tully would check with Sarah on the agent.

Sarah was writing in a ledger when Alec and Tully stalked in. She looked inquiringly from one grim face to the other. Briefly, Tully described the condition in which they had found the cat. Then he asked, "What about the station agent, Sarah? Would he tattle to Hodes once he saw the bill of lading?"

"Ollie Harnes?" Sarah asked in surprise. "Hardly. Ben has made his life so miserable that Ollie hates him."

Alec Bacchione nodded. "That's out," he said.

"Then how did Hodes know?" Tully demanded.

The three of them looked at one another in silence. "Well," Sarah said slowly, "an RD-7 isn't easy to hide."

There was no answer to that, and now Tully wearily walked around the counter. "Sarah, may I make a call from your phone and pay the charges?"

Sarah nodded, and Tully pulled a blank piece of paper in front of him and began to list the parts needed. Then he picked up the telephone and called the construction company at Galena. Tully read from his list and asked if the parts were in stock. When they asked him for further details, he handed the telephone to Alec, who rattled off the necessary information.

When Alec hung up he said, "We couldn't have been luckier. They've had fuel-pump trouble on one of their RD-7s so they'd ordered a whole new unit that hasn't been installed yet. It's in their stock room. I can borrow a car and start right now."

Tully said, "Hold on a minute." He picked up the telephone, checked the long-distance charges, counted out the money on the desk and looked briefly at Sarah. "See you later," he said.

WHEN Tully and Alec had gone, Sarah walked over to the desk and sat down. There was no doubt in her mind that Ben Hodes was behind this sabotage. She stared, musing, at the change Tully had left on the desk.

Then her glance fell on the list of repairs Tully had written. Where've I seen this writing before? she wondered. It was curious, delicate, slanting, engineer's writing, individual as a thumbprint.

For several seconds she searched her memory, and then it came to her with shattering abruptness. This was the handwriting in the letters that Kevin Russel had received from Korea from his son Jimmy.

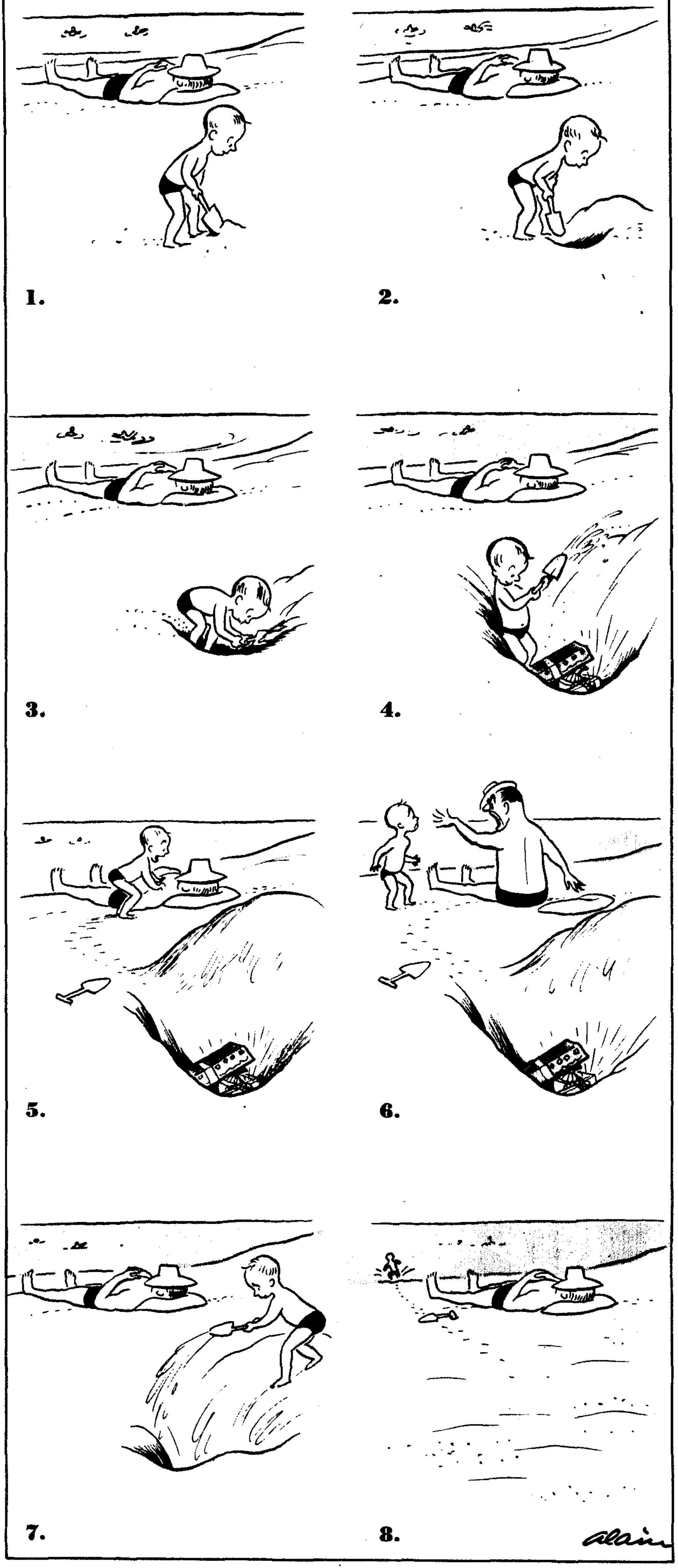
Sarah considered the implications of this knowledge. Tully had written those letters for Jimmy—letters in which Lieutenant Tully Gibbs had been praised as a friend and a hero. In one bleak moment Sarah, remembering that Tully had denied any knowledge of the letters, realized that Tully had composed them and used them for a single purpose: to obtain a half interest in the Vicksburg claims and the Sarah Moffit Mine.

—LUKE SHORT

(This is the second of four parts)

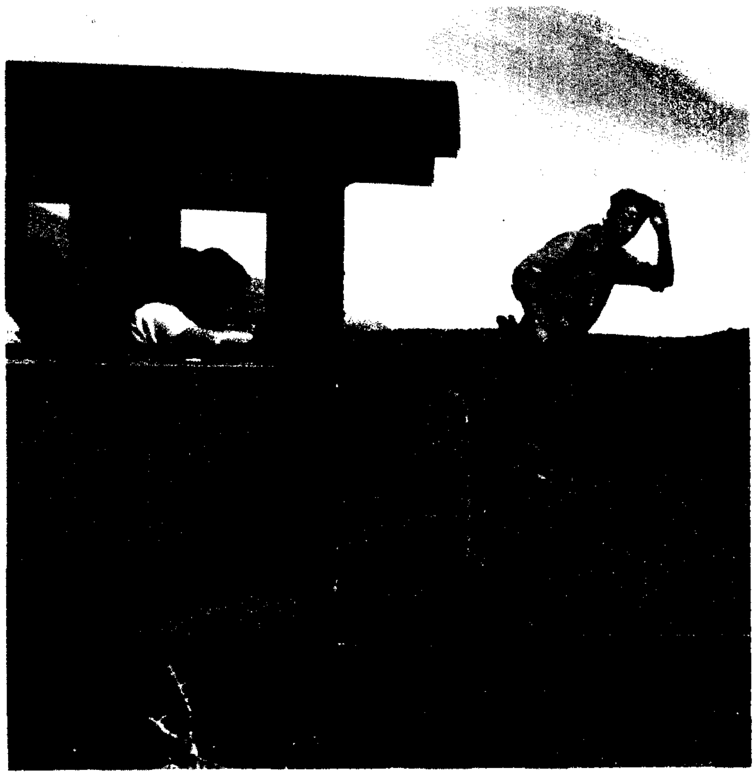
Treasure

By DANIEL ALAIN



THE HO-HO & HA-HA

The trains look as though they had been built for another century—as indeed most of them were. The newest locomotive is 45 years old

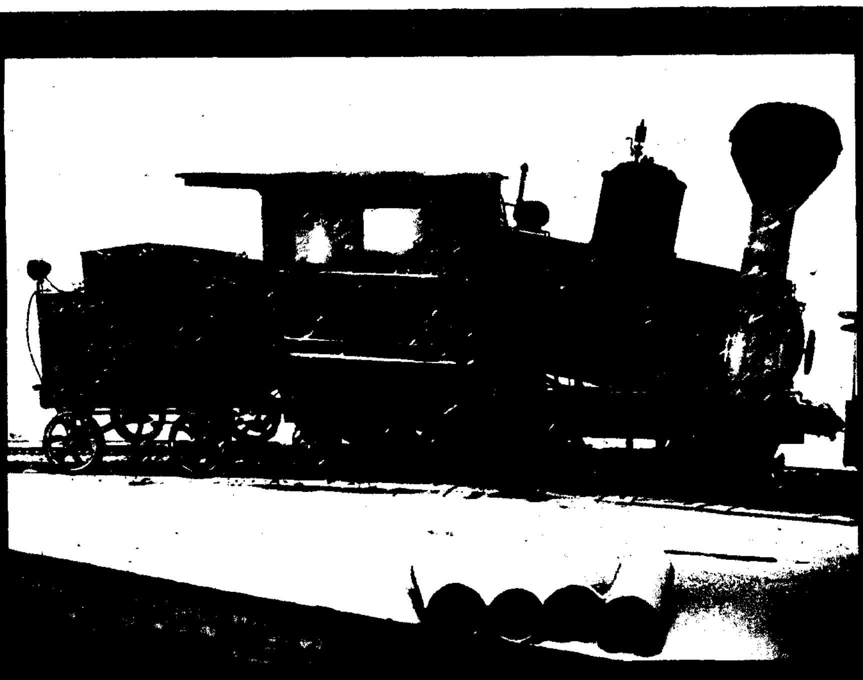


Left: Train climbs mountain at such a steep angle that brakeman Daniel Wieland, Jr., has to lean forward to maintain his balance. By tilting the camera to same angle as track, photographer makes Wieland appear to defy gravity. Below: Passengers on rear platform admire view on descent

RAILROAD

Halting the train to recover the fireman's shovel or even the engineer's false teeth is just routine on Mount Washington's Cog Railway—the country's screwiest railroad

By LEONARD A. STEVENS



The train often arrives at the summit in a blizzard. Locomotive boiler is tilted forward so that it will be level on steep slope

THE locomotive coughed as the engineer opened the throttle. Black smoke rose like a thunderhead over the smokestack. Water and soot shot into the air. Hot cinders rained down on the single coach in front of the locomotive. White, live steam blew across the station platform. The piston rods flew back and forth as though they were driving a fast express. The whole train began to vibrate, then lurched forward at top speed—four miles an hour. It was off for the summit of New Hampshire's Mount Washington, 6,288 feet high and some three miles away.

On this trip a few weeks ago, the passengers were VIPs—Dartmouth College officials, including President John S. Dickey, out to inspect their new property. The railroad had been bequeathed to Dartmouth by the late owner, Colonel Henry Teague.

The college officials settled back for the 70-minute ride to the top. But hardly five minutes had passed when the train jolted to a stop. The railroad's president, Arthur Teague (no relation of the colonel), jumped from the coach and ran back to the locomotive. In a minute he returned.

"The train will proceed," he announced, "as soon as the fireman recovers his shovel."

The fireman, Theodore Ely, Jr. (Dartmouth '54), of Rumford, Rhode Island, reported that the vibration had shaken his coal shovel from the engine and it had fallen into the bushes under the railroad's wooden trestle. The train didn't start until he'd found it.

Any other railroad might have demoted the fireman to roundhouse janitor. But the Mount Washington Cog Railway has almost as many eccentricities as crossties, and stopping for the fireman's shovel was just routine.

The Cog Railway has a right to be eccentric. It has a lot to live up to. It's the world's oldest mountain railroad. It's the world's steepest railroad. It's the world's windiest railroad. It runs over a patch of land that claims the "world's worst weather." And it travels through the world's most complicated railroad switches.

The man who thought up the Mount Washington Cog Railway was a wealthy Chicago meat packer who had already invented a coffee percolator. His name was Sylvester Marsh, and 101 years ago he hiked up Mount Washington to look at the view. A storm caught him on the mountainside and he had to spend a night in the open. He didn't enjoy the hike, but he did like the view, so he decided to build a railroad to the top. He figured enough people would be willing to pay for a ride to the summit to make the railroad a paying proposition.

When Marsh asked the New Hampshire legislature for a charter, the legislators concluded the mountain air had made him lightheaded, but gave him a charter anyway. One legislator even suggested they give Marsh a charter for a railroad to the moon.

The meat packer, undaunted by ridicule, spent 17 years building his mountain railroad. Everyone reckoned a train on a hill would slip, but Marsh solved the problem by literally gearing his train to the mountain. Along the center of the track he ran a cogged rail. Under the locomotive, he applied power to a cogged wheel which fitted into the rail. Then the train pulled itself up the mountain.

Old Peppersass Makes the First Trip

By 1869, Marsh had built all his track, and his first locomotive—named Old Peppersass because it looked like a peppersauce bottle on wheels—chugged to the summit. Ever since then, cog wheels have been hauling sight-seers to the top of Mount Washington.

While newfangled coffee makers have replaced Marsh's old-style percolators, his railroad still rattles along practically the way he left it. But you can't blame today's cog crews if they sometimes wish Marsh had confined his inventing to coffeepots. No other railroad has such problems to contend with.

Take the wind. Sometimes it blows so hard the fireman can't shovel coal: the gusts blow the coal off the shovel. In fact, Mount Washington boasts the world's highest confirmed wind velocity—231 miles an hour, recorded on the summit in 1934. Winds of hurricane force, 75 miles an hour, are common.

Because of the wind, the fireman sometimes gets a free shave, haircut and eyebrow plucking. As the train climbs the mountain, a stiff gust may zoom down the slopes into the smokestack and firebox. If the firebox door is open, the fireman may be engulfed in a tongue of flame reaching five or six feet back into the cab. The flame is momentary, but it will singe off every hair within reach.

When the wind hits 70 miles an hour, the trains quit running. But the wind can cause plenty of trouble even when it's below 70 miles an hour. Firemen's shovels become airborne. Crewmen's railroad caps disappear. Steel refuse barrels vanish from engine coal tenders. And once a train stopped while the crew searched for the engineer's glasses, blown off by the wind.

What the wind doesn't steal, vibration will. Marsh's cog wheels never fitted the cog rail smoothly, and a trip on the railroad is like riding a hayrack over corrugated metal.

The engineer is forever tightening bolts and nuts. Shovels and pokers rattle off the train. A couple of years ago, engineer Mike Boyce had his false teeth shaken out of his mouth; the train stopped until he found them.

Besides tangling with the world's highest recorded winds, the trains have to combat what railroad officials are sure is the world's worst weather. The train operates only from May to October, but even in midsummer it's sometimes so cold near the summit that passengers could be forgiven for thinking it's January. On August 22, 1952, the ice was so thick on the rails that the trains had to stop.

Marsh's railroad track has withstood the weather and the vibration well, even though the rails are mounted on a wooden trestle from top to bottom. Teague's "gandy dancers," most of them carpenters, are constantly replacing ties, stringers and sway braces, which begin to rot after about 25 or 30 years.

Sometimes the wooden parts need replacing for other reasons, too. Mountain porcupines frequently eat a tasty crosstie or sway brace. But a much greater threat is the hot cinders that shoot from the locomotives' smokestacks and the burning coals that drop from their bottoms. Every now and then a crosstie starts to smolder behind a train. Then the engineer and fireman stop the train and run back to squelch the fire.

Naturally, railroading on Mount Washington isn't all a struggle against fire, ice, wind and vibration. The seven locomotives haul a payload of some 35,000 "goofers" a season. To local mountain climbers, anyone who won't walk up Mount Washington is a "goofer." Less critical mountain folk call most of the passengers "tourists."

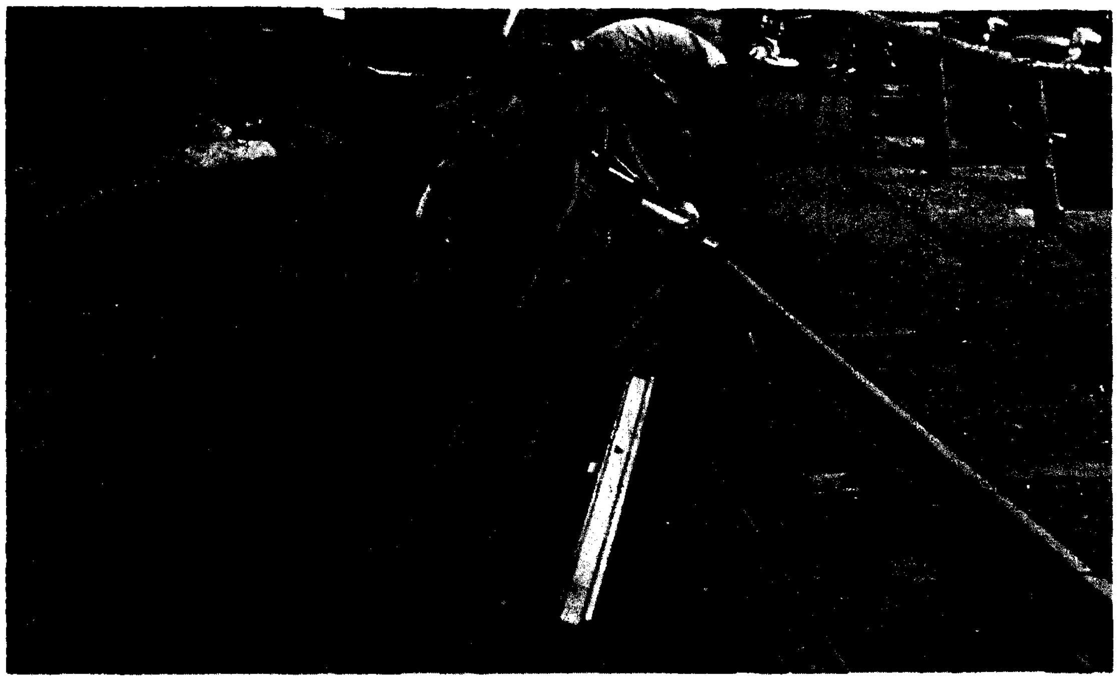
Tourists, as Marsh thought they would, willingly pay for a train ride with a good view. But a tourist's first look at a cog train might well make him consider buying his view elsewhere. He notes the railroad track is steep; for every four feet forward, the track rises an average of one foot. There are stretches where the train must lift itself nearly 15 feet in its own length (45 feet).

If the sight of the track doesn't discourage a tourist, a look at the train itself may. It's enough to unnerve almost anybody except an antique dealer. The coach is as streamlined as an orange crate. The locomotive's oversized smokestack flares at the top, and the boiler appears to droop with age: its front end is lower than its back end.

But if the tourist thinks the relic is unsafe, he's wrong. It hasn't killed a paying passenger yet. The

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Summit-bound train disappears into cloud cloaking Mount Washington. Even if there are no low clouds, passengers can't always see the view; locomotive smoke may engulf coach



Mount Washington Cog Railway has the most complicated switches in the world. To throw a switch, brakeman must lift or slide seven separate pieces of rail and move two levers

newest locomotive was built in 1908, and most of the other equipment started out in the late nineteenth century, but few of the original parts are still there. They've been replaced over and over. As for the drooping boiler, it's built that way to keep the water level on steep inclines.

Most tourists decide to live dangerously. They buy $4.60 round-trip tickets and board the coach, which is always in front of the locomotive. Forty-eight passengers make a full load.

Now it's the seats that are out of kilter. They slant forward. Passengers can be forgiven for thinking they'll slide to the floor if they sit down. But, when the train starts, they find the slant is a good idea. It keeps them level as the train climbs the mountain.

A goofer sitting in a back seat gets hot because the locomotive's steaming boiler is only five feet behind him. He puts his window down for air. Everyone else figures it's the thing to do, so down go all the windows.

The engineer opens the throttle. Cinders and black smoke roll from the smokestack. The sky darkens. So does the inside of the coach if the wind is west. Smoke and cinders pour through the windows. Up go the windows.

Minutes later, as the train bumps up the mountainside, several of the windows go down again, this time from the vibration; it shakes them off the ledges that hold them up. Smoke rolls into the coach. Passengers work frantically to put the windows up again.

But the constantly widening view more than makes up for the discomforts. Then, too, there are sometimes unexpected sights. During one summer, bug-eyed goofers occasionally saw a man run up the mountain in front of the train—and beat it to the summit by 20 minutes. He was Kenneth Anderson, of Hanover, New Hampshire, a railroad employee in the summer and a cross-country runner at Dartmouth in the winter. He ran up the mountain once a day for exercise.

As the train gains altitude, the brakeman opens the front door of the coach and walks down the aisle to check the rear platform. He looks fit, but he walks like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Actually, he's standing straight according to gravity; it's the train that's tilted.

About 20 minutes after starting, each train stops for water at a mountainside tower. While the passengers wait, many are dismayed to see the brakeman rip apart the track in front of the train. At least it appears that way. Actually he's throwing a switch. It's the most complicated railroad switch in the world. It takes nine separate operations to throw it—lifting or sliding seven pieces of rail and throwing two levers.

After taking on water—the locomotive boils away 1,000 gallons on the trip up—the train pulls onto a sidetrack to allow another train to go down the mountain. After some more nine-part switching, the upward-bound train is soon above the tree line.

From here the view becomes magnificent. It's too bad that the passengers can't always see it. There are times when the wind engulfs the train in locomotive smoke. Then the train often "flies blind" through the middle of a cloud.

When the cog train shudders to a stop on the summit, the goofer eagerly heads for the door to get some of that good old mountain air. He gets it, all right. Sometimes it hits him with such force that he falls flat on his back. Here on one of the world's windiest known pieces of land, hats and small children are to be hung onto, and women's hairdos move into the past tense.

Besides losing the waves in their hair, women passengers occasionally lose their dignity to the wind. Last summer a woman with a low-cut dress dropped her pocketbook. As she bent over to pick it up, a gust of wind struck from the rear. Her dress sailed over her head and went flying off toward the edge of the mountain—with its owner in pursuit. The dress finally snagged on a rock, where the embarrassed owner recovered it.

High Praise From a Famous Showman

If the day is clear, the passenger finds that the trials of the cog ride have been worth it. The view at the summit is breath-taking. P.T. Barnum called it "the second greatest show on earth." The scenery includes the northern half of New England, and parts of New York, Canada and the Atlantic Ocean. You can see for about 130 miles.

For passengers who don't like to rough it on the summit, the railroad operates a hotel about 20 feet from where the train stops. If a passenger desires, he can stay overnight to watch a beautiful sunset and sunrise, and to rest up for the ride down.

As he stands on top of the mountain, a passenger often takes a nervous interest in the question of how the train will descend. "Has one of these things ever run away?" he asks.

Actually a train once did run away. Several years ago, an engineer left his train outside the mountain station and went inside for coffee. When he came out, the train was gone. He looked down the track in time to see the smokestack disappear over a ridge. Not far from there, the train flew off the tracks and crashed into a 2,000-foot ravine. It's still there today. Luckily nobody was aboard.

Forty-eight years after its retirement, the railroad's first locomotive, Old Peppersass, tried climbing the mountain in 1929 for a publicity stunt. On one of the steepest grades, its cog wheel broke and away it went. The crew jumped in time to save themselves, but a photographer riding the rear of the locomotive lost his life. Old Peppersass stayed on the rails for 2,100 feet before leaving the trestle and smashing on the rocks below. Today, however, its parts have been welded back together and it's on display outside the railroad's base station.

In normal operations, there's little chance for a a cog train to run away. The locomotive has four braking systems, any one of which can stop the train. The coach is above the locomotive. But even so, the coach has two sets of brakes of its own and a brakeman to operate them.

On the average trip, the descent is the most pleasant part of the ride. The vibration continues, but there's no smoke. The fire is banked because there's no need to build up steam. As the base station comes into sight, the passengers' confidence rises and everybody realizes there was nothing to worry about in the first place.

With this new confidence building up, someone may even ask the brakeman: "What does happen if the brakes let go?"

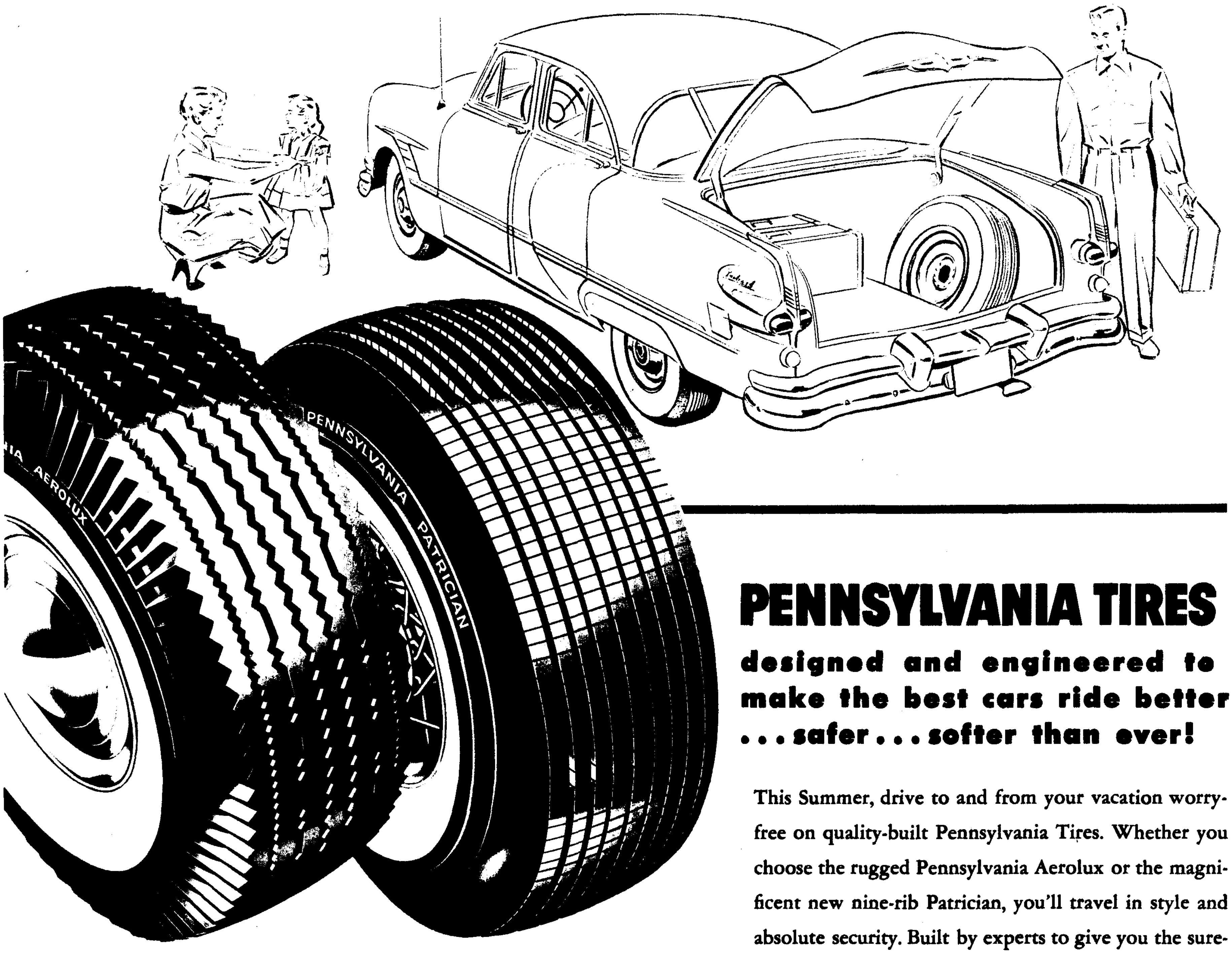
"Why, we have another set!" says the brakeman.

"And what happens if they all give out?"

"Well, lady, that depends on the kind of life you've led!" ▲▲▲

PENNSYLVANIA TIRES
BUILDERS OF THE PATRICIAN TIRE

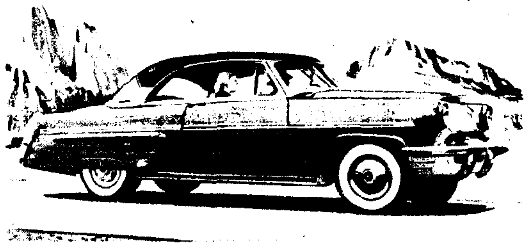
The Tire investment that insures a safe return!



PENNSYLVANIA TIRES

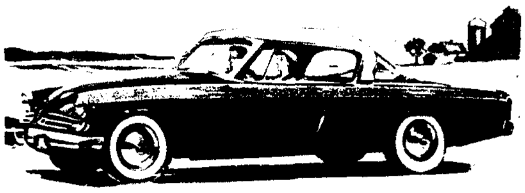
designed and engineered to make the best cars ride better ...safer...softer than ever!

This Summer, drive to and from your vacation worry-free on quality-built Pennsylvania Tires. Whether you choose the rugged Pennsylvania Aerolux or the magnificent new nine-rib Patrician, you'll travel in style and absolute security. Built by experts to give you the sure-footed traction and the tremendous stopping power so necessary for today's high-powered cars, Pennsylvania Tires bring you extra-value construction features...built-in features found *only* in the famed Pennsylvania Line. For round-trip protection this year and every year, change now to safety-engineered Pennsylvania Tires. And remember... everything you have rides on your decision.



FLEXOMATIC ACTION

The new and *exclusive* built-in safety factor that increases the sidewall flex area by a full 35%... an increase that means safer, softer, cooler running plus peak blow-out protection. Result of years of constant engineering research.



SAFETY-STRIATED TREAD

Thin precisely-placed braking channels running horizontally across the Patrician's tread, provide amazing talon-grip tread action for positive stopping power! Scientifically measured in depth to prevent mushing!

Tire Builders to the Nation for more than Half-a-Century

PENNSYLVANIA TIRE COMPANY
MANSFIELD, OHIO

The Devious Bachelor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Montrachet. He is, therefore, a connoisseur, possessing above all things an exquisite taste.

His Constables, Boningtons, Lautrecs, Renoirs, Vuillards are as fine as anything in the museums; and from the walls on which these wonders hang, there issues a little golden glow of splendor, a subtle emanation of grandeur in which he lives and moves and entertains with a sly nonchalance that is not entirely unpracticed.

He is invariably a bachelor.

You should know me well enough by now to judge me fairly and—dare I hope it?—to sympathize with me when you hear my story. You may even decide that much of the blame for what has happened should be placed not upon me, but upon a lady called Gladys Ponsonby. After all, she was the one who started it.

IT WAS last March, if I remember rightly. I had been dining with the Asshendens in that lovely house of theirs that overlooks the southern fringe of Regent's Park. There were a fair number of people there, but Gladys Ponsonby was the only one, besides myself, who had come alone; so when it was time for us to leave, I naturally offered to see her safely back to her house. She accepted, and we left together in my car; but unfortunately, when we arrived at her place, she insisted that I come in and have "a little nightcap," as she put it. I didn't wish to seem stuffy, so I told the chauffeur to wait and I went in.

Gladys Ponsonby is an unusually short woman, certainly not more than four feet nine or ten, maybe even less than that—one of those tiny persons who gives me, when I am beside her, the comical, rather wobbly feeling that I am standing on a chair. She is a widow, a few years younger than I, maybe fifty-three or -four, and it is possible that thirty years ago she was quite a fetching little thing.

In the living room she gave me a brandy, and we sat together on the sofa for a while discussing the Asshendens' party and the people who were there. "Tell me," she said finally, "what do you think of my new portrait?"

She indicated a large canvas hanging over the fireplace that I had been trying to avoid looking at ever since I entered the room. It was a hideous thing—painted, as I well knew, by a man who was now all the rage in London, a very mediocre painter called John Royden. It was a full-length portrait of Gladys, Lady Ponsonby, painted with a certain technical cunning that made her out to be a tall and quite alluring creature.

"Charming," I said.

"Isn't it, though! I'm so glad you like it."

"Quite charming."

"I think John Royden is a genius. Don't you think he's a genius, Lionel?"

"Well, that might be going a bit far."

"But everyone's queuing up, simply *queuing up* to get themselves done," Gladys said.

She sat silent for a while, sipping her brandy, and she knew I was watching her. Without turning her head, she glanced at me cautiously out of the corner of her eye. "Lionel, I think I'll tell you a secret," she said.

"Really, Gladys, I simply must get home."

"Don't be frightened, Lionel. I won't embarrass you."

"I'm not very good at secrets."

"I've been thinking," she said, "you're such a great expert on pictures, this ought to interest you." She sat quite still except for her fingers, which were moving and twisting all the time like a bunch of small white snakes wriggling in her lap. "This is probably the best-kept secret in London," she went on, "a woman's secret. I suppose it's known to about—let me see—about thirty or forty women altogether. And not a single man. Except him, of course—John Royden."

I didn't wish to encourage her, so I said nothing.

"But first of all, promise—*promise* you won't tell a soul?"

"Dear me!"

"You *promise,* Lionel?"

"Yes, Gladys, all right, I promise."

"Good! Now listen. I suppose you know John Royden paints only women?"

I admitted I didn't know.

"And they're always full-length portraits, either standing or sitting—like mine there. Now take a good look at it, Lionel. Do you see how beautifully the dress is painted?"

To my surprise, I noticed that the paint of the dress was laid on so heavily it was actually raised out from the rest of the picture.

"I think the best way is to describe what happened the very first time I went along for a sitting," Gladys said.

Oh, what a bore this woman is, I thought, and how can I get away?

"That was about a year ago, and I remember how excited I was to be going in to the studio of the great painter. I dressed myself up in a wonderful new dress I'd just bought, and a special little red hat, and off I went. Mr. Royden met me at the door and of course I was fascinated by him at once. He had a small pointed beard and thrilling blue eyes, and he wore a black velvet jacket. The studio was huge, with red velvet sofas and velvet chairs—he loves velvet—and velvet curtains and even a velvet carpet on the floor. He came right to the point. He told me about how he painted quite differently from other artists. In his opinion, he said, there was only one method of attaining perfection when painting a woman's body and I mustn't be shocked when I heard what it was.

" 'I don't think I'll be shocked, Mr. Royden,' I told him.

" 'I'm sure you won't either,' he said. He had the most marvelous white teeth and they sort of shone through his beard when he smiled. 'You see, it's like this,' he went on. 'You examine any painting you like of a woman—I don't care who it's by—and you'll see that although the dress may be well painted, there is an effect of artificiality, of flatness about the whole thing, as though the dress were draped over a log of wood. And you know why?'

" 'No, Mr. Royden, I don't,' I said.

" 'Because the painters themselves didn't really know what was underneath!' "

Gladys Ponsonby paused to take a few more sips of brandy. "Don't look so startled, Lionel," she said to me. "There's nothing wrong about this. Keep quiet and let me finish. So then Mr. Royden said, 'That's why I insist on painting my subjects first of all undraped. And when I've done you like that,' he went on, 'we'll have to wait a few weeks for the paint to dry. Then you come back and I paint on your underclothing. And when that's dry, I paint on the dress.' "

"The man's an absolute bounder!" I exclaimed.

"No, Lionel, no! You're quite wrong. If only you could have heard him, so charming about it all, so genuine and sincere. Anyone could see he really *felt* what he was saying."

"I tell you, Gladys, he's a bounder!"

"Don't be so silly, Lionel. And anyway, let me finish. The first thing I told him was that my husband, who was alive then, would never agree.

" 'Your husband need never know,' he answered. 'Why trouble him? No one knows my secret except the women I've painted.'

"And when I protested a bit more, I remember he said, 'My dear Lady Ponsonby, there's nothing immoral about this. Art is only immoral when practiced by amateurs.' I must say he was very convincing, so after a while I gave in, and that was that. So now, Lionel, my sweet, you know the secret."

"Gladys, is this really true?" I asked.

"Of course, it's true."

"You mean to say that's the way he paints all his subjects?"

"Yes. And the joke is, the husbands never know anything about it. All they see is a nice, fully clothed portrait of their wives. Of course there's nothing wrong with being painted disrobed—artists do it all the time—but our silly husbands have a way of objecting to that sort of thing."

"By gad, the fellow's got a nerve!" I said. I could see it all quite clearly now. This Royden was indeed a bounder, practicing as neat a piece of psychological trickery as I had ever heard of. The man knew only too well that there was a whole set of well-to-do indolent women in the city who got up at noon and spent the rest of the day trying to relieve their boredom with bridge and canasta and shopping, until the cocktail hour came along. All they craved was a little excitement, something out of the ordinary, and the more expensive the better. Why, the news of an entertainment like this would spread through their ranks like smallpox. I could just see the great plump Hermione Girdlestone leaning over the canasta table and saying, "But, my dear, it's *simply* fascinating! I can't *tell* how intriguing it is—*much* more fun than going to your doctor."

"You won't tell anyone, Lionel, will you? You promised," Gladys said.

"No, of course not. But now I must go, Gladys, I really must."

"Don't be so silly. I'm just beginning to enjoy myself."

I SAT patiently on the sofa. Her little buried eyes were still watching me in that mischievous, canny way. There was the look of serpents in those eyes, something sly and ominous about the way she sat there hunched up on the far side of the sofa, watching me, and I felt certain the woman was hatching out some further unpleasantness, or devilry or scandal.

Then suddenly, so suddenly that I jumped, she said, "Lionel, what's this I hear about you and Janet de Pelagia?"

"Now Gladys, please—"

"Lionel, you're blushing!"

"Nonsense."

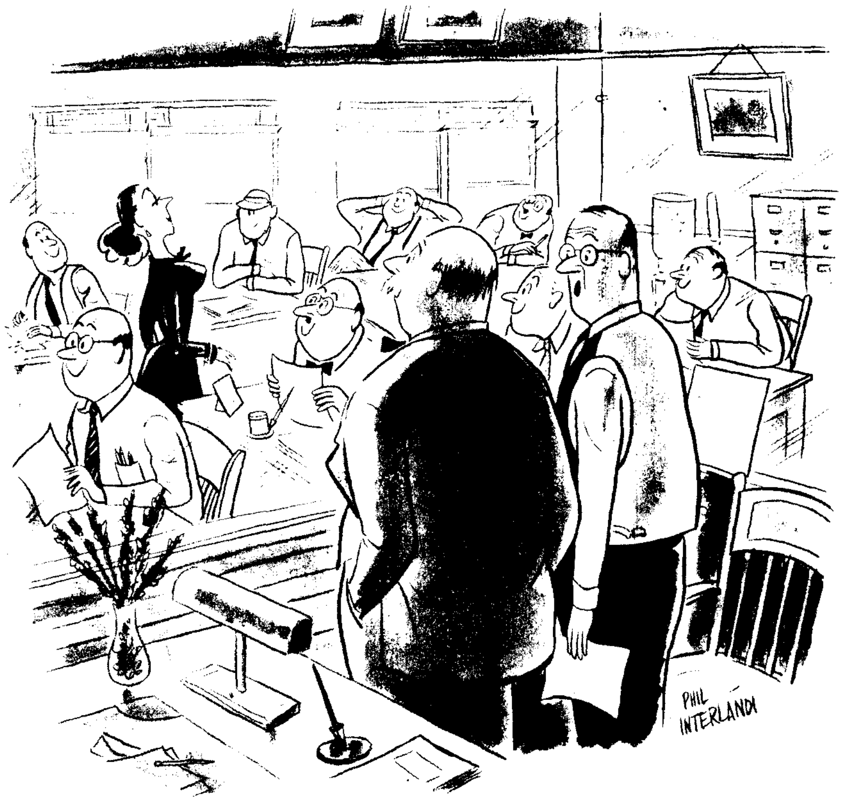
"Don't tell me the old bachelor has really taken a tumble at last?"

"Gladys, this is too absurd." I rose to go, but she put a hand on my knee and stopped me.

"Don't you know by now, Lionel, that there *are* no secrets?"

"Janet is a fine girl."

"You can hardly call her a girl," Gladys Ponsonby said. She paused. "But of course I agree with you, Lionel, she's a wonderful person in every way. Except," and now she spoke very



COLLIER'S "The way I figure it, every drink of water she gets costs us about ten man-hours" PHIL INTERLANDI slowly, "except that she *does* say some rather peculiar things occasionally."

"What sort of things?"

"Oh, just things, you know—about people. About you."

"What did she say about me?" I asked.

"Nothing at all, Lionel. It wouldn't interest you."

"Gladys, what did she say?"

WHILE I waited for her to answer I could feel the sweat breaking out all over me.

"Well now, let me see. Of course, she was only joking or I couldn't dream of telling you, but I suppose she *did* say how it was all a wee bit of a bore."

"What was?"

"Oh, going out to dinner with you nearly every night—that kind of thing." Gladys Ponsonby sat up straight. "If you really want to know, she said it was a crashing bore."

"What did she say then?"

"Now look, Lionel, there's no need to get so excited. I'm only telling you this for your own good."

"Then please hurry up and tell it, Gladys," I urged.

"It's just that I happened to be playing canasta with Janet this afternoon and I asked her if she was free to dine with me tomorrow. She said no, she wasn't."

"Go on."

"Well, what she actually said was, 'I'm dining with that crashing old bore Lionel Lampson.' "

"What else?"

"Now that's enough. I don't think I should tell the rest."

"Finish it, please!"

"Why, Lionel, don't keep shouting at me like that. Of course I'll tell you if you insist. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't consider myself a true friend if I didn't. Don't you think it's the sign of true friendship when two people like us—"

"Gladys! Please hurry."

"Good heavens, you must give me time to think. Let me see now, so far as I can remember, what she actually said was this . . ." And Gladys Ponsonby, sitting upright on the sofa with her feet not quite touching the floor, her eyes away from me now, looking at the wall, began cleverly to mimic the deep tone of that voice I knew so well. " 'Such a bore, my dear, because with Lionel one can *always* tell exactly what will happen *right* from beginning to end. For dinner we'll go to the Savoy Grill—it's *always* the Savoy Grill—and for two hours I'll have to listen to the pompous old fool droning away about pictures and porcelain—*always* pictures and porcelain; then, in the taxi going home he'll reach out for my hand, and he'll lean closer, and I'll get a whiff of stale cigar smoke and brandy, and he'll start burbling about how he wished, oh how he wished, he was just twenty years younger. And when we arrive at my house I'll tell him to keep the taxi, but he'll pretend he hasn't heard and pay it off quickly. And then, at the front door, while I fish for my key he'll stand beside me with a sort of silly spaniel look in his eyes, and I'll slowly put the key in the lock and slowly turn it, and then, very quickly, before he has time to move, I'll say good night and skip inside and shut the door behind me.' Why, Lionel! What's the matter, dear?"

At that point, mercifully, I must have swooned clear away. I can remember practically nothing of the rest of that terrible night. Later, I believe I walked out of the house and was driven home, but I remained more or less unconscious of everything around me until I woke up in my bed the next morning. . . .

"My date for tonight is a nuclear physicist, but in this place I consider myself lucky I met *anybody*"

COLLIER'S MARTHA BLANCHARD

I awoke feeling weak and shaken. I lay still with my eyes closed trying to piece together the events of the night before. What was it Gladys Ponsonby had said? Ah, yes. About me. About Janet and me! Those outrageous, unbelievable remarks! Could Janet really have made them?

I can remember with what terrifying swiftness my hatred of Janet de Pelagia now began to grow. It all happened in a few minutes, a sudden, violent welling up of a hatred that filled me till I thought I was going to burst. I tried to dismiss it but it was on me like a fever, and in no time at all I was hunting around for a method of revenge.

I am not normally a scheming person; I consider it an odious business and have had no practice in it whatsoever. But fury and hate can concentrate a man's mind to an astonishing degree, and in no time at all a plot was forming and unfolding in my head—a plot so superior and exciting that I began to be quite carried away at the idea of it.

BY THE time I had filled in details and overcome one or two minor objections, my brooding, vengeful mood had changed to one of extreme elation, and I remember how I started bouncing up and down absurdly on my bed and clapping my hands. The next thing I knew I had the telephone directory on my lap and was searching eagerly for a name. I found it, picked up the telephone and dialed the number.

"Hello," I said. "Mr. Royden? Mr. John Royden?"

"Speaking."

Well, it wasn't difficult to persuade the man to call around and see me for a moment. I'd never met him, but of course he knew my name both as an important collector of paintings and as a person of some consequence in society. I was a big fish for him to catch.

"Let me see now, Mr. Lampson," he said, "I think I ought to be free in about a couple of hours. Will that be all right?"

I told him it would be fine and gave my address.

I jumped out of bed. It was really remarkable how exhilarated I felt all of a sudden. One moment I had been in an agony of despair, contemplating murder and suicide and I don't know what; the next I was whistling an aria from Figaro in my bath. During my exercises, when I overbalanced doing a bend, I sat on the floor and giggled like a schoolboy.

AT THE appointed time, Mr. John Royden was shown in to my library and I got up to meet him. He was a small neat man with a slightly ginger goatee. He wore a black velvet jacket, a rust-brown tie, a red pull-over and black suède shoes. I shook his small neat hand.

"Good of you to come along so quickly, Mr. Royden," I said. After telling him again how much I admired his work, I got straight down to business. "Mr. Royden," I said. "I have a rather unusual request to make of you, something quite personal in its way."

"Yes, Mr. Lampson?" He was sitting in the chair opposite me and he cocked his head over to one side, quick and perky like a bird.

"Of course, Mr. Royden, I know I can trust you to be discreet about anything I say."

"Absolutely, Mr. Lampson."

"All right. Now my proposition is this: there is a certain lady in town here whose portrait I would like you to paint. I very much want to possess a fine painting of her. But there are certain complications. For example, I have my own reasons for not wishing her to know that it is I who am commissioning the portrait."

Royden smiled, a crooked little smile that only just came through his beard, and he nodded his head.

"Do you think you could get to meet her," I asked, "perhaps at a cocktail party or something like that?"

"Shouldn't be too tricky, Mr. Lampson," Royden agreed.

"Good, because what I suggest is this: that you go up to her and tell her she's the sort of model you've been searching for for years—just the right face, the right figure, the right-colored eyes. You know the sort of thing. Then ask her if she'd mind sitting for you free of charge. Say you'd like to do a picture of her for the Royal Academy show. I feel sure she'd be delighted to help you, and honored too, if I may say so. Then you will paint her and exhibit the picture at the Academy and deliver it to me after the show is over. No one but you need know that I have bought it."

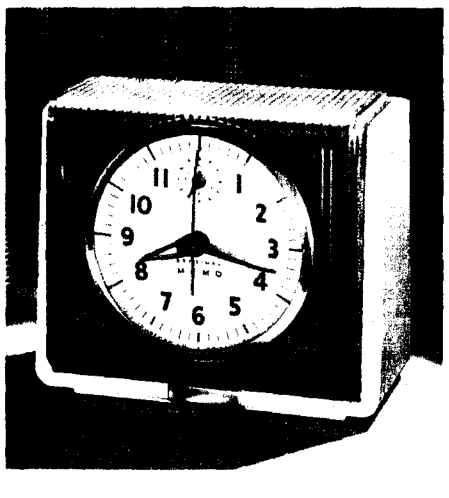
The small round eyes of Mr. John Royden were watching me shrewdly, I thought, and the head was cocked over to one side. He was sitting on the edge of his chair, and in this position, with his pull-over making a flash of red down his front, he reminded me of a robin on a twig listening for a suspicious noise.

"There's really nothing wrong about it at all," I said. "Just call it, if you like, a harmless little conspiracy being perpetrated by a—well—by a rather romantic old man."

"I know, Mr. Lampson, I know." He still seemed to be hesitating, so I said quickly, "I'll be glad to pay you double your usual fee."

That did it. The man actually licked his lips. "Well, Mr. Lampson, I must

Chimes a cheerful "good morning"



SENTINEL 'MEMO'

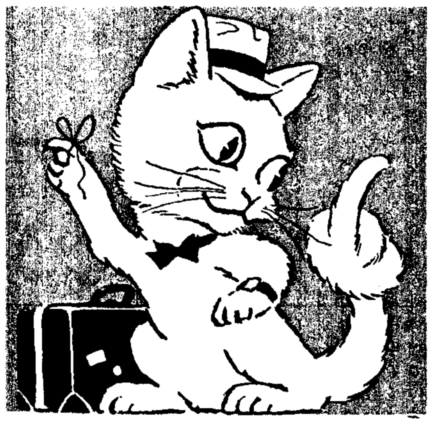
Self-starting electric that wakes you ever so gently with its exclusive pleasant CHIME-BELL alarm. Rings once, twice, three times and repeats. Beautiful see-deep ribbed sepia front, ivory case. Plain dial $5.95* . . . radium $6.95*

COMPARE Sentinel

for styling . . for quality . . for price!

*Plus Taxes

Made and guaranteed by
THE E. INGRAHAM CO., BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT



Remember, of all things, to carry SAFE, SPENDABLE

NCB TRAVELERS CHECKS

Be a smart copy cat! Safeguard your travel funds with National City Bank Travelers Checks, as millions of experienced travelers do. Spendable for anything, everywhere, and safer than cash. If lost or stolen you get your money back. Cost 75c per $100. Good until used. Buy them at your bank.

The best thing you know wherever you go

NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

Backed by The National City Bank of New York
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* **DERMOIL**

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE.** Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to** give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. **Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. **Write today** for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 3925 Strathmoor Station, Dept. 3423, Detroit 27, Mich.**

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.

Mothersill's

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.
for Adults & Children

THE WORLD OVER

MOTHERSILL'S TRAVEL REMEDY

AT DRUGGISTS

53

Stops Foot Itch

Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi

If your feet itch . . . if the skin between your toes is red, raw, cracked or peeling—lose no time. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. This famous formula is a *specific* for Athlete's Foot. Quickly relieves intense itching; kills fungi of the infection on contact; promotes rapid healing. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. At Drug, Shoe and Department Stores.

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

say this sort of thing's not really in my line, you know. But all the same, I would be a very heartless man to refuse such a, shall I say, such a romantic assignment?"

"I should like a full-length portrait, Mr. Royden, please. A large canvas about twice the size of that Manet on the wall there. And I should like her to be standing. That, to my mind, is her most graceful attitude."

"I quite understand, Mr. Lampson," Royden said. "And it will be a pleasure to paint such a lovely lady."

I expect it will, I told myself. The way you go about it, my boy, I'm quite sure it will. But I said, "All right, Mr. Royden, then I'll leave it all to you. And don't forget, please—this is a little secret between ourselves."

When he had gone, I forced myself to sit still and take twenty-five deep breaths. It was the only way to restrain myself from jumping up and shouting for joy, like an idiot. I had never in my life felt so exhilarated. My plan was working! The most difficult part was already accomplished. There would be a wait now, a long wait. The way this man painted, it would take him several months to finish the picture. Let me see—when did the Royal Academy open again? Next July, wasn't it? In about four months' time. Well, I would just have to be patient and wait.

I now decided, on the spur of the moment, that it would be best if I were to go abroad in the interim; and the very next morning, after sending a message to Janet telling her I had been called away, I left for Italy.

There, as always, I had a delightful time, marred only by a constant nervous excitement caused by the thought of returning to the scene of action.

EVENTUALLY I arrived back four months later, in July, on the day after the opening of the Royal Academy. I found to my relief that everything had gone according to plan during my absence. The picture of Janet de Pelagia had been painted, accepted and hung in the exhibition, and it was already the subject of much favorable comment both by the critics and the public. I myself refrained from going to see it, but Royden told me on the telephone that there had been several inquiries by persons who wished to buy it, all of whom had been informed that it was not for sale. When the show was over, Royden delivered the picture to my house and received his money.

I immediately had the portrait carried up to my workroom, and with mounting excitement I began to examine it closely. The man had painted her standing up in a black evening dress, and there was a red plush sofa in the background. Her left hand was resting on the back of a heavy chair, also of red plush, and there was a huge crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling.

Heavens, I thought, what a hideous thing! The portrait itself wasn't so bad. He had caught the woman's expression—the forward drop of the head, the wide blue eyes, the large, ugly-beautiful mouth with the trace of a smile in one corner. He had flattered her, of course. There wasn't a wrinkle on her face or the slightest suggestion of fat under her chin. I bent forward to examine the painting of the dress. Yes, here the paint was thicker, much thicker. At this point, unable to wait another moment, I threw off my coat and prepared to go to work.

I should mention here that I am myself an expert cleaner and restorer of paintings. The cleaning, particularly, is a comparatively simple process provided one has patience and a gentle touch, and those gentlemen who make such a secret of their trade and charge such shocking prices get no business from me. Where my own pictures are concerned, I always do the job myself.

I poured out the turpentine and added a few drops of alcohol. I dipped a small wad of absorbent cotton in the mixture, squeezed it out, and then gently, very gently with a circular motion, I began to work the black paint off the dress. I could only hope that Royden had allowed each layer to dry thoroughly before applying the next; otherwise the two would merge and the process I had in mind would be impossible. Soon I would know. I was working on one square inch of black dress somewhere around the lady's waistline and I took plenty of time, cautiously testing and teasing the paint, adding a drop or two more of alcohol to my mixture, testing again, adding another drop until finally it was just strong enough to loosen the pigment.

For perhaps a whole hour I worked away on this little square of black, proceeding more and more gently as I came closer to the layer below. Then a tiny pink spot appeared, and gradually it spread and spread until the whole of my square inch was a clear shining patch of pink. Quickly I neutralized with pure turpentines.

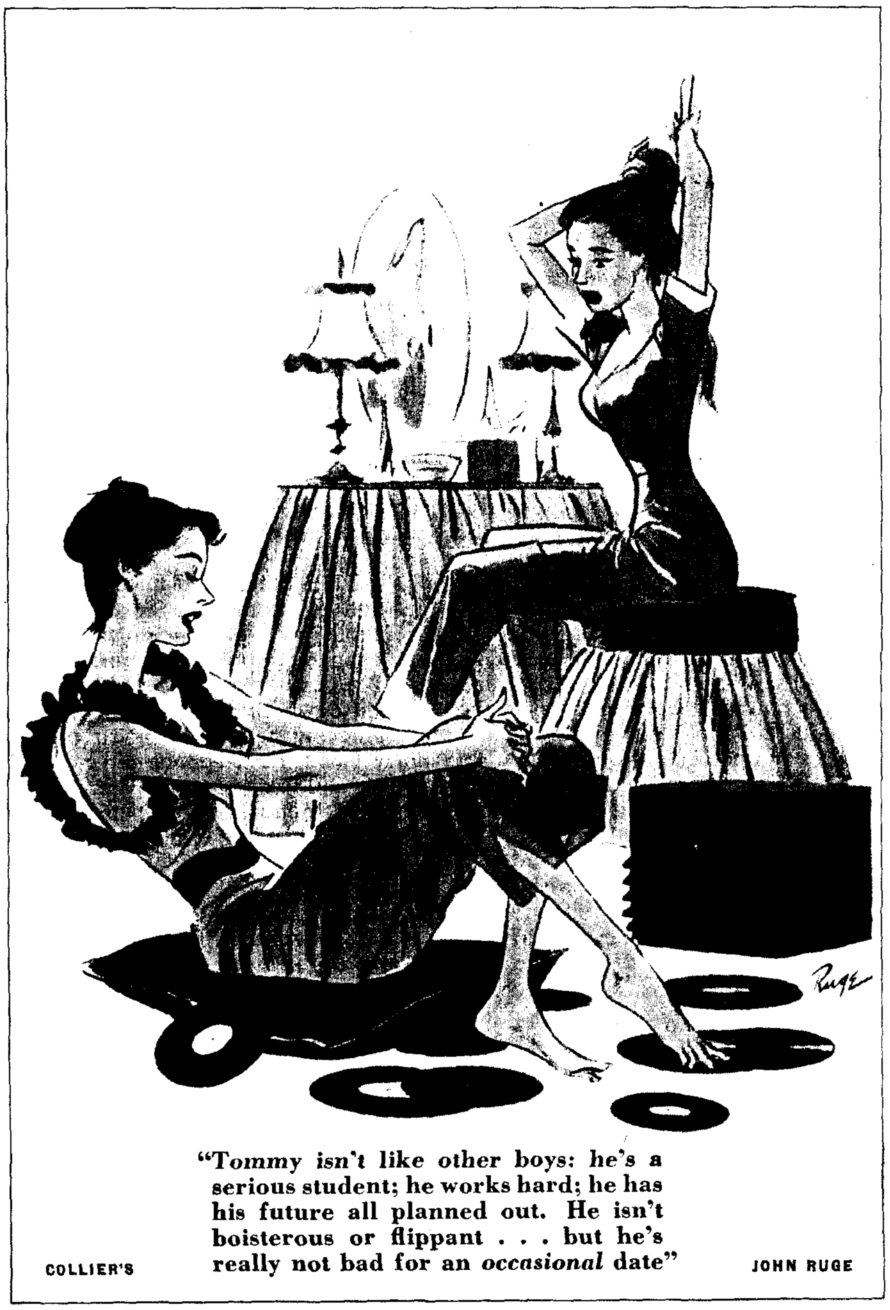
So far so good. I knew now that the black paint could be removed without disturbing what was underneath. So long as I was patient and industrious I would easily be able to take it all off. Also, I had discovered the right mixture to use and just how hard I could safely rub, so things should go much more quickly now.

I must say it was rather an amusing business. I worked first from the middle of her body downward, and as the lower half of her dress came away, bit by bit, onto my little wads of absorbent cotton, a queer pink undergarment began to reveal itself. I didn't for the life of me know what the thing was called, but it was a formidable apparatus constructed of what appeared to be a strong thick elastic material, and its purpose was apparently to contain and to compress the woman's bulging figure into a neat, streamline shape, giving a quite false impression of slimness.

THE whole thing seemed fantastic to me as I stepped back a pace to survey it. It gave me a strong sense of having somehow been cheated; for had I not, during all these past months, been admiring the sylphlike figure of this lady? She was a faker. No question about it. But do many other females practice this sort of deception, I wondered. I knew, of course, that in the days of stays and corsets it was usual for ladies to strap themselves up; yet for some reason I was under the impression that nowadays all they had to do was diet.

Dear me, I thought. One lives and learns.

But now, at last, the job was finished, and I stepped back again to take a final



COLLIER'S

"Tommy isn't like other boys: he's a serious student; he works hard; he has his future all planned out. He isn't boisterous or flippant . . . but he's really not bad for an *occasional* date"

JOHN RUGE

look at the picture. It was truly an astonishing sight—this woman, Janet de Pelagia, almost life-size, standing there in her pink garment in a sort of drawing room, with a great chandelier above her head and a red velvet chair by her side. She herself—and this was the most disturbing part of all—looked so completely unconcerned, with the wide, placid blue eyes, the faintly smiling ugly-beautiful mouth. Also, I noticed with something of a shock that she was exceedingly bowlegged, like a jockey. I tell you frankly, the whole thing embarrassed me.

I felt as though I had no right to be in the room, certainly no right to stare. So after a while I went out and shut the door behind me. It seemed like the only decent thing to do.

NOW for the next and final step! And do not image, simply because I have not mentioned it lately, that my thirst for revenge had in any way diminished during the last few months. On the contrary it had, if anything, increased; and with the last act about to be performed, I can tell you I found it hard to contain myself. That night, for example, I didn't even go to bed.

You see, I couldn't wait to get the invitations out. I sat up all night preparing them and addressing the envelopes. There were twenty-two of them in all, and I wanted each to be a personal note. *I'm having a little dinner on Friday night, the twenty-second, at eight. I do hope you can come along. I'm so looking forward to seeing you again . . .*

The first, the most carefully phrased was to Janet de Pelagia. In it, I regretted not having seen her for so long . . . I had been abroad . . . It was time we got together again . . . The next was to Gladys Ponsonby. Then one to Hermione, Lady Girdlestone, another to Princess Bichen, to Mrs. Cudbird, Sir Hubert Kaul, Mrs. Galbally, Peter Euan-Thomas, James Pisker, Sir Eustace Piegrome, Peter van Santen, Elizabeth Moynihan, Lord Mulherrin, Bertram Stuart, Philip Cornelius, Jack Hill, Lady Akeman, Mrs. Icely, Humphrey King-Howard, Johnny O'Coffey, Mrs. Uvary and the Dowager Countess of Waxworth.

It was a carefully selected list, containing the most distinguished men and the most brilliant and influential women in the top layer of our society.

I was well aware that a dinner at my house was regarded as quite an occasion; everybody liked to come. And now, as I watched the point of my pen moving swiftly over the paper, I could almost see the ladies, in their pleasure, picking up their bedside telephones the morning the invitations arrived, shrill voices calling to shriller voices over the wires. "Lionel Lampson's giving a party . . . He's asked you too? Well, my dear, how nice . . . His food is always *so* good. And *such* a lovely man, isn't he though?"

Is that really what they would say? It suddenly occurred to me that it might not be like that at all. More like this perhaps: "I agree, my dear, yes, not a bad old man . . . but a bit of a bore, don't you think? What did you say? Dull? But desperately, my dear. Did Gladys Ponsonby ever tell you what Janet de Pelagia once said about him? . . . Ah, yes, I thought you'd heard that one . . . Screamingly funny, don't you think? Poor Janet, how she stood it as long as she did I don't know . . ."

Anyway, I got the invitations off, and within a couple of days everybody with the exception of Mrs. Cudbird and Sir Hubert Kaul, who were away, had accepted with pleasure. . . .

At eight thirty on the evening of the twenty-second, my large drawing room was filled with people. They stood about the room admiring the pictures, drinking their Martinis, talking with loud voices. The women smelled strongly of scent, the men were pink-faced and carefully buttoned up in their dinner jackets. Janet de Pelagia was wearing the same black dress she had worn for the portrait, and every time I caught sight of her a kind of huge bubble-vision—as in those absurd cartoons—would float up above my head, and in it I would see Janet as she was now in the portrait.

I moved from group to group, chatting amiably with them all, listening to their talk. Behind me, I could hear Mrs. Galbally telling Sir Eustace Piegrome and James Pisker how the man at the next table to hers at Claridge's the night before had had red lipstick on his white mustache. On the other side, Lady Girdlestone was telling somebody where one could get truffles cooked in brandy, and I could see Mrs. Icely whispering something to Lord Mulherrin while his lordship kept shaking his head slowly from side to side like an old dispirited metronome.

Dinner was announced, and we all moved out.

"My goodness!" they cried as they entered the dining room. "How dark and sinister!"

"I can hardly see a thing!"

"What divine little candles!"

"But Lionel, how romantic!"

There were six very thin candles set about two feet apart from one another about the center of the long table. Their small flames made a little glow of light around the table itself, but left the rest of the room in darkness. It was an amusing arrangement, and it suited my purpose well. The guests soon settled themselves in their right places and the meal began.

They all seemed to enjoy the candlelight, and things went famously, though for some reason the darkness caused them to speak much louder than usual. Janet de Pelagia's voice struck me as being particularly strident. She was sitting next to Lord Mulherrin, and I could hear her telling him about the boring time she had had at Cap Ferrat the week before. "Nothing but Frenchmen," she kept saying. "Nothing but Frenchmen in the whole place."

FOR my part, I was watching the candles. They were so thin I knew it would not be long before they burned down to their bases. Also, I was highly nervous—but at the same time intensely exhilarated, almost to the point of drunkenness. Every time I heard Janet's voice or caught sight of her face shadowed in the light of the candles, a little bubble of excitement exploded inside me and I felt the fire of it running under my skin.

They were eating their strawberries when at last I decided the time had come. I took a deep breath, and in a loud voice I said, "I'm afraid we'll have to have the lights on now. The candles are nearly finished. Mary, oh, Mary, switch on the lights, will you please."

There was a moment of silence after my announcement. I heard the maid walking over to the door, then the gentle click of the switch, and the room was flooded with a blaze of light.

At that point, I got up from my chair and walked gently from the room, but as I went I saw a sight that I shall never forget as long as I live. It was Janet, with both hands in mid-air, stopped, frozen rigid, caught in the act of gesticulating toward someone across the table. Her mouth had dropped open two inches, and she wore the surprised, not-quite-understanding look of a person who, precisely one second before, has been shot right through the heart.

In the hall outside, I paused and listened to the beginning of the uproar, the shrill cries of the ladies, the outraged, unbelieving exclamations of the men; and soon there was a great hum of noise with everybody talking or shouting at the same time. Then—and this was the sweetest moment of all—I heard Lord Mulherrin's voice, roaring above the rest, "Here! Someone! Hurry! Give her some water quick!"

Out in the street, the chauffeur helped me into my car, and soon we were away from London and bowling merrily along the Great North Road toward this my other house, which is only ninety-five miles from town.

THE next two days I spent in gloating. I mooned around, half drowned in my own complacency and filled with a sense of pleasure so great that it constantly gave me pins and needles all along the lower parts of my legs.

It wasn't until this morning, when Gladys Ponsonby called me on the telephone, that I suddenly came to my senses and realized I was not a hero at all, but an outcast. She informed me—with what I thought was just a trace of relish—that everybody was up in arms against me, that all my old and loving friends were saying the most terrible things about me and had sworn never, never to speak to me again. Except her, she kept saying, everybody except her. And didn't I think it would be rather cozy, she asked, if she were to come down and stay with me a few days to cheer me up?

I'm afraid I was too upset, by that time, even to answer her politely. I put the telephone down and went away to weep.

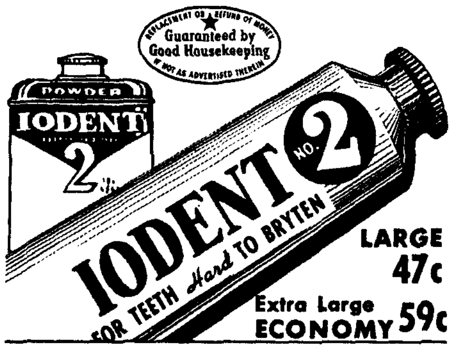
Then, at noon today, came the final crushing blow. The post arrived, and with it—I can hardly bring myself to write about it, I am so ashamed—came a letter, the sweetest, most tender little note imaginable, from none other than Janet de Pelagia. She forgave me completely, she wrote, for everything I had done. She knew it was only a joke, and I must not listen to the horrid things other people were saying about me. She loved me, as she always had and always would, to her dying day.

Oh, what a cad, what a brute I felt when I read this! And I felt even more so when I found that she had actually sent me, by the same post, a small present as an added sign of her affection—a half-pound jar of my favorite food of all, fresh caviar.

I can never resist good caviar. It is perhaps my greatest weakness. So although I naturally had no appetite for dinner this evening, I must confess I took a few spoonfuls of the stuff to console myself in my misery. It is even possible that I took a shade too much, because I havn't been feeling any too chipper this last hour or so. There's a queer burning sensation in my stomach, and my head is awfully hot. I think what I'll do is go up now and take some bicarbonate of soda, then I might lie down for a bit to rest my nerves. I can come back and finish this later.

You know, now that I come to think about it, I really do feel rather ill all of a sudden.

—ROALD DAHL



IODENT

Brighter Teeth for SMOKERS!

IODENT NO. 2

. . . is a toothpaste made and guaranteed by a Dentist "for teeth hard to bryten"

SAFELY ERASES "SMOKER'S SMUDGE"!

Twice daily use of special texture Iodent No. 2 is the safe, sure way to really clean your teeth—restore sparkle!

"IODENT YOUR MOUTH"

—the pleasant, clean way to fight tooth decay!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

LARGE 47¢

Extra Large ECONOMY 59¢

CORDORAMA . . . THE CORDUROY TRIMMED FLANNEL SPORTSHIRT HE'LL ENJOY WEARING

FRUIT OF THE LOOM SPORTSHIRTS

$2.99

Your best buy in tailoring and fabric plus the nation's most famous money-back guarantee. At value-giving stores everywhere.

COLONY SHIRT & PAJAMA CO., INC.
1270 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS

FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Here's Why . . .

Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

He Lives on

Makes a pretty good living off the little creatures, too. "Pappy" Quick has sold more than three billion of 'em in the last 17 years to farmers plagued by crop-eating pests

By JOHN KOBLER

Joyce Brunson shakes ladybugs into basin on Mount Ord, Arizona. Her husband, Lenard, and Herbert Quick (far right) gather bugs too

DURING midsummer and again around February, Sky Harbor Airport in Phoenix, Arizona, is the scene of strange arrivals and departures. By air express from other far Western states come cartons full of slumbering ladybugs. All are addressed to a local celebrity named George Curtis Quick, familiarly known as "Pappy." Occasionally the only designation on a carton will be "The Ladybug Man."

After a good deal of processing in his back yard, Pappy Quick re-expresses the orange-hued, polka-dotted creatures, still somnolent, to farmers the country over. They pay him $16 to $20 a two-gallon carton, containing about 270,000 ladybugs, F.O.B. Phoenix. The farmers buy them because the only natural food of ladybugs—or ladybirds, as some prefer to call them—is soft-bodied insects, including the numerous varieties that subsist on vegetable and fruit foliage. Set free in a growing field, the ladybugs will awaken and devour by myriads such ruinous parasites as the aphid or greenbug, onion thrips, the apple mite. They are also prolific breeders, a single lady ladybug producing hundreds of infants with as hearty appetites for crop pests as their elders.

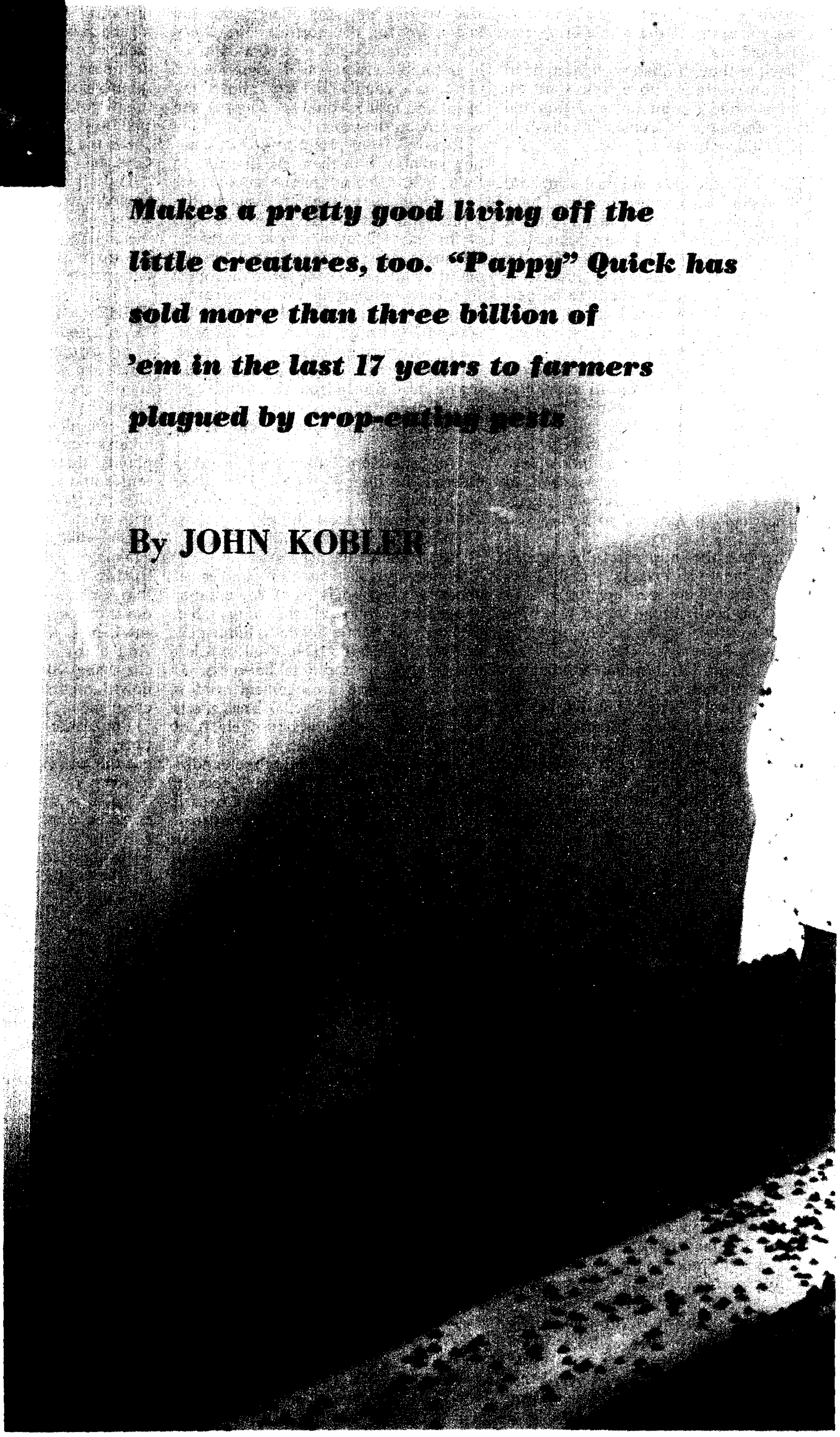
Since Pappy Quick, a whip-lean man of fifty-seven with a tough, rutted face like darkened driftwood, started his unusual business 17 years ago, he has sold more than three billion insects at a gross profit of approximately $100,000.

"The ladybug," says Quick, who through intimate association has grown to think of them as people, "has been my constant companion, and I find her friendly and faithful, if treated with the kindness and respect she so rightfully deserves."

He is frequently a-crawl with ladybugs, from his trouser cuffs to his hair, as is the house he shares with his wife and sixteen-year-old son. Nevertheless, Mrs. Quick feels equally affectionate toward ladybugs and does not object to their presence indoors, especially since they seem to get rid of certain house pests—roaches, for one. The Quicks further suspect, though they cannot prove it, that a ladybug will go for termites when the latter swarm out of the woodwork. In any event, the Quick home has been roach- and termite-free ever since the ladybugs moved in.

Whenever Quick sends his little friends out into the world again, he is striking a blow in a global struggle to maintain what the naturalists term the "balance of nature"—an adjustment between the relative abundance of the preying and the prey. This balance swings like a pendulum. Locusts, for example, may, within a certain area, outnumber their natural enemy, the praying mantis—until the mantis multiplies and decimates them. With the resulting shortage of locusts, the mantes now face extermination through starvation. Gradually the locust population gets a chance to re-establish itself, and the cycle starts anew.

The pendulum should never swing too widely



G. C. (Pappy) Quick separates live ladybugs from dead bugs and foreign matter on canvas b

LADYBUGS

:rangement he rigged in his air-cooled storeroom. He sends ladybugs to all parts of U.S.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB TOWERS

Quick usually ships his ladybugs by air to protect them from fatal heat. Here his son, Eldon, places carton on plane conveyer belt

either way. A recurrent theme of Quick's nightmares is the tragedy that would follow if plant parasites could flourish unmolested. "We'd all starve to death in no time," he says. "I once tried to figure out how fast aphids would multiply if left alone. Startin' with one aphid, I found that it would soon be the center of a mass as big as a battleship. When I got to 30 days of aphid multiplication, my figures reached all the way across a page, and I had to quit."

There are two ways to combat such a menace—chemically, with insecticides, and biologically, by rushing more predators into battle, which is Quick's way. Quick, admittedly somewhat prejudiced, argues in favor of biological control.

"Dusts and sprays do a fast job, all right," he concedes, "practically instantly, whereas bugs take a few days to get going. That counts, of course, with a farmer who's got a field full of pests. But the trouble with some insecticides is they kill the good bugs along with the bad. There'll always be a few aphids left no matter what and they'll begin to breed again like crazy. Only now you haven't got your ladybugs to keep 'em down. You have to dust all over again."

Among Quick's local customers is farmer Denny Isabell, who has 4,000 acres under cultivation and some seasons sells as much as a million dollars' worth of produce. He has roughly 10 per cent of his acreage in lettuce, a vegetable aphids adore. Formerly, Isabell used to spend more than $4,000 a season on various measures to protect his crop against aphids, and he'd still lose a field or two. Now, every spring, he buys 50 to 100 cartons of ladybugs, costing $800 to $1,600, from Quick and suffers no heavy damage from aphids and worms.

A few months ago, a new customer, a cotton grower of Shallowater, Texas, named George Sooter, wrote to Quick: "I had in 120 acres of cotton this year and so far I have harvested and ginned 116 bales. This is almost a bale to the acre, which is the best cotton crop I have ever made. In previous years the best I ever did was about three fourths of a bale. I am really happy over my investment in ladybugs."

Supplying ladybugs entails a great deal more than simply collecting and packaging them. They are a nervous, high-strung lot, if not downright neurotic, and every phase of handling them is fraught with thorny problems. To begin with, not just any old ladybugs will do. They must belong to a species which not only hibernates, so that they can be easily gathered ("It wouldn't be practical," Quick points out, "if you had to chase 'em on the wing"), but hibernates in colonies, so that vast quantities can be gathered at a time.

Of the 350 species inhabiting this country, the only one to fill the bill is the convergent ladybird or *Hippodamia Convergens,* which, in addition to hibernating, estivates—takes a prolonged rest in summer in a state of torpor. *Hippodamia* prob-

How many ladybugs to a gallon? It took "Pappy" Quick two days to count them, but

ably derives from the name of a Roman mythological figure associated with good luck, but the explanation of *convergens* eludes even so well-versed an expert as Dr. C. H. Curran, Curator of Insects at the American Museum of Natural History. "I am not sure," he says, "whether it refers to the relationship to another species, or to the fact that the spots are converging. I doubt that it has anything to do with the clustering of the insects since this fact was probably not known to the describer."

Inconveniently for Quick, the convergent ladybirds do not choose Main Street to assemble on for hibernation. Warmth and dryness disturb their sleep, and they seek cool, moist, mountain heights five to seven thousand feet above sea level, many of them inaccessible to automobiles. When Quick goes bug hunting, he often hires a pack train and camps out for days at a stretch. Upon reaching a likely eminence, he climbs still higher up into a treetop to get a panoramic view.

Ideal Locale for Hunters

"I'm a-lookin' for certain special conditions," Quick explains. "You see, even when they're hibernatin' the little fellers will stir some durin' the warm part of day. But they like to sleep late as possible, so they favor a piece of ground a-slopin' northwest that the mornin' sun hits late. Then there's got to be tall trees in front that'll cast shadows early in the afternoon, coolin' the ground off and darkenin' it. In winter the best spots to look for are by mountain streams, because while the bugs don't mind cold, they dislike fluctuations of temperature. The air near flowin' water stays pretty even."

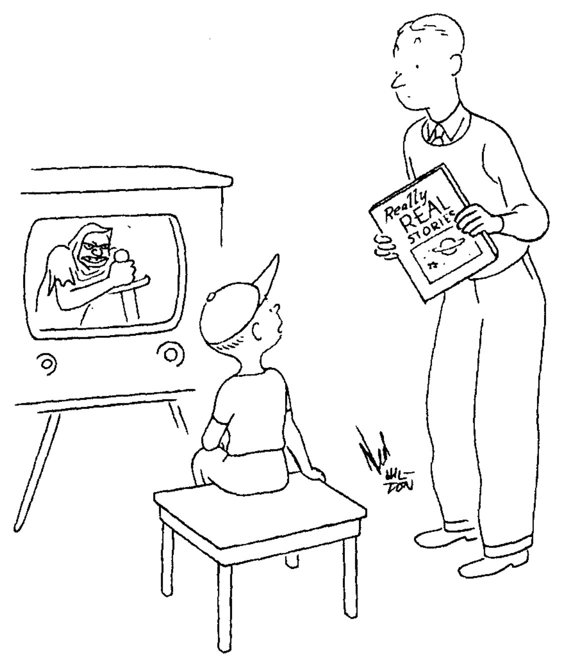
If Quick's reckoning has been accurate, he will strike pay dirt in the form of an area hundreds of feet square encrusted with dormant bugs. They will cover trees from root to crown as thickly as a second bark, carpet the earth, adhere like clusters of red caviar to leaves and stems. "Once you find a bed," says Quick, "you got a long-range investment. As long as you don't change the lay of the land by tramplin' shrubbery or cuttin' down trees, the bugs and their descendants will come back season after season."

Quick spreads plastic sheets under the bug-laden vegetation and shakes his quarry loose. Ladybugs are instinctive clingers, but the slippery texture of the plastic gives them no purchase and they can be easily slid into gallon measuring pails. Years ago Quick concluded that the best way to determine the number of ladybugs to a gallon was to count them one by one. It took him almost two days, but he can now report with confidence that the figure runs close to 135,000.

Packing the bugs is ticklish. Black ants enjoy mingling with them. They do no harm, but Quick's customers are not interested in extraneous insects. To avoid the intrusion, Quick does his packing on a table, the legs of which he stands in cans of water. Ants will not cross water.

The hibernating ladybugs' deadliest enemy is heat. It stimulates them to full wakefulness, whereupon they begin a frantic search for edible insects, which are not there. Their frustrated exertions induce a fatal form of dysentery. Such a catastrophe can sometimes be observed in a house when the oil burner is switched on in autumn. Shortly the floor may be dotted with the corpses of ladybugs that have been estivating amid the comparative coolness of the roofing insulation.

The very heat generated by the bugs' bodies, if too tightly bunched together inside their container, can kill them. Quick prevents bunching by fitting his cartons with dividers and placing a pine cone in every compartment. Even so, the bugs cannot be kept long without artificial cooling. As fast as possible, they must be lulled back into quiescence by conditions approaching the cold and humidity of their mountain dormitories, which is why Quick usually has them transported by plane.



"If you never spent your time looking at such stuff, what *did* they have on television when you were my age?"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

Experiments with Cold Storage

As soon as Pappy gets the bugs from the gatherers, he hustles them into an air-cooled, humidified, cement blockhouse adjoining the house, where they remain until needed. He lost a good many ladybugs experimentally before he discovered their ideal hibernating temperature. He once tried burying them in a snowdrift. They froze stiff.

Before shipping a carton, Quick inspects it for dead or ailing occupants, judging chiefly by smell. Ladybugs are subject to a malodorous mold which, once started, can contaminate the entire carton. Quick's losses, however, are now less than one per cent. He has devised an ingenious method of swiftly separating live from dead bugs. He empties the carton on a kind of canvas assembly belt. As the bugs reach the underside, the live ones, with their clinging instinct, hang on and a little farther along are swept by a rotary brush into another carton. The dead drop off into a reject box.

Most of his sales Quick makes to big commercial growers, but he also puts up small packets of 2,000, selling them for a dollar to home gardeners with only a few square yards to clear.

Nowadays, Quick himself gathers infrequently, being too occupied with other phases of the business. Now forest rangers, lumberjacks and Boy Scouts gather bugs for him. He never advertises. He scarcely needs to. His mailbox is continually choked with letters, his phone tied up with calls from people who have heard about him through word of mouth and want to report a trove of ladybugs.

If the description sounds promising, Quick will go to take a look. Some trips he may make a swing through the West of 2,000 miles or more. If the bed is rich, he equips the finder with cartons, shows him how to operate and puts him under contract. He pays $1 to $2.50 a gallon, depending on the difficulties involved. The danger of trespassing is not apt to be one of them. Ladybug territory almost invariably is mountain wilderness with no private owner to care who gathers what's on it.

At present, Quick has 20 gatherers under contract, working a total of some 500 acres. Among the most energetic is a young woman, Joan Caceletto, the wife of a forest ranger. Last summer, on Pinal Mountain, 90 miles east of Phoenix, she gathered 500 gallons; and the luckiest gatherer is Oscar Keyes, of Georgetown, California, a retired farmer. He found a bed on his own property, not 200 feet away from his front door. The gathering record for one season is reported to belong to a lumberjack from Sonora, California, O. B. Lester—1,000 gallons.

Pappy Quick first got interested in ladybugs 30 years ago while crop-dusting a Texas cotton plantation from a post-World War I surplus biplane.

"On this plantation in Wharton, Texas," Quick recalls, "I dusted about a thousand acres for cotton army worm and boll weevil. Got rid of most of 'em. Then in a couple of weeks along came aphids. But there wasn't no ladybugs to handle 'em, 'cause I'd killed 'em with the dust, though I didn't realize that at the time. Had to dust again with somethin' different. That killed some more good bugs, of course, and the few weevils that were left after the first dustin' began to multiply again. . . Set me to thinkin'."

At the cotton grower's request Texas A & M College sent a team of entomologists to study the situation. From them, Quick got his first glimmer of the facts of ladybug life. But the experts neglected to tell him, if, indeed, they knew, exactly where and how the right species could be gathered. Quick accidentally discovered that for himself several years later while fishing a mountain stream in the Sierra Madres. "I suddenly noticed I was surrounded by millions of 'em," he says.

During the next decade Quick, whose formal education ended in the second year of high school, devoted three hours a day to reading about ladybugs and peering at them through a magnifying glass. They never ceased to fascinate him. By 1948, he felt ready to try biological control on a large scale. (It was, in any event, high time to quit flying, because, as he confesses, "I wasn't seein' the telephone lines so clear any more.") Today he disclaims any pretense to being an entomologist, but he adds: "There wasn't much about ladybugs I didn't teach myself."

Ladybugs Are Really Beetles

Ladybugs, or Coccinellidae (from the Latin *coccinus,* scarlet), Quick learned, belong to the teeming family of true beetles called Coleoptera (from the Greek *koleos,* sheath, and *pteron,* wing). These beetles comprise the biggest family in the entire animal kingdom and few genera have been studied more intently by zoological classifiers, who to date have identified 250,000 species, 22,500 being Coccinellidae. The only states where the species that interest Quick appears in abundance are seven Western ones—California, Washington, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah, though some turn up as far east as Connecticut.

Despite all the scholarly attention lavished upon ladybugs, nobody has ever been able to determine their normal life span. It is known, however, that healthy specimens will survive at least two seasons of hectic activity—spring to midsummer and autumn to winter—providing they get a rest after each, and Quick has kept a few alive experimentally for nearly two years.

A circumstance which contributes to the general welfare of the species is that they do not greatly appeal as food to birds or animals. (Nature has endowed certain species of spiders, not so fortunate, with the ability of fooling their enemies by mimicking the ladybug's coloring.) But other insects, notably robber flies and assassin bugs, will prey upon them, and they defend themselves skunk-fashion by squirting a repellent fluid, secreted in glands in their knee joints. At the approach of danger they will also play dead, drawing in their legs and rolling over on their backs.

Ladybugs, of which the male is the smaller sex, mate as soon as they have eaten their fill after hibernation. Within five days, the female lays 15 to 30 orange-colored eggs in a tidy V formation. Choosing a leaf full of aphids or other soft-bodied insects, she fastens the cluster to the underside with an adhesive substance exuded from her body. Amid the eggs she also deposits a gelatinous fluid that will nourish her offspring until they are hardy enough to attack the aphids. Each season, she will lay a total of perhaps 350 eggs. Only one mating is necessary.

Four or five days later the eggs begin to hatch. The emergent larvae have none of their parents' polka-dotted charm. They are blackish, wormlike monstrosities with thick bodies and six legs. After 48 hours of eating the food their mother has provided for them, the larvae are ready to take on any soft-bodied insect within reach. Daily for the next two weeks, they will polish off 20 to 50 of them or an amount many times their own weight and size. Meanwhile, they grow progressively more hideous, sprouting spiny warts.

When full grown, they stop eating for a while. They exude an adhesive similar to their mother's, stick their abdomen to the leaf and dangle there passively, while elaborate changes take place in their bodies. They molt several times, the skins gradually rolling up and off, turn yellow, sprout a new set of legs. With the molting process completed, they enter the pupal stage, a distinct aesthetic improvement, and not long after, they burgeon into adult ladybugs, the Apollos and Venuses of insectdom. The convergent species are distinguished chiefly by a white, V-shaped mark on the joint between their head and body.

Though the adults lack the voracity of the infants, they nevertheless demolish considerable numbers of crop pests. It is the intensity of their pursuit, in fact, which obliges them to withdraw once again to cool, high regions.

Although Pappy Quick dominates the ladybug business, he is neither the first nor is he today the only man to have perceived the commercial possibilities of *Hippodamia convergens*. Until his retirement not long ago, Dr. A. W. Morrow, an entomologist of Glendale, California, sold ladybugs as well as Trichogramma, a parasite which feeds on the eggs of both the corn borer and the sugar-cane borer. A former gold prospector from Dobbins, California, roams the West distributing business cards that proclaim, "L. W. 'Bug' Higgin—Don't Spray! Destroy Aphis Nature's Way."

Altogether, Quick has perhaps four competitors in neighboring states. Their combined sales, however, do not equal his. Many farmers with only a modest amount of acreage to cultivate gather their own ladybugs. A popular hunting ground, lying southeast of Phoenix in the Graham Mountains, has come to be known as Ladybug Pass.

Revered in Medieval Europe

Indeed, ladybugs have been recognized as friends to man for centuries. The very name, dating back to medieval Europe, suggests how highly people thought of them in that age. They dedicated them to the Virgin, calling them "Beetles of Our Lady," hence "ladybird beetles." The Swedish countryfolk still sometimes refer to them as the "Virgin Mary's golden hens." Generations ago, it was widely believed that a decaying tooth could be made to stop aching by placing a crushed ladybird in the cavity. In England, a superstition still lingers to the effect that the presence of ladybirds forecasts fine weather and abundant crops. In remote parts of northern Europe, village maidens seek the ladybirds' aid in finding husbands. They cover their hands with them, chanting: "They are measuring me for my bridal gloves."

Some of the ways of ladybugs are symbolized by the old nursery rhyme:

Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home!
Your house is on fire,
Your children do roam.
Except little Nan, who sits in a pan,
Weaving gold laces as fast as she can.

The fire alludes to the ancient practice of burning certain plants after harvesting. "Nan" represents the pupa or adolescent ladybird who cannot leave the "pan"—her own skin—because it is still attached to the plant by the handle.

No farmers owe the ladybirds a greater debt than the citrus growers of California. In the eighties, the entire industry was threatened with destruction by the cottony cushion scale, a parasite with a boundless taste for the leaves of lemons, oranges and grapefruit, which had been accidentally introduced into this country from Australia. They multiplied unchecked because no American predators cared to eat them. Such devastation did they wreak that banks refused to lend money on citrus groves with any trace of scale.

Rescuers from Down Under

Spraying proved both costly and only momentarily effective. Desperate, the growers appealed to the Department of Agriculture, which finally sent entomologists to Australia in search of insects not averse to devouring the pest. They found the vedalia ladybird, and succeeded in bringing back 500 alive. Within two years, at a cost of barely $1,500, the newcomers saved a multimillion-dollar industry.

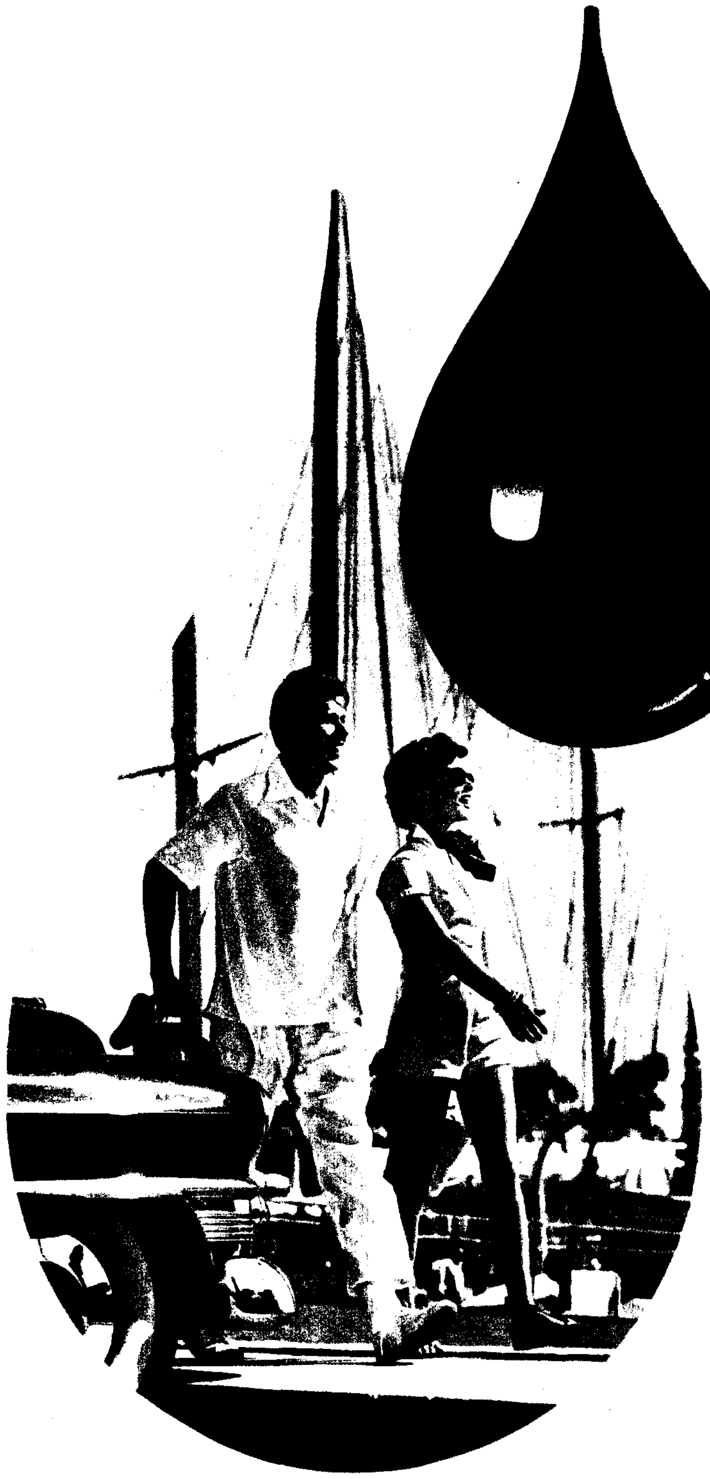
The cottony cushion scale, however, has not wholly vanished from the U.S. Quick occasionally sells a few descendants of their original nemesis to citrus growers at the whopping price of two dollars a pair. What makes them so expensive is that they neither hibernate nor mass together; they therefore must be picked off trees a few at a time and shipped in boxes stocked with scale-infested foliage. By way of compensation, 50 or so suffice to start a colony, and, once established, vedalias will stick around and increase as long as any scale remains.

George C. Quick & Son, as Pappy officially registered the business, is a family enterprise. The son of the title is sixteen-year-old Eldon, whose specialty is operating the bug-separator. One of Pappy's younger brothers, Herbert, spends three months a year touring the ladybug belt in search of new beds and more efficient gatherers. Mrs. Quick—"Kelly" to her friends—handles the clerical details, which include replying to some bizarre letters from people unfamiliar with the limitations of ladybugs. A recent correspondent wanted to know if they would chase grasshoppers. Another requested a pair of "registered ladybugs" with instructions on how to breed them.

At the peak of the two gathering seasons, the Quicks work day and night. Pappy jeeps to and from the airport as new loads of ladybugs arrive almost hourly, and rushes them into cold storage. Brother Herbert staples together more cartons. Eldon checks the bug-separator. Kelly fills pages of account books.

Despite this incessant activity, Pappy Quick feels he has barely tapped the possibilities of the ladybug business. "Someday," he remarked to a recent visitor, as he gently plucked a specimen from his own ear lobe, "we *will* learn how to breed the little fellers in captivity. Done it a few times already myself, but it costs too much, takes too many man-hours of care and feeding." A visionary expression suffused his leathery countenance. "But once we lick the practical problems, why, we won't have to go up into no more mountains. Just stir things up in the old breeding bed as and when we need more stock."

▲▲▲



Purple motor oil sets another new high in engine protection!

For 100% engine performance: have your engine checked frequently at your car dealer's.

Use the finest motor oil money can buy—the new, improved Royal Triton—50¢ a quart.

ROYAL TRITON
ROYAL TRITON
Motor Oil

Royal Triton is famous for its ability to protect precision-built engines.

Now a new combination of additives puts this amazing purple motor oil even further ahead of ordinary heavy-duty oils in meeting the rigid quality specifications of any car manufacturer.

With these new additives, Royal Triton has even greater stability and cleansing action, as well as an increased ability to neutralize wear-causing acids. This means that Royal Triton will add thousands of miles of new-engine life to your car.

Remember the distinctive color of Royal Triton. It is your assurance of *complete lubricant protection* —no matter how severe the driving conditions.

Available at leading car dealers' in most areas of the U.S. and Western Canada.

UNION OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles, Union Oil Bldg. • New York, 45 Rockefeller Plaza
Chicago, 1612 Bankers Bldg. • New Orleans, 644 National
Bank of Commerce Bldg. • Cincinnati, 2111 Carew Tower Bldg.

ROYAL TRITON

Look for this sign

ATTENTION CAR DEALERS: THE NEW ROYAL TRITON NOW MEETS SUPPLEMENT 1 SPECIFICATIONS!

Joe the bartender (few know his last name is Scialon) mixes one for columnist Ruark

One FOR THE WORLD

By ROBER C. RUARK

Joe Scialon's Cairo customers come from every corner of the earth—yet he never forgets a face or the drink that goes with it. That's why he's probably the world's most famous barkeep

HAPPINESS, to a great many people for a great many years, has been a thing called Joe. Ninety-nine per cent of the happy people have never known his last name, which is Scialon, but he has been an arbiter of barroom culture for so many years in so many places that his face and his fame have become synonymous.

In the older, gentler world, there were a few places where if a man tarried he could see anybody he wanted to see. One was The Long Bar in Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo; behind it Joe reigned.

Joe speaks a few languages fluently—English, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, German, Russian. He also has a faculty for never forgetting a face or the drink that goes with it. From 1939 to 1952 he was the master of the world which traveled through Cairo. Messages were left with Joe. Commissions were given to Joe. Strange duties were entrusted to Joe. Joe became a kind of international bank, post office, underground and extension agent.

Shepheard's is no more, having been set afire in 1952 by some of the rioting citizens of Egypt. But Joe has remained an institution. The tiny world created by crisscrossing airlines that pause in Cairo badly needed Joe. So the people who ran Shepheard's created him a shrine in another of their hotels, the Semiramis. It is called Joe's Bar, and if you are looking for somebody in Cairo, that's where he'll be, whether he drinks or not.

On an average evening in Joe's you will see a brace of Egyptian Cabinet ministers, a dozen airline officials, some high-blown military, a debutante or so, a cotton broker, 20 oil people in from the fields in the Middle East, a sheik in burnoose and agal ropes (drinking orange juice, of course; Moslems don't use alcoholic drinks) and a variety of unidentifiable angle-shooters.

Nobody has ever defined what makes a bar a mecca, as Toots Shor's is a mecca for one kind of person in New York, as "21" beckons another brand, as the Stork Club attracts another. But Joe's attraction is obvious: it is his understanding of the international floaters who *never* look forward to a chicken farm any place, from Long Island to Tanganyika. His background makes him the perfect foil. "I was born," he says, "at some date which escapes me, of a Venetian father and a Russian mother, on the high seas. I became a legal Venetian but got my birth certificate in Egypt. I was named Giuseppe, after the captain of the ship I was born on. I am American by adoption, and Scotch by absorption. I am married to a woman who is half French and half Algerian. I look like anybody's Cousin Joe, whether it's Cousin José, Cousin Giuseppe, Cousin Yusuf, or what.

"I have worked in Paris, New York, London, Khartoum, Johannesburg, Algiers, Istanbul and Rome, not to mention Cairo. I have seen every traveler who drinks, at least twice: once when he comes in, and once when he comes back to see if I remember his name and preference in drinks."

For the barter world, Joe is a one-man brokerage house. You want an apartment? Ask Joe. You want to sell a car, or buy one? Joe's the boy. You want a ticket on the airlines? Tell Joe I sent you, and he will call Hassan el Samra of TWA or somebody in BOAC or Ethiopian Airlines or Air France and what is it exactly you want?

Joe is never at a loss, which helps explain how he invented a drink I'll call the Suffering Buzzard, although that's not precisely its name. It was 1941, and the war was running Joe short of ingredients. A couple of hang-overs came in one day beseeching aid, and Joe looked desperately around him.

"I always thought that gin, which I had, and bourbon, which I had, don't marry," Joe says. "But I stuck some gin and bourbon into the vase, and looked about for something to take the curse off. There was some angostura and some lime cordial and some dry ginger ale for fizz. I shook it all up with some ice and decorated it with mint.

"I was most surprised at the result. The customers did not drop dead. They recovered, and clamored for more. Been clamoring ever since.

"You see," says Joe, "I am a healer at heart. I started out as a chemist—studied in France—and got bored with it. I merely changed bottles."

Joe refers to his domain as St. Joe's Parish, and runs it on somewhat ecclesiastical lines. He is very proud of the fact that in Shepheard's, during five years of war, there was never a fight amongst all the motley warriors who drank under his aegis. He had some unusual experiences, though.

He remembers one Homeric drinking bout between a Turk and a Canadian. The Turk was holding out for the healing, soothing benefits of honest Scotch whisky. The Canadian was a Martini man. They drank, drink for drink, 52 slaps apiece. The Martini *aficionado* survived. The Turk went out on a board. It must have been slightly reminiscent of the equally Homeric tilt between Mr. Bernard Shor and Mr. Jackie Gleason, the comic. Mr. Gleason, after a couple of bottles, got up and walked away and—so Toots says—fell in the doorway. Some waiters scurried up to remove him but Toots said: "Leave him there, as a lesson not to compete with his elders and social superiors."

As he mellows, past his forties, Joe has cut down his own intake. "I like a good Martini," he says, "and I firmly believe in the salubrious impact of Scotch. Especially after forty, because after that dreadful milestone sight and memory seem to deteriorate. I find I occasionally mislay a name or a face, a thing I never used to do."

Joe refers to himself as the man in the white coat—a psychiatrist who uses a mixing glass instead of a couch, and some salted nuts instead of the works of the late S. Freud.

"A man in a bar wants to feel important," says Giuseppe. "I have mastered the knack of making a man feel important. I am perhaps the best listener in the world, in any one of seven languages.

"I also flatter him another way," Joe continues, melding a Martini with meticulous care. "The fact that I know his name, his face and his language makes him suddenly feel like a prince. I have tried this on princes, too, and they feel like kings. We don't have much king business any more in this locality since Farouk left, but will you tell me what that Arab emir is doing over there with his lemonade if he doesn't feel a psychic need to be at Joe's, even if he doesn't drink the hard stuff?"

The airplane has made things easier for folks with a psychic need to be at Joe's; today people cross his path much oftener than in the old days of the Orient Express and steamer travel. I was pushing off from Cairo not long ago and dropped in on Giuseppe for a farewell pop. I swiped a line from the song. "One for my baby," I said, "and one more for the road."

Joe looked his mystic look, and the blue stone in his ring twinkled when he poured the drink.

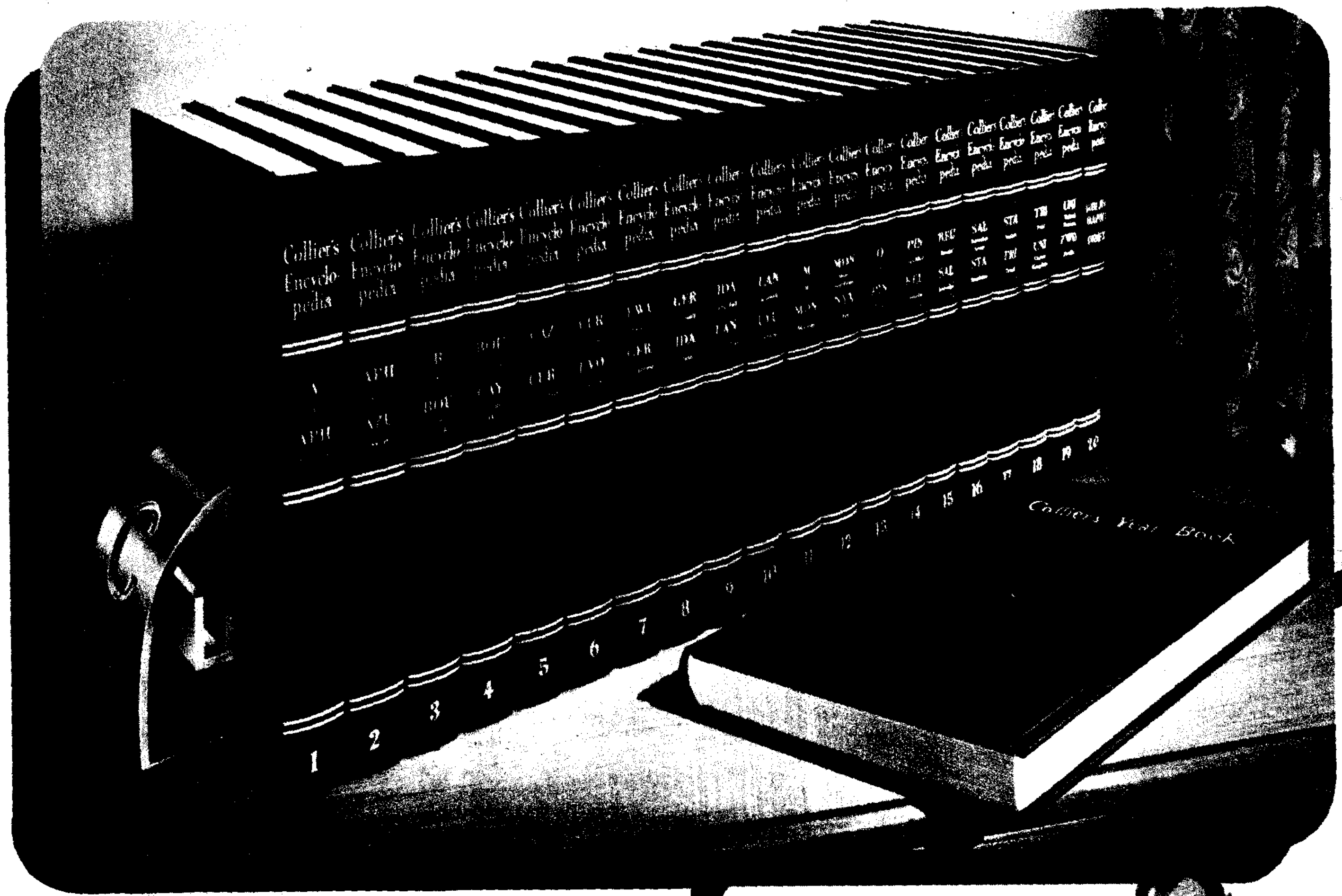
"Not road, chum," he said. "One more for the world."

▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHESTER KRONFELD

It's Easier to Learn...

WHEN CHILDREN HAVE COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA



20 volumes, each luxuriously bound and stamped in 22-karat gold. Actual size: 10⅞" x 8½".

Recommended . . . **by scientists, religious, business, educational leaders and by the Subscription Books Committee of the American Library Association.**

"We have found Collier's Encyclopedia most useful day in and day out. It is accurate, attractive and readable—all necessary qualities if one is trying to develop reading habits in youngsters from the beginning. We find it gives them the information they need each time, but best of all it makes them want to find out more and keep on reading."

—says Dr. Thomas P. Neill
pictured with his family
Professor of History
St. Louis University

Twenty-four million American children will return to school this fall. Three million other boys and girls will enter for the first time. Schools are overcrowded and short of teachers. More and more students are being put on their own to search out and report on subjects in great variety. Actually this is good training. With the "look-it-up" habit children learn better, develop confidence, and get more out of classroom discussion.

The child who gets good marks in school, who succeeds after graduation, is the child who has had *ready access* to a modern, up-to-date encyclopedia which gives the facts and the background information required for successful completion of school assignments. This *ready access* creates interest in schoolwork, stimulates curiosity, and develops good study habits. It saves time that children need for hobbies, sports, and social activities so essential to *personality* development.

Parents applaud Collier's Encyclopedia. When children ask for help, they know they can find it quickly in Collier's and they know that the information is up-to-date and reliable.

It's fun getting answers in Collier's Encyclopedia, the *only* encyclopedia of its kind to be published completely *New* in the past thirty years. People who already own Collier's Encyclopedia tell us they never before found so much information so interestingly presented and so easy to read. And, there are 10,000 full-color and black-and-white pictures—*plus* 126 new authoritative maps in full color. You'll enjoy every one of its 50,000 articles. A comprehensive index of 400,000 references and cross references direct you to the text, illustrations, maps, and the exclusively new Collier bibliography listing 10,000 books for supplementary reading.

Here is a reference set on which you can depend. Over 2,000 recognized specialists contributed articles of the highest authority and accuracy . . . articles that give you genuine satisfaction and save you and your children countless hours of research.

Here, at a price you can afford, is human knowledge from A to Z in a single set of books bound in beautiful but rugged Du Pont Fabrikoid. Why postpone owning this important reference and study aid? A small down payment delivers Collier's Encyclopedia to your home. The balance is payable on Collier's convenient Monthly Budget Plan. Get full information without any obligation. Mail coupon today.

OPPORTUNITY . . . for both men and women. Represent Collier's Encyclopedia locally on a full- or part-time basis. Good income and future. Free training. For full information write: John G. Ryan, General Manager, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

SEND FOR FREE 24-PAGE BOOKLET

. . . crammed full of exciting topics and illustrations taken right from the pages of Collier's Encyclopedia . . . *Aviation . . . Atom Smashing Experiments . . . Strange Animals . . . Unusual Flowers . . . Exotic People . . . Round-the-World Sightseeing . . . Rules of Sports.*

COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA
640 Fifth Avenue C-66
New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me your new 24-page booklet and tell me how I can own Collier's Encyclopedia on convenient budget terms.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City____________________Zone_____State__________

Budget terms available in the United States and Canada only.

Emotional Upsets Are

40
120
160
LBS. PER SQ. IN.
0
OPEN
CLOSED

Good for You

They can be a warning to change your ways before it's too late, an expert says. Ten years as psychiatrist to an industrial family of 90,000 has convinced him that we sometimes kill mentally ill patients with kindness. He prescribes work, not rest

Dr. Dershimer interviews a secretary employed by E. I. du Pont de Nemours at Wilmington. His methods are unorthodox, but they work

By HOWARD WHITMAN

TEN years ago the fabulous chemical company, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, of Wilmington, Delaware, took on a psychiatrist much as it would take on an experimental physicist or a research chemist. Dr. Frederick W. Dershimer was put to work with total scientific freedom, no holds barred, no preconceived ideas, no orthodoxy—and only one requirement.

He had to produce.

And Dr. Dershimer has. As psychiatrist to an industrial family of more than 90,000 workers and executives, he has knocked many of psychiatry's commonly accepted notions into a cocked hat and brought forth new notions as revolutionary in their way as neoprene and nylon.

"I'm no witch doctor, no mind reader and I don't deal in magic," he said to me. "I've been trying to help people overcome mental disease and so far as my method is concerned, only one criterion interests me—*does it work?* What doesn't work I throw out. What does work I use."

Rightly or wrongly, Dr. Dershimer refuses to use some of the methods which have been hallmarks of the nation's most outstanding work in psychiatry. He does not give protracted treatment; three or four visits are often enough, he says. He doesn't care about the patient's past life, preferring not to rake it up. He refuses to employ the trade lingo (ego, superego, id, Oedipus complex, libido), insisting that if you know what you're talking about you can say it in everyday words. And he doesn't think couches belong in doctors' offices any more than bathtubs.

He has gone after mental health as painstakingly as the chemists around him went after nylon. He has lived with his results. Most of the people he has treated still work for Du Pont. It is doubtful if psychiatry ever has had a more exacting laboratory test at a practical everyday level.

After 10 years, three of Dr. Dershimer's basic conclusions are:

1. *Emotional upsets are good for you* (contrary to the accepted view that such upsets are bad and that we must rush to get help).
2. *Emotional "stability" is undesirable; it is death to energy, imagination, accomplishment* (contrary to modern psychiatry's attempt to bring forth the perfectly stable, "well-adjusted" human).
3. *"Doing things" for the emotionally sick is bad for them; it only makes them sicker* (contrary to the widespread practice of coddling upset people in well-intentioned efforts to help them).

How can emotional upsets be good for you?

Take the case of the young engineer who "went insane." His department manager rushed to Dr. Dershimer quite certain that the man was no longer capable of productive work. The psychiatrist examined the engineer, and found him indeed seriously upset emotionally, on the ragged edge of a psychosis.

"Well, then," said the manager, "he has a mental disease. In that case we will pay him all the sick benefits to which he is entitled, but at the end of that time, when we have done all we can, we will just have to terminate him."

"Why?" Dr. Dershimer asked.

"Well, you know, doctor, mental disease," said the manager. "He will never be any good again."

"I don't agree with you," the psychiatrist answered. "I think that if you and I will play our parts, this need not be the case. In fact, I think

Left: chief psychiatrist for Du Pont Co., Dr. Frederick Dershimer, sits in front of gadget he built to show why people should let off steam

Dr. Gerald Gordon (right), Dr. Dershimer's associate, talks with the supervisor of one of Du Pont's plants during a field survey trip

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

that out of his having this emotional upset, if we handle it properly, we may have a better man.”

Dr. Dershimer briefed the manager and others in the young engineer's department on the true function of an emotional upset.

“It is like pain,” he explained. “If we felt no pain when we got something in our eye, we'd all be blind—it would stay there and the eye would become infected. And by the same token, if there were no upset when we got emotionally off the track we'd all be insane.”

In working with hundreds of emotionally ill men and women over the years, from typists to top executives, Dr. Dershimer had found by his laboratory method that these flare-ups actually were curative. They were, as he put it, “nature trying to do something.”

Taught to Listen to Nature

A pain in the eye says to us, “Look into that eye and see what's wrong with it. Fix it up.” An emotional upset says to us, “Look into your life and see what's wrong with the way you are living.” By getting his patients to listen to that voice of nature, instead of trying to gag it, Dr. Dershimer found that the enormous energy of an emotional upset could be used constructively to put their lives in order, remedy intolerable home situations, banish sickly ideas—instead of being bottled up to drive them crazy.

“All right, then, but what should we *do,”* the young engineer's manager and supervisors demanded.

“Treat him as a normal person,” the doctor prescribed with deceptive simplicity. “Give him his full work to do. Require good performance and responsibility. Do not baby him, or give him special privileges, or treat him as a person apart.” What the doctor wanted them to do was to hold the man's world intact for him while the curative process of emotional upset did its work within him. The young engineer recovered from his emotional upset. He got not only well, but better. Said the medical report: “He actually proved to be more healthy, more productive after his attack than he ever had been in the years he had worked for the company preceding it.”

In case after case, Dr. Dershimer has found emotional upsets to be not health-destroying but health-preserving. They are the flares and the warnings that save us from total crack-up. In them are the motive power to get us back on the main line of healthy living. “The unhealthy thing,” he remarked, “is trying to thwart these upsets, putting stoppers on them, instead of listening to what they are trying to tell us and letting them do their work.”

Dr. Dershimer is not afraid of emotions. He feels they are an important part of what God put into us and should be used to the fullest. Thus he scoffs at emotional “stability.” What he looks for is the very opposite: *liability,* the free play of emotions.

To help him explain his ideas to Du Pont engineers he built a gadget showing man as a steam engine. A valve at the neck allowed emotional energy generated in the boiler of the viscera to pass freely up to the brain and operate the engine. With energy thus generated and freely utilized, man is in a state of mental health.

Normally this steam engine operates on whatever pressure it needs to do the job at hand. Suppose you are in your car driving out in the country. Your emotional engine is running on four or five pounds of steam because that's all you need to operate the brain for such an easy, routine activity.

Suddenly a car comes veering at you from the opposite lane of the road. There may be an accident. You may be killed. Emotions of fear, shock, alarm shoot the steam pressure in your emotional boiler up to 15 or 20 pounds. That is nature working on your side, protecting you. You're going to need the additional energy. If the valve is open, that energy goes right to the engine, sends the brain speeding up to its full potential. Result: your brain works with fantastic speed and effectiveness. You act quickly and avoid an accident.

Later, when someone talks of your “miraculous” escape and asks how you ever thought so fast, you reply, “I didn't have time to think.” What you mean is, “I was thinking so fast I couldn't keep track of it all.” Emotions had delivered to the engine of your brain fantastic power.

Dr. Dershimer's gadget has a shut-off on the valve at the neck. When it is closed emotional steam can no longer pass freely upward to power the engine of the brain. The result is accumulated pressure in the boiler—mental illness. Build that pressure sufficiently and you are going to blow the boiler.

What Emotional Energy Can Do

Only when the valve is open can man's basic force—emotional energy—surge freely to the brain and give it the power to think swiftly and effectively. From this power of free-flowing emotional energy, says Dr. Dershimer, come the inventions of man, his courage, his art and poetry, his imagination, his industry, his accomplishment.

Don't “stabilize” emotions, don't tame them or throttle them; you need not be afraid of them, Dr. Dershimer insists. Exercise them.

A chemist in one of the Du Pont plants came to him tied up in knots. He already had tried two private psychiatrists on the outside.

“I just can't contain myself. I'm afraid I'm going to bust,” he said.

“Precisely. An excellent diagnosis,” the doctor said.

The chemist had the idea (advanced by many people in psychiatric work) that a person, to be emotionally healthy, must never get ruffled, never get angry, always be moderate and modulated in his reactions to everything.

“Bunk!” said Dr. Dershimer. His ex-

Emotional health problems are thrashed out at company seminars. At this meeting were (from left) Dr. A. J. Fleming, L. T. Alexander, L. S. Sinness, Dr. G. H. Gehrmann, Dr. Dershimer, Dr. Gerald Gordon and Delaware State Sen. Ernest Benger, ex-Du Pont executive now retired

Give your emotions a free path," he advises. "Stop sitting on the safety valve"

perimental approach had demonstrated that "self-contained" people were often the sickest of all. They were afraid of human emotions. They were trying to be their own strait jacket. They were trying to show the world how "well-adjusted" they were on the outside, but many of them were muddled-up boiling pots on the inside.

"Go ahead, give your emotions a free path. Stop sitting on the safety valve," Dr. Dershimer told his patient. The young chemist gave in to his tensions as he sat in the psychiatrist's office. After 15 minutes he said, "I can feel the knots untying," and he gave the deep sigh which doctors recognize as the mark of emotional release.

After four visits the chemist said, "For the first time in my life I feel free —really free."

He was no longer getting into stews with his fellow workers; he was making quicker, more effective decisions, and the crippling inner tension was gone. Natural free play of the emotions had taken the place of unnatural, restrictive "stability."

Dr. Dershimer's prime debunking of orthodox ideas is his insistence that most of the steps we take to help the mentally ill make them worse. His down-to-earth approach has convinced him that often we kill the patients with "kindness." We baby them to death.

In the ten-year experiment he has tried both approaches. Typical of hundreds of cases was the lab assistant who came to Dr. Dershimer's office in an emotional tizzy, complaining of headaches, insomnia, nervousness, and blaming it all on the department he worked in.

"If I could just get transferred," he said, naming what seemed to him an easier, more desirable job, "I'd be okay."

He was transferred.

In three weeks he was back in Dr. Dershimer's office. "I think it's shift work that's doing it," he said this time, pointing out that now he had accumulated another symptom, backache.

He was taken off shift work.

Trying the "Stay Home" Cure

In a month he was back, saying his nervousness had increased and he thought maybe he'd better stay home for a while (on sick pay) and "doctor myself up." He stayed home for 13 weeks, the limit for which disability wages are paid, then returned to work.

Within a month he was back on the merry-go-round with more psychosomatic symptoms, more nervousness—and a request to be transferred to still another department.

Trying to help the patient had made him worse. From repeated observation, mental illness seemed to Dr. Dershimer to stem largely from the patient's failure to face reality. It stemmed from trying to live in some fairy-tale world where one doesn't have to solve his own problems, doesn't have to stand on his own two feet, and doesn't have to meet life's duties and responsibilities the way other people do. By adding to the unreality—catering to the patient's demands—the patient was thrust deeper into his sickness.

Dr. Dershimer decided to try reality. He sent the lab assistant back to his original job and briefed the superintendent: the man was to receive no special privileges, he was to be required to do his work just as the others did, he was to meet his responsibilities—and that was that.

The doctor didn't see the man again for over a year. And then he met him in a corridor. "Can I see you a minute, Doc?" the lab assistant asked. In Dr. Dershimer's office he extended his hand and said, "I just wanted to thank you, Doc. It was tough at first, and I hated your guts. But I think you made me grow up." He had recently been promoted.

In scores of cases, end results of both kinds of treatment were checked. "Post-mortems," as Dr. Dershimer calls them, on the coddled cases revealed "decreased productivity and an ever-worsening state of dependency, mental disease and misery." Dr. Gerald Gordon, who has been Dr. Dershimer's associate at Du Pont since 1946, did a painstaking follow-up study on more than 500 cases. His conclusion: "The employee who suffers most from mental illness is usually the one who has had the most done for him and had the least required of him."

Much that goes under the heading of "helping" emotionally upset people actually is, by Dr. Dershimer's findings, either misdirected kindness or not kindness at all. "When you coddle people," he said, "you are really trying to seduce them into your domination and dictatorship." Instead of "seducing them with love," as he often puts it, this psychiatrist would prefer to show real love for people by letting them have the truth straight from the shoulder, requiring that they do their jobs, demanding that they face their responsibilities.

"Spoiled children of any age are never productive, happy, or mentally healthy," he remarked.

Dr. Dershimer, who is sixty-three, came to Du Pont after 27 years as a public-health doctor, industrial physician, private physician, psychiatrist, psychoanalyst (trained by a disciple of Sigmund Freud), mental-hospital physician, clinic director and teacher of psychiatry. He has seen a lot of mental illness. But he is even more impressed by what he has seen of mental health.

From 1916 to 1922 he served as a public-health doctor for the Rockefeller Foundation, working with such primitive peoples as the Arawak Indians in British Guiana. He found them (as others have since found other primitive peoples, notably the Marshall Islanders) free from mental disease. There were no psychoses, psychoneuroses, or functional (psychosomatic) ailments. The Arawaks enjoyed, as Dr. Dershimer put it, "complete mental health."

Next in Collier's

September 18 Issue on Sale September 4

Francis Wallace's 14th COLLEGE FOOTBALL PREVIEW

Collier's famous gridiron expert presents his annual preseason All-America and his forecast of the best 20 teams in the land

How Dr. Kinsey's Report on WOMEN May Help Your MARRIAGE

How useful are the Kinsey findings? In expert hands, says Dr. Emily Hartshorne Mudd, one of the nation's top marriage counselors, they're invaluable data. She tells how she uses them to calm fears, save marriages—even stop suicides

Living with them, he could hardly accept the theory that mental disease stemmed from conflicts with our primitive instincts. These people were primitive. They were well behaved. They got along fine. What was wrong with primitive instincts, anyway?

Nor could he accept the hypothesis that adverse material circumstances, lack of material security, had a hand in mental illness. The Arawaks lived in terrible poverty, amid rampant sickness. They ate poorly. They had malaria until the edges of their spleens could be seen as ridges across their famished bellies. Yet "insecurity" was no cause of mental illness there (though apparently it has caused a lot on Park Avenue).

Dr. Dershimer concluded: "The actual cause of nervous, mental and functional physical ills must be something to which the Arawaks did not react, but to which civilized people do react; something which acts to poison the minds of the civilized. It is now generally accepted that all these ills are primarily emotional disturbances. The causative agent must therefore be something which makes us, somehow, mismanage our emotions."

Our emotions are all right. Mismanaging them: that is the rub. From primitive Arawaks to ultracivilized scientists in the modern factories of Du Pont, Dr. Dershimer repeatedly found that man is perfectly all right as constructed; there is nothing wrong with the original design. Mental health is our birthright. "We are born free of functional mental disease and free of any natural element which should later cause mental disease," he says.

He looks upon himself as a maintenance engineer. "The Original Designer did a good job," Dr. Dershimer observed. "He created the most adaptable mechanism ever dreamed of. Psychiatry is not a matter of redesigning the machine but simply finding out how to operate it. We must accept the natural forces in man as they exist and use them. We then find we need not be afraid of them."

Lab Methods for Mental Health

In 10 years at Du Pont, Dr. Dershimer has never, as he quips, "tried to unscrew the inscrutable." When he joined the firm in 1943 he told Dr. George H. Gehrmann, the medical director, that he had no program—he just wanted to go after mental health on a laboratory basis. Like the company's research chemists, he was not out to remake the elements but simply to find out how to use them.

This approach suited Du Pont, one of the first big companies to detect how vitally mental health affects productivity. Executives felt that if research could do something about synthetic rubber, polyester fiber, and tetrafluoroethylene resin, then maybe it could do something about mental health. That's why Dr. Dershimer was hired.

Men and women who have hit emotional snags come to his office in Wilmington either on their own initiative or by referral from supervisors. Others are spotted as emotional cases in the company's medical clinics through psychosomatic symptoms and are steered to psychiatry. No one is forced to take the Dershimer treatments (they can go to their own doctor any time and all Du Pont plants have clinics where employees can get free medical attention during working hours). But 10 years of helpful results have inspired confidence and today few patients balk.

When a patient, whether executive or shipping clerk, does come in for treatment he often gets sore right off the bat. For Dr. Dershimer is likely to begin by saying: "Don't expect me to solve your problem for you." Soon he will have his patient—as the case indicates—facing up to the fact that he is full of stuffed-shirt ideas, or that he is just a bawling baby looking for a bed of roses, or that he is trying to blame his troubles on everyone and everything except the real culprit—himself.

Soon it will come out that his real problem is not what he said it was, but something else that he's been ducking and dodging and afraid to face up to. He has been generating terrific emotional steam pressure because of this real problem, but he has closed off the valve and bottled up the steam. Once the valve is opened and emotions begin to serve the purpose they were meant to serve, mental illness subsides.

One Du Pont employee who had been treated by Dr. Dershimer said: “I had never allowed myself to be angry before. I was sitting on the safety valve—no wonder I was sick. The doctor told me to go ahead and give in to my anger. Well, I couldn't right there in his office. But, you know, when I got home I let that emotional steam come through. I think I got madder than I'd ever been in my life. Oh, I didn't do anything rash. I just let that emotion spin my brain around—and before you knew it I was tackling my problems with a vigor and decisiveness I never dreamed I had.”

A frequent technique of the doctor involves asking the patient to use his imagination. For example, a young woman in a clerical department was upset because her husband was in Korea.

Her Primary Cause for Worry

After wading through a lot of self-deception, she admitted that what really bothered her was what would happen to her if anything happened to him. All right. What's wrong with that? Her emotions were simply looking out for her welfare: self-preservation, the primary instinct.

By trying to squelch those emotions she had made herself mentally sick.

“Imagine the worst,” Dr. Dershimer told her. She sat back in her chair quietly and imagined that her husband had been killed.

“Is that really the worst?” She admitted that it would be worse to have him return a helpless invalid, still worse to have him return hopelessly insane.

“All right. Imagine it.” She sat back quietly again, let her imagination complete the picture of calamity on which it had embarked and took the brakes off the flow of emotions that surged up in her. Then she began to talk.

“I'd care for him,” she said. “I'd have to get a better job, earn more money. I'd get together with his family and we'd see that he received the best medical attention. Perhaps a little place in the country would be good for him. I think I could swing it . . .”

Emotions were doing their job, powering the brain, energizing the entire being to face whatever crisis came along. The young woman left the doctor's office with a sigh of relief. “Gee,” she said. “I don't seem worried now. I'm sure Joe will come home all right.”

She had freed her emotional log jam. If Joe came home all right, wonderful. If not, she had power to face—anything.

Why are we afraid of our feelings? Is civilization making us bundles of stifled emotions instead of mentally healthy human beings like the “backward” Arawaks? Look at the original design: the emotion of fear gives us energy for quick action, strength for fight or flight. Grief, once excess steam is blown off, gives us enormous power to create a new life, to go on and meet challenges we never could have faced before. Anger empowers the brain to find sensible solutions to problems, means of protecting ourselves, safety from threatening forces.

Dr. Dershimer told of one junior executive who learned the hard way how to let the emotion of anger work for him, not against him. At first he repressed anger; he was trying, as he said, to “control” himself. The result was frequent violence. The bottled-up anger had to blow a gasket now and then. Finally he struck a superior in his plant and seriously injured him. He then went to the top office to be fired, which he felt he deserved.

The manager did not fire him. He simply took a leaf from the doctor's book.

“Look, young man, there's nothing wrong with getting mad,” he said. “We all do. But there are certainly better ways to act when you are mad. Next time, keep your hands in your pockets and listen to what that emotion is trying to tell you. Then you'll find out what you really want to do. And it will not be to slug someone.”

PAY WINDOWS
$2

COLLIER'S

“I felt sorry for him because no one thought he could win. He was a 100-to-1 shot”

REAMER KELLER

Chastened by the experience, the junior executive stopped repressing anger. He let it flow freely and carry its energy to his brain. The result was not violent action at all. Quite the reverse. It had been repressed anger that caused violence. Free-flowing anger simply started the brain working more effectively toward the solution of problems.

Truth As a Shock Treatment

Dr. Dershimer's treatment is, in a way, shock treatment. It is the shock of ideas. As a colleague in the Du Pont medical department said, “He tells his patients the truth.” The truth is shock enough.

A plant plumber disclosed that his real goal in life was to lie forever on a bed of roses. “All right, imagine lying on it,” said the doctor. The plumber did. “Keep on imagining.” The plumber sat with his eyes closed, silently. “How does it feel?” The plumber opened his eyes and blurted, “Monotonous!”

The psychiatrist got a chemist to see for the first time that “all my life I've done nothing but try to get everyone to love me—no wonder I've been such a flop!” A manager admitted he had been a stuffed shirt. A lab assistant realized that he had never made a courageous decision in all his life.

What happens to these people once they face themselves and free their emotions?

One ex-patient said to me, “Things just begin to happen. You don't even know why. You just find yourself thinking straighter and acting more effectively.”

Another remarked, “I was so surprised to find myself making my own decisions. They were just coming out of my head.”

Dr. Dershimer himself doesn't know exactly what he does for his patients. “I never give them a prescription, perhaps just stimuli for straight thinking,” he said. By not coddling them or crawling into their emotional illness with them he feels he activates their own resources: “liberating their courage,” he called it.

His colleague, Dr. Gordon, added, “We don't heal the patient; no doctor can. We just set the bone and let nature do the healing.”

Ten years and thousands of cases have indicated that work is the best medicine. At Du Pont, emotionally upset people are not told to take time off, take a rest, or go on a vacation. They are told that now, more than ever, they must stay on their jobs and let the good anchor of their daily work hold them safe until the emotional storm passes. Dr. Dershimer has been accused of “saving the company money” (if his patients took a rest they'd get sick pay), but he doesn't care what he is accused of so long as he helps his patients get well.

In mental illness the patient feels that his world is falling apart. The problems of life seem too much for him. He feels (unrealistically) that he can't make decisions, can't face responsibility, can't cope with the day's problems. This feeling is his sickness. Agree with him and you get right into the sickness with him. You confirm his worst fears. You tell him to take time off from work and then, instead of simply thinking he has gone to pieces he now really believes it. Then—having removed him from work—someone will soon say the only way to get him well is with occupational therapy!

Tragic Fear of Uselessness

Help this sick individual, Dr. Dershimer argues, by keeping his world together. Keep his props under him if possible. Treat him like a normal person. Don't abandon him to what he fears most: uselessness, incapacity, a feeling of being washed up.

At Du Pont, results have been observed both ways. Patients who have been relieved of work and responsibility have usually become worse: as one report put it “. . . incipient psychoneurotics have been turned into chronic cases which are then much more difficult to treat.” On the other hand: “Kept at work the treatment of psychiatric cases is generally far easier . . . the period of illness is tremendously decreased. We have now demonstrated that when supervision (foremen, supervisors, managers) can treat psychiatric cases as they treat normal people at work, when supervision demands of such people a normal performance at work, surprisingly good, lasting results are attained in short order.”

An ingredient of mental health is to feel needed, worth while. Keep a man at work and, however painful the emotional upset, he at least has the healthful, curative feeling that he is doing a job. One patient, a woman secretary, was made sicker by a benign boss who gave her the afternoon off every time she felt nervous. She sobbed to Dr. Dershimer, “I know I don't mean a thing in that office. They don't even need me. They'd never give me so much time off if they did!”

The best way to make a man feel important in his job is to require him to do it—and do it well. There is no mental health, the Du Pont doctors have found, in a man saying to himself at the end of the day, “Well, I certainly pulled the wool over their eyes today.” Who is he kidding? *Who* is so unimportant that he can boot his work without anyone even noticing it? The mentally healthy feeling is: “I did what I was supposed to do today, and I did a good job. I held my end up. I'm a good man on this team!”

Dr. Dershimer does not consider his approach foolproof. Like any doctor, he has his failures. Sometimes he refers cases outside for more orthodox psychiatric treatment. Sometimes he must suggest hospitalization, and never is a patient kept on the job if there is a risk to his health, mental or physical.

Dr. Dershimer cannot see everybody in Du Pont's far-flung plants who has an emotional upset. Nor does he want to. Everyone has emotional upsets sometime in life and the idea that every man and woman ought to have his private psychiatrist and private couch is, to him, as inadvisable as it is impossible. His 10 years of experimentation have pointed, instead, to a company-wide preventive approach. The company is trying to create a mentally healthy atmosphere in the whole organization by getting rid of the bugs that promote mental disease.

Dr. Dershimer has found that a mentally ill supervisor tends to spread mental illness among the group he supervises. A mentally ill manager carries the contagion throughout his division. Conversely, mental health is just as contagious. In both cases it is the contagion of ideas (the most virulent contagion on earth). A leader who spreads ideas of unreality, dependency, failure to face responsibility may make his team a bunch of emotional cripples. A leader who helps his people face responsibility, accept reality, stand on their own two feet helps them toward a state of emotional health.

Dr. Dershimer works widely with supervisors. (Often when a supervisor complains about the workers under him, it is the supervisor who ends up getting psychotherapy.) He works with managers, with executives, who—once straightened out themselves—can do much for the mental health of their subordinates. He visits the far-flung Du Pont plants, sows seedlings of mental health and lets them grow.

Facts and Fictions Discussed

A favorite device has been seminars. Dr. Dershimer has met with groups—research men, executives, rank-and-file supervisors, plant physicians—over long periods to thrash out in an atmosphere of free discussion some of the facts and fictions of emotional health.

At one session an executive asked, "How can I have good morale in my division?"

"I can't tell you how to get it. I can only tell you how to know when you've got it," Dr. Dershimer said.

"How?" the executive asked.

"When everybody feels free to tell you to go to hell," Dr. Dershimer replied.

"You mean they'll tell me that?" sputtered the executive.

"No," said the doctor. "If they feel free to, they won't have to."

Dozens of times at these seminars, Dr. Dershimer says, "I don't know." Soon the idea sinks in that to want someone always to hand you answers on a silver platter is part of mental disease. To think anyone *has* all the answers is part of mental disease. To think *you* have all the answers is mental disease full-blown.

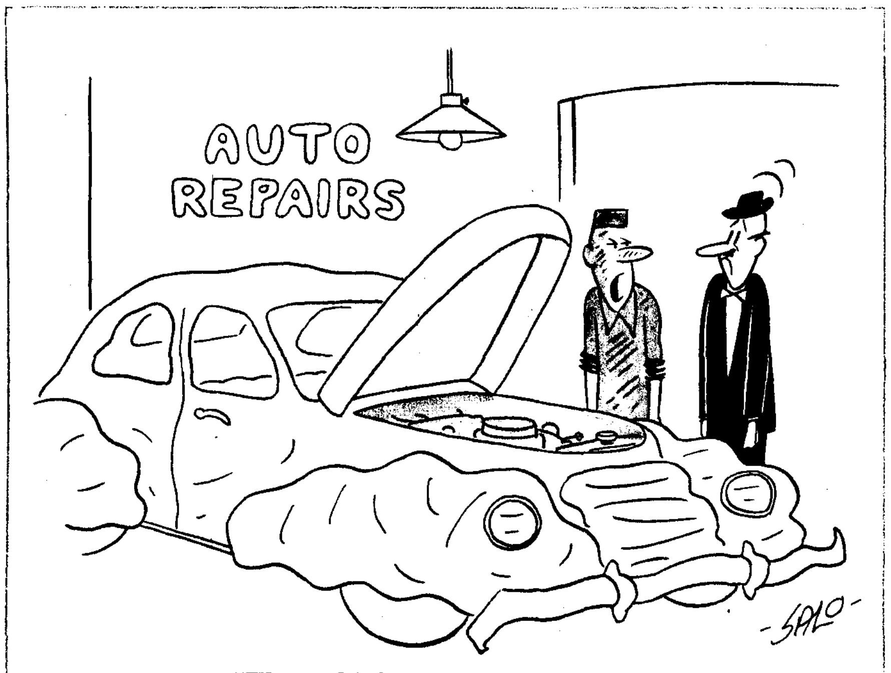
Executives With a God Complex

Once Dr. Dershimer told a group of top men, "The people who go around saying, 'I'm God,' we know are crazy. The ones who simply act like it remain top executives—or used to." He has no use for the old-time executive with the God complex. "Trouble begins when people start thinking they're better than someone else," he says. At seminars, such terms as "stuffed shirt," "swelled head" and "ivory tower" are given merciless examination.

One top executive who had attended a seminar said to me, "I had been wasting time getting into an impregnable, defensive position every time I had to make a decision. I was backstopping myself with data instead of making an independent, intelligent decision based on my own conviction. After the seminar, I began letting my brain tell me what to do instead of using crutches to substitute for a brain."

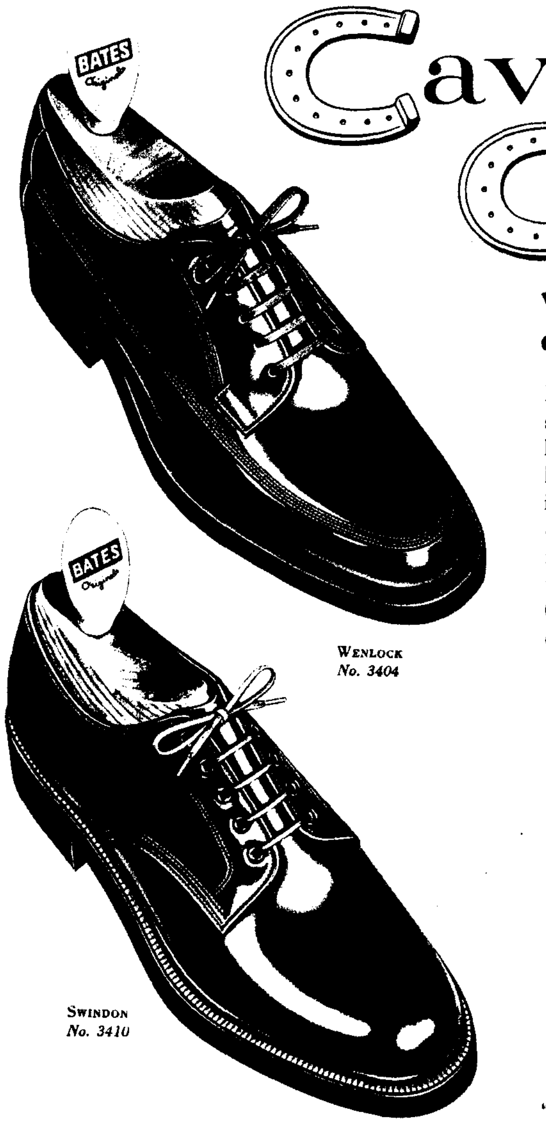
A research chemist exclaimed, "The time we used to waste arguing over 'who's right'! At the seminar we got rid of our mental disease on that subject. *Nobody knows who's right.* Only the Almighty knows. Once we faced that, we got rid of prima-donna poses. The boss would say, 'Okay, nobody knows who's right. Now this is what we're going to try now.' And everybody would pitch in wholeheartedly instead of nursing his own little wounded pride."

Each seminar somehow comes to the conclusion that life is, after all, a continuous experiment. Why not, like the Arawaks, go along with it, change with it, grow with it, roll with it, feel with it—and *live*. Who knows? We may catch up to the primitives someday. ▲▲▲



"We could fix it, but it would be much cheaper to ship it back to the factory and have it run through the assembly line again"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH



Cavalry Cordo

with shining cavalry leather

Here are shoes with rich looks so characteristic of fine cavalry leather. This distinctive leather has the lustre of cordovan — yet it's far more supple, more comfortable, *much* easier to break in. These handsome shoes give you *luxury in everything but price.* Canter right in to your Bates dealer and try on a pair!

Most styles $11.95 to $17.95

Wenlock
No. 3404

Swindon
No. 3410

Phi Bates

America's *only* shoes style-endorsed by the College Advisory Board

BATES
Originals

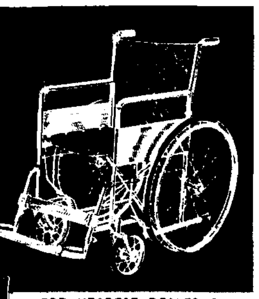
Exclusive comfort feature —
"SLIPPER-FREE WHERE YOUR FOOT BENDS"

BATES SHOE COMPANY, WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Burgers Taste Better!
A.1 SAUCE
Ask for A.1. when dining out, too!

SAY GOOD-BYE TO MONEY WORRIES taking care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S and all popular magazines. For details of this money-making plan, write to—

Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.



FOR THE WORLD'S FINEST WHEEL CHAIRS

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK E J

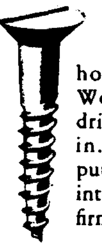
FOR NEAREST DEALER & FREE CATALOG
Consult classified telephone book or write to EVEREST & JENNINGS, INC., 761 N. Highland Avenue, Los Angeles 38,

Wake Up To More Comfort

Without Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!



PLASTIC WOOD

RESET LOOSE SCREWS with

EASY! Just fill hole with Plastic Wood. Let dry and drive screws back in. Handles like putty and hardens into wood. Holds firmly, lastingly.

PLASTIC WOOD®
A CELLULOSE FIBRE FILLER
IN CANS OR TUBES

P.S. Pulleys, hinges, locks and latches work better with 3-IN-ONE Oil

New Lather Outmodes Old Shaving Methods!

It's the greatest news for shaving men in 50 long years! Just imagine . . . rich, creamy lather right out of a can! Not even Aladdin could beat that one. No brush to slow you down, no greasy cream to clog your razor. Just push valve . . . out comes lather! 3 beard softeners mean triple comfort. Built-in Lano-Lotion soothes skin. Get new AERO SHAVE push-button lather . . . only 59¢.

AERO SHAVE
59¢

USE "PUSH-BUTTON" LATHER
AERO SHAVE
CONTAINS SOOTHING LANO-LOTION

PAPER? PAPER BATHING

Wrapped in yardage from floating bolt, Marcia Valerio of New York Aquashow tests wet-strength of melamine-treated paper

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

Aquashow performer Bobby Knapp, center, and 12-year-old Ned Shevelson swing Ned's year-old brother, Jimmy, in an impromptu hammock of reinforced paper. Right: Knapp lifts 90-pound youth clear out of water by the seat of his paper trunks

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

Yes, paper. It covers your bundles, walls and cigarettes. Why not *you?*

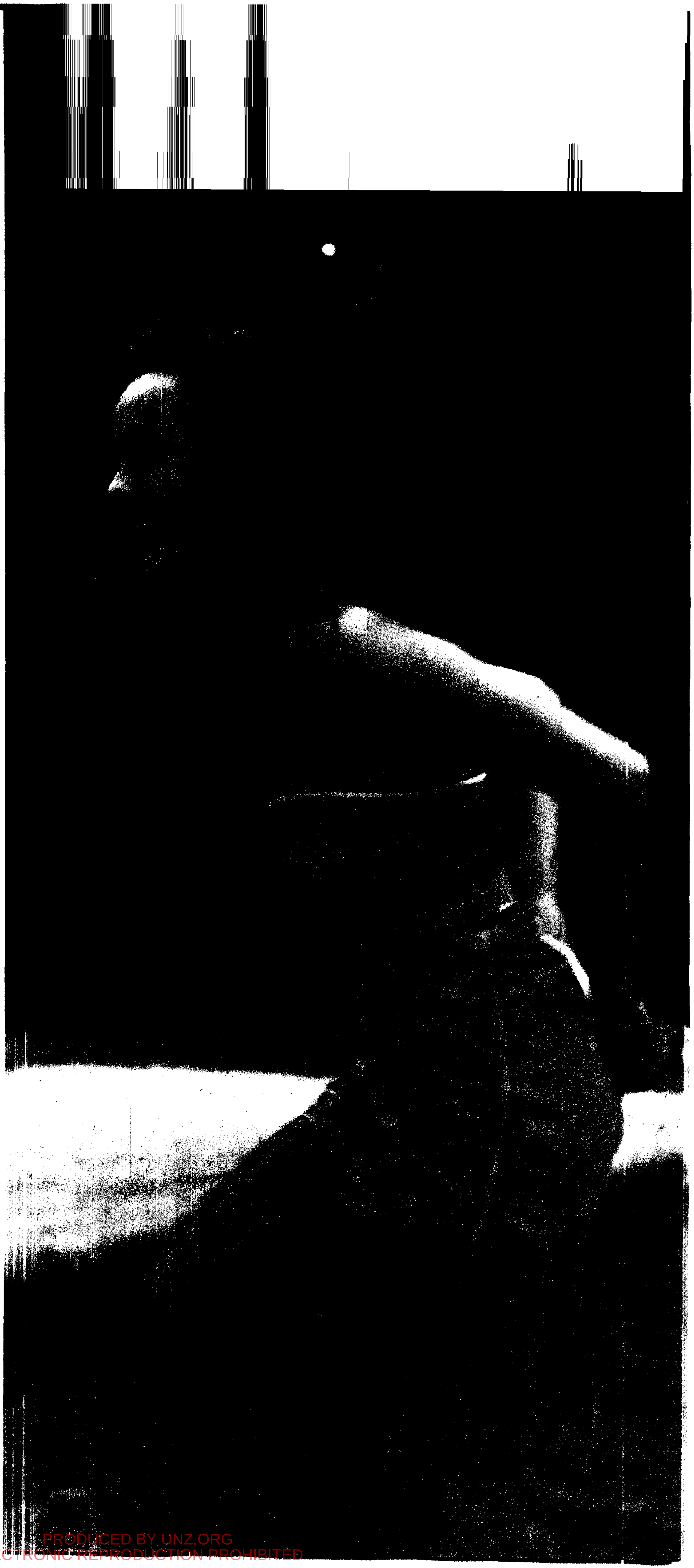
UNLESS paper is your business, you don't think much about it. Paper is simply *there*—versatile as plastic, indispensable as steel and far cheaper than either. You use more than 350 pounds of it a year, for everything from operating a business office to smoking a cigarette or wrapping a fish. Soon, you may go swimming in it.

The people in these pictures are wearing paper bathing suits. The paper contains melamine resin, a chemical compound which makes it five times stronger than ordinary wet paper by holding the fibers together as cement holds bricks. Melamine-treated paper was developed in 1942. Today, it's used for toweling that won't lint, food wrapping that won't leak, money that won't tear (all Canadian currency is melamine-treated). It has practically revolutionized the paper industry. Yet few laymen know anything about it.

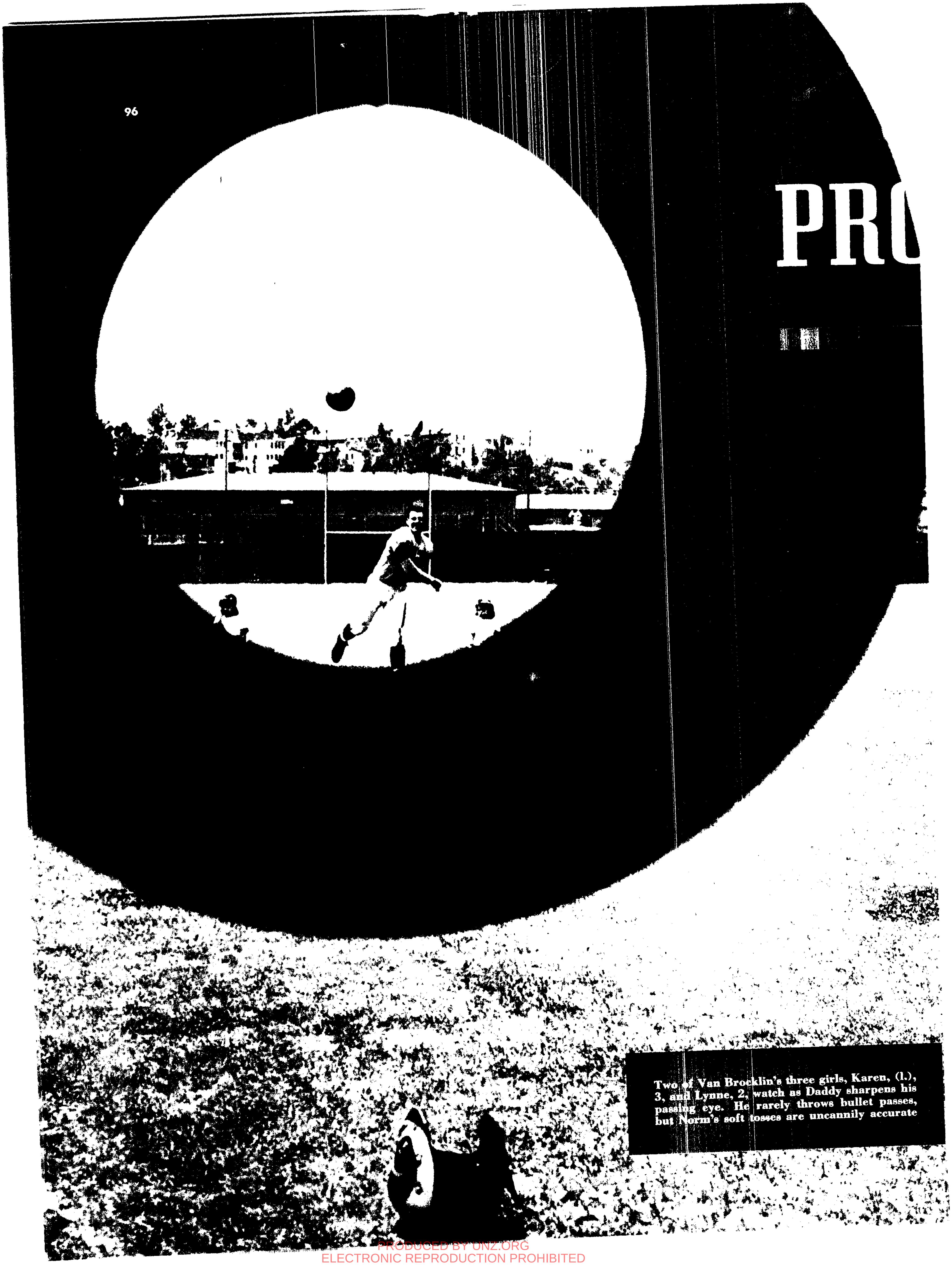
This year the American Cyanamid Company, which produces the resin, began seeking a way to dramatize their product. They dreamed up the paper bathing suit. To their own surprise, manufacturers took the idea seriously. The suit, selling for about 50 cents, may be in dispensing machines next season. It should be a natural for people caught away from home with a sudden chance to go swimming. And while no Bikini, it will nonetheless have enough eye appeal to turn any bathing beauty into a paper doll. ▲▲▲

SUITS?

Marcia Valerio takes an underwater swim, emerges (right) with suit unharmed. Melamine makes paper at least twice as strong as ordinary product, and five times stronger when wet. Suit won't shrink, rip or disintegrate, will sell for about 50 cents



PRO



Two of Van Brocklin's three girls, Karen, (l.), 3, and Lynne, 2, watch as Daddy sharpens his passing eye. He rarely throws bullet passes, but Norm's soft tosses are uncannily accurate

By MELVIN DURSLAG

FOOTBALL'S BRAT

Norm Van Brocklin of the Rams hurls some of the finest passes and sharpest words in pro football circles. He wins games both ways

NORMAN VAN BROCKLIN, the quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams, enjoys the distinction of having been threatened with dismemberment by at least one man on every team in the National Football League. He has nettled and exasperated opponents who weigh as much as 285 pounds—Norman weighs 190—and has cussed out officials from Kezar Stadium in San Francisco to the Polo Grounds in New York. One day, he even read the riot act to his own coach.

Yet he has never been injured, has never been thrown out of a game and has come through the struggle as the most successful passer in professional football today. He has led the league in passing two of the last three years, and finished a close second the other year.

And more astonishing is the fact he has made this record while playing only on a part-time basis, as an alternate for Bob Waterfield, the Ram quarterback who retired last December. Last season Van Brocklin was responsible for a higher average gain per play on offense than any other back in the league. His pitching netted 1,736 yards and 14 touchdowns and his completion average boomed to .551.

Norman is a mild-looking young man of twenty-seven with clear blue eyes, brown curly hair and a dimpled chin. A teammate once described him as "the man most likely to be babied by an airline hostess," and because of his readiness to giggle at the most marinated joke, the Rams have dubbed him Laughing Boy. But the Laughing Boy phase of Van Brocklin's make-up is never seen by people on the other side of the scrimmage line. To them, he is an Eddie Stanky in spades, a frightening little fiend who contributes to the psychic decay of innocent guards, tackles and ends.

"Norm is the finest passer the league has ever seen," says Hampton Pool, the Rams coach. "He doesn't have the niftiness of Bob Waterfield or Sid Luckman or Sammy Baugh, but he throws with more skill. Soon he'll break every existing record —if some lineman doesn't break his neck first."

The odds on the latter possibility, Pool feels, are no more than even money, though the startling contrast between Van Brocklin's conduct on and off the field remains a source both of puzzlement and anxiety to the coach, who pleads with him almost tearfully not to provoke the enemy.

"Any player in this game who persists in irritating the other man must pay the price," says Pool. "They'll go out of their way to get him. Van Brocklin realizes this and promises to behave. But once the game gets under way, he has an insane desire to win and collect his play-off money, and he does and says things that defy all reason."

There are players on the Ram team who will argue the point with their coach. They claim that Van Brocklin does nothing without reason. They recall a day three years ago when the Rams were playing the Philadelphia Eagles. In the fourth quarter, an Eagle guard named Piggy Barnes had been smashing through and smearing Ram backs for one loss after another. Van Brocklin was burning, and suddenly started riding Barnes, although the lineman weighed 245 pounds and had spent the spring in lifting weights, and Norm weighed 55 pounds less and had spent the spring fishing.

"You lucky bum," said Norm, after Piggy had spilled him for a six-yard loss, "You come back here once more and I'll knock your bridgework right down your throat."

Barnes was now boiling; he crouched with his fist doubled as the Eagles lined up for the next play. Van Brocklin whispered in the huddle, "He's ripe for the trap"—a maneuver designed expressly for overcharging linemen who are permitted to break through, only to be flattened unsuspectingly from the side by an offensive lineman who pulls out. Since it was third down and 20 yards to go, the trap was the last play in football that Barnes expected. He charged like a bull rhino, and was neatly mowed down while Tank Younger sprinted 22 yards on a hand-off for a first down. Van Brocklin, always a gracious winner, chortled.

"Hey, Piggy!" he yelled. "How do you like that treatment? I'll teach you to get eager."

A Hot Head But Not an Empty One

That play convinced most of the Rams that while Norman had a hot head, he obviously didn't have an empty one. And despite the frequent strife in which he has figured on the field, they rarely since have questioned his signal-calling.

Actually, the trap has come to serve a twofold purpose for the Rams. It has been good for yardage, and it has been good for Van Brocklin when his verbal jockeying on the field has reached the critical point and something is needed quickly to slow down a wrathful lineman. On just about the average of twice per game against San Francisco, Norm finds it advisable to call the trap on Visco Grgich, the mammoth guard of the '49ers, who has formed what he calls a one-man posse to run Van Brocklin out of the state.

Van Brocklin is a mild-looking citizen up to game time. Then he becomes a wild man

This friendship began one day in San Francisco after Grgich, who had been exchanging barbs with Norm, piled up two successive Ram plays at the line of scrimmage. Then came the trap—and Dan Towler raced for 32 yards. Grgich was so irked that he crashed through on the next play even before the ball was snapped, knocking Van Brocklin flat at the cost of a five-yard penalty to the '49ers.

Van Brocklin picked himself off the ground and said in a sirupy tone to Visco, "Now do that just eight more times, Meathead, and we'll have a touchdown."

Grgich grabbed him by the jersey and sputtered, "I swear I'll kill you right on the spot!"

Van Brocklin became indignant and invited Visco to meet him outside after the game. With great delight, the burly guard accepted. Grgich showed up, but Van Brocklin didn't. He never does for these appointments, which he makes with some of the most ferocious people in football. Los Angeles players insist that Norm is not fainthearted, though where guys the size of Grgich are involved, he disagrees.

"When I meet someone outside," says he, "it's

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

going to be one of those scatbacks who weigh 145."

Even when Van Brocklin gets genuinely angry on the field, the Rams say he is not likely to meet anyone outside later. Once the gun sounds and he takes off his uniform, his emotions do a backflip and by some peculiar process he is transformed once again into Laughing Boy. His reputation in that role was probably solidified for keeps one quiet night in a Chicago hotel lobby when Elroy Hirsch, a natural comedian, was looking for laughs. He gathered a group of players and went to work on Van Brocklin.

"Why are you such a jerk who laughs at everything?" asked Elroy. "Sometimes you embarrass me."

Van Brocklin answered defensively, "I only laugh when it's funny."

"You're a pushover," Hirsch scoffed. "I've got five bucks that says I can make you laugh right now with the schmaltziest joke I know."

A Wager He Couldn't Dodge

Van Brocklin wavered a moment and probably would have backed down if he hadn't been surrounded by teammates. He drew himself erect, set his face sternly and took the bet. Hirsch began a shaggy-dog tale about a guy in a Chinese restaurant. The laugh bubbles immediately began to form in Norm's stomach and soon they were spiraling through the tonsil area.

"So this guy is eating his dinner," said Hirsch, "and the waiter walks by with a tray and spills a bowl of chop suey over his head."

Van Brocklin was trying desperately to restrain himself, but now he was chuckling.

"The guy turns to the waiter," continued Hirsch, "and says, 'What's the big idea—spilling chop suey over my head?' "

Van Brocklin was laughing aloud, the tears pouring down his cheeks.

"The waiter looked surprised and answered, 'I'm sorry. I thought it was egg foo young.' "

The other players winced perceptibly, but Van Brocklin was now hysterical and it looked for a while as though the boys would have to throw cold water on him. Elroy pocketed the money.

The loss was something less than financial suicide for Van Brocklin, but one which he still resented, for he considers himself a shrewd man with a buck and the idea of having been responsible for its departure was a blow to his pride. He hadn't felt so bad, in fact, since the day he drew a fine of $150 at the Polo Grounds for a misunderstanding with an official. He had accused the head linesman of cheating the Rams on a measurement which left them inches short of a first down late in the game with the score tied. The official was a gentle little guy, unaccustomed to abuse. The violent language with which Van Brocklin sprayed him so bewildered him that he ran to the referee to seek advice.

On the side lines, meanwhile, Joe Stydahar, then coach of the Rams, was gesturing madly for Norm to subside. Waterfield had gone out of the game earlier on an injury and Van Brocklin was the only quarterback the Rams had left.

"It was an exhibition game for charity," recalls Van Brocklin, "so I guess the referee took pity on us. He told the head linesman not to throw me out; but that $150 fine was bad for my spirit."

To this day in the Ram office, before a staff member will recount to an outsider the things that Van Brocklin told the official that day, he first will look cautiously down the hall to make certain the stenographers are not within earshot, then will lead the listener into a soundproof projection room and whisper the details for which Norman was fined.

Bert Bell, the commissioner of the National League, never pushed Van Brocklin to pay the fine, and Norm wasn't quick to pay. In fact, two months later he was still delinquent. And then one morning in Philadelphia he was having breakfast at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel when Bell walked in and spotted him. He sat down at Norm's table and ordered a cup of coffee.

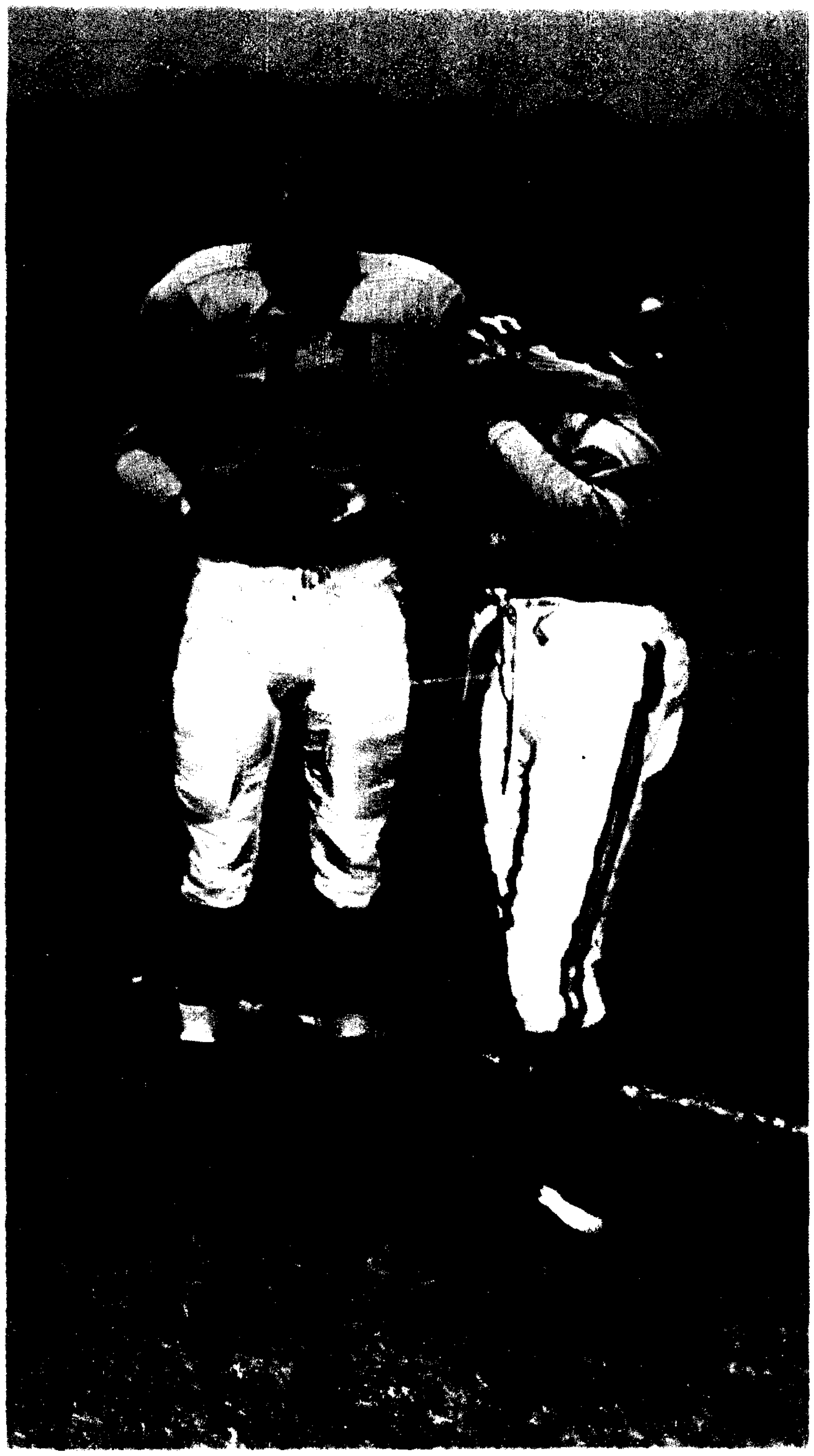
"On that matter of $150," Van Brocklin began, "do you want it in small bills?"

Bell studied him a moment, then answered, "If you'd promise to behave yourself, I'd forget the fine this time."

Van Brocklin's face was lighted by a broad smile.

"In that case, Bertie," he said, reaching over expansively and picking up the commissioner's 15-cent check, "have another cup of coffee."

Every quarterback in professional football, says Coach Pool, should have the temperament of Waterfield, who bottled his emotions perfectly for eight years on the field and never exchanged a cross word with anyone, not even Ed Sprinkle of the Chicago Bears who broke his cheekbone one day.



Norm (left) with the Rams' right end, Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch, who's one of Van Brocklin's receivers and admirers. "He doesn't pitch that ball with mere skill, but with genius," says Hirsch. In 1952, alternating as Ram quarterback with Bob Waterfield, Van Brocklin completed more than half his passes—for 1,736 yards

But even though Van Brocklin lacks the even disposition of Waterfield, the Ram management and players are exceedingly fond of him because of his willingness to enter into battle on the field in behalf of any man on the Los Angeles team.

At the College All-Star–Professional Champion game in Chicago last summer, Norm flipped a pass to halfback V. T. Smith, who was chased out of bounds by Al Dorow, the All-America quarterback from Michigan State. Smith was just drawing to a stop on the hard-top track at Soldier Field when Dorow smacked him with a shoulder. Smith went down. Van Brocklin raced to the scene, cursed Dorow and threatened to hit him. Players from both sides separated them, but as Van Brocklin turned away, Dorow gave him a push. Norm countered with a stinging backhand to Dorow's face, and then as the referee approached, he slipped away, leaving only Dorow and the peacemakers to draw the official reprimand.

Van Brocklin is just as artful off the field, particularly where money matters are concerned. He negotiates considerably better than the Ram front office wishes he could. At the start of the 1951 season, he signed a three-year contract with Los Angeles at a salary beginning at $12,500 and increasing each year by $1,000. That deal, however, made no provision for Waterfield's retirement.

When it came at the end of last season, Van Brocklin found himself in a strong bargaining position, and it was obvious he would not play for $14,500, as his contract had specified for 1953. Without him, the Rams would be dead —and Norm knew it.

Pressuring for a High Salary

Before the old contract could be destroyed and a new one drawn up, the Ram owners suffered many moments of pain. First, a sports writer quoted Van Brocklin as stating he would demand $25,000, an unprecedented figure for professional football. Then Norm got hold of an advertising folder which the Rams mail each year to their season-ticket prospects. He returned it to the club, writing under the section marked "Suggestions":

"Pay Van Brocklin $1,500,000 a year."

They settled, finally, for about $20,000, and since Norm felt he went too cheap, he insisted on a mere one-year contract, with the idea of asking for more in 1954 if he goes well this season. Both he and the Rams feel he will, for Van Brocklin's record over the past three seasons shows that only in 1951 did he finish short of the league championship in passing. He lost it that year to Waterfield by a margin so close it took three decimals to separate them.

And the circumstances leading to Waterfield's victory were to result in bad blood for a while between Van Brocklin and Coach Stydahar. Norm had led the league's passers for 11 successive weeks and needed only an average day in the final game against Green Bay to retain his title. In the middle of the first quarter, Van Brocklin called a pass instead of a running play which Stydahar had ordered, and

has an insane desire to win and collect his play-off money . . .”

Joe benched the quarterback for the rest of the afternoon. Waterfield, meanwhile, connected with five touchdown passes and gained 256 yards through the air to nose out Van Brocklin in a finish that had the league statisticians calculating with slide rules.

Norm fired some carbonated remarks at Stydahar when he learned the benching had cost him the championship, and he wound up on the side lines for the first three and a half quarters of the championship play-off game the next week against the Cleveland Browns. Only eight minutes remained when Stydahar finally summoned him for duty. The score was tied at 17-17. On his third play, Van Brocklin threw a long pass to Tom Fears, who went the rest of the way to score on a play which covered 73 yards, and the Rams won their first world's championship since coming to Los Angeles.

A Rookie Star with the Rams

Van Brocklin's flipping that winning touchdown pass to Fears was characteristic of his career in professional football, in which he has become one of the great clutch players of the game. In his rookie year in 1949, when the Rams were driving for the Western Division championship, he pulled two games from the fire with his last-minute passes. He threw a 20-yarder to Hirsch for a touchdown that tied the score against Detroit, after which Waterfield kicked a field goal in the closing seconds for a 27-24 victory.

Later, in deep mud at Pittsburgh, with the Steelers leading 7-0, Van Brocklin was in the process of being smeared for a long loss when he unwound an incredible underhand pass to Fears, who ran to the one-yard line to complete a 50-yard play. The Rams scored and got away with a 7-7 tie.

Finally, in the last game of the schedule against Washington, Los Angeles needed a win for the championship. They got it as Van Brocklin pitched for four touchdowns. He also did notable rescue work in the title drive of 1951. He broke the back of the Bears with an 84-yard pass to Hirsch and did the same to the Browns with a 50-yarder to Hirsch.

Mechanically, Van Brocklin lacks the picturelike form of passers such as Bobby Layne and George Ratterman. He has small hands and pudgy fingers and throws more with his body than his arm, very much in the manner of one hurling a javelin. He rarely drills his receivers with bullet passes, but specializes in soft ones that arch and seem to reach their targets as though electronically controlled.

“It's just like reaching for a floating bubble,” says Crazy Legs Hirsch, the right end of the Rams. “He has an unbelievable faculty for judging the speed of a man going downfield. He doesn't pitch that ball with mere skill, but with genius.”

An end from Green Bay named Bill Howton, one of the leading pass catchers in the National League last year, joined the Van Brocklin fan club following an incident in the 1953 pro Bowl Game in Los Angeles. Bobby Layne of Detroit opened at quarterback for the Western Division All-Stars and Van Brocklin wasn't called to action until late in the first quarter.

On his first play, he improvised in the huddle what he calls an “up” pass, in which he sent Howton straight up the field without faking or deviating from his true course. The Green Bay receiver ran 55 yards before turning for the ball, and then he saw it spinning smoothly over the head of safety man Emlen Tunnell of the Eastern Division All-Stars. Howton caught it and raced to a touchdown. The play covered 74 yards from the line of scrimmage.

Afterward, Howton remarked to reporters, “Those kind of passes belong in a museum.”

There was a time, however, in Van Brocklin's career when his passes scarcely belonged in football, let alone a shrine. He played halfback quite uneventfully at Acalanes High in Walnut Creek, near San Francisco, where the family had moved from Parade, South Dakota, when Norm was three. He was the eighth of nine children, whose father was a watchmaker.

Van Brocklin wasn't good enough in high school to win an athletic scholarship at any college. So, following his discharge from the Navy in 1946, he attended the University of Oregon under the GI bill.

In his freshman year, as a left halfback in the single wing, he was a fifth-stringer who threw nine passes without a completion and with three interceptions. Then, in his sophomore season, came two major events in his life. First, Jim Aiken became coach of Oregon and introduced the T formation. And second, Norm married his biology instructor, the former Gloria Schiewe, a graduate student at the university working for a master's degree in science. Whether it was the T, or matrimony, or a combination of both, Van Brocklin doesn't know. But in his two remaining years in college (he played only three), he led the Pacific Coast Conference in passing, was named to several All-America teams, and suddenly became one of the hottest pro prospects in the country.

His joining the Rams was not without major incident. The rule in the National League states that an undergraduate player may be taken in the draft four years after he enters a university, or sooner if he is able to earn his degree.

Time Was Ripe to Turn Pro

In December of 1948, Van Brocklin, who had picked up credits attending summer school with his studious wife, discovered he could graduate in June of 1949, or three and a half years after entering the university. He had a year of football eligibility remaining at Oregon, but chose to turn pro while two leagues were still in operation and salaries remained high. After surveying the field, he decided he could wring top dollar out of the Rams, who were fighting a death struggle at the time with the Los Angeles Dons of the now defunct All-America Conference. Quietly, he wrote to the Rams advising them to grab him in the January draft. Consequently, Los Angeles was the only team in the National League aware of his availability.

When the Rams got him, the other clubs loudly cried foul, along with Oregon, which he had just led to the Cotton Bowl and a purse of $100,000 on New Year's Day. The school had Rose Bowl ideas in 1949 and was counting on him.

The Rams expressed their gratitude for the tip-off by giving Van Brocklin a $2,500 bonus, with the agreement he would sign a contract in the spring. To earn his physical education degree in June, he had to complete, among other courses, one called Fundamentals of Body Movement and Conditioning. It was shortly before registration for the spring semester in February that Norm made the horrifying discovery that Fundamentals of Body Movement and Conditioning had been removed from the spring curriculum and was to be offered only in the fall. It meant, of course, he couldn't graduate in June and wouldn't be eligible for the pros that year. It meant also that the Rams had taken him illegally and his name would be returned to the draft list the following season.

In Quest of a Phys Ed Credit

The desperate Rams dispatched airmail–special-delivery letters to 11 other institutions across the nation in the hope of finding one that offered Fundamentals of Body Movement and Conditioning in its spring semester. If Van Brocklin couldn't graduate from Oregon, said President Reeves, he would graduate somewhere else.

Before any of the letters could be answered, the cagey quarterback solved the problem himself. He talked the dean of physical education at Oregon into offering the course in the spring after all. The crisis, however, still hadn't passed. Only four students signed up for Fundamentals of Body Movement and Conditioning, whereupon the school said it couldn't provide an instructor for a group that small. The course would be abandoned until the fall. But Van Brocklin had still another pitch.

“I'll pay a private tutor out of my own pocket to teach the class,” he told the dean.

The deal was agreed upon, but when the quarterback discovered the cost was $75, he promptly sent the bill to the Rams.

Always careful with money, Van Brocklin is even more concerned with it now. He has three daughters—Karen, three; Lynne, two; and Judy, one—and his main worry is whether he will be able to save enough money to send them through college. In a step toward that goal, Norman recently decided to move from Eugene to Los Angeles in the hope of getting a good-paying off-season job. He had calculated that 15 years from now he must have $28,500 set aside for their needs. He looks at things this way:

The college education of each girl, including room, board, tuition, clothing and incidentals, should be $2,000 a year, barring further inflation. That amounts to $8,000 for each girl. Multiply by three and you get $24,000. Then, to pay for a modest wedding for each daughter, he figures he can hold down the price, including reception, to $1,500 apiece, provided Tom Fears, his pass-catching end, remains in the whisky business in Los Angeles and will sell him the spirits wholesale.

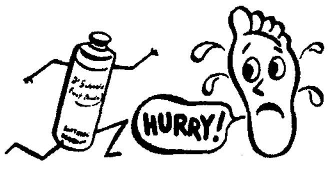
“The only monkey wrench that could louse up my economy,” Norm says, “would be one of those sons-in-law wanting to borrow money from me to go into business. He'll never know what I went through to make it.” ▲▲▲

Socknotes by Wigwam
Wigwam
Your choice of Shrink-treated WOOL or Cushioned-fiber 100% NYLON

Wigwam Socks

In class . . . on the campus . . . for after-hours work or leisure . . . for everything but the Junior Prom — wear Wigwams! You'll like the way *they hold their shape through miles of wear and* hundreds of washings. Hand Knit Hosiery Co., Sheboygan, Wis.

Wigwam Socks FOR EVERY SPORT



QUICK TO THE RESCUE!

Talk about fast action! Just sprinkle Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your hot, tender, chafed, sensitive, tired feet. Grateful relief is yours at once! Eases new or tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot. Be sure to get Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder today! Sold everywhere.

KILL FLEAS WITH
PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
KILLS LICE & TICKS, TOO
ANOTHER COOPER PRODUCT

MY WASHING MACHINE RUNS BETTER WITH 3-IN-ONE
3 IN
3-IN-ONE OIL
3-IN-ONE OIL

P.S. Reset loose handles and hinges so easily with PLASTIC WOOD

A SPECIAL FICTION FEATURE

SOLO

A Novelette

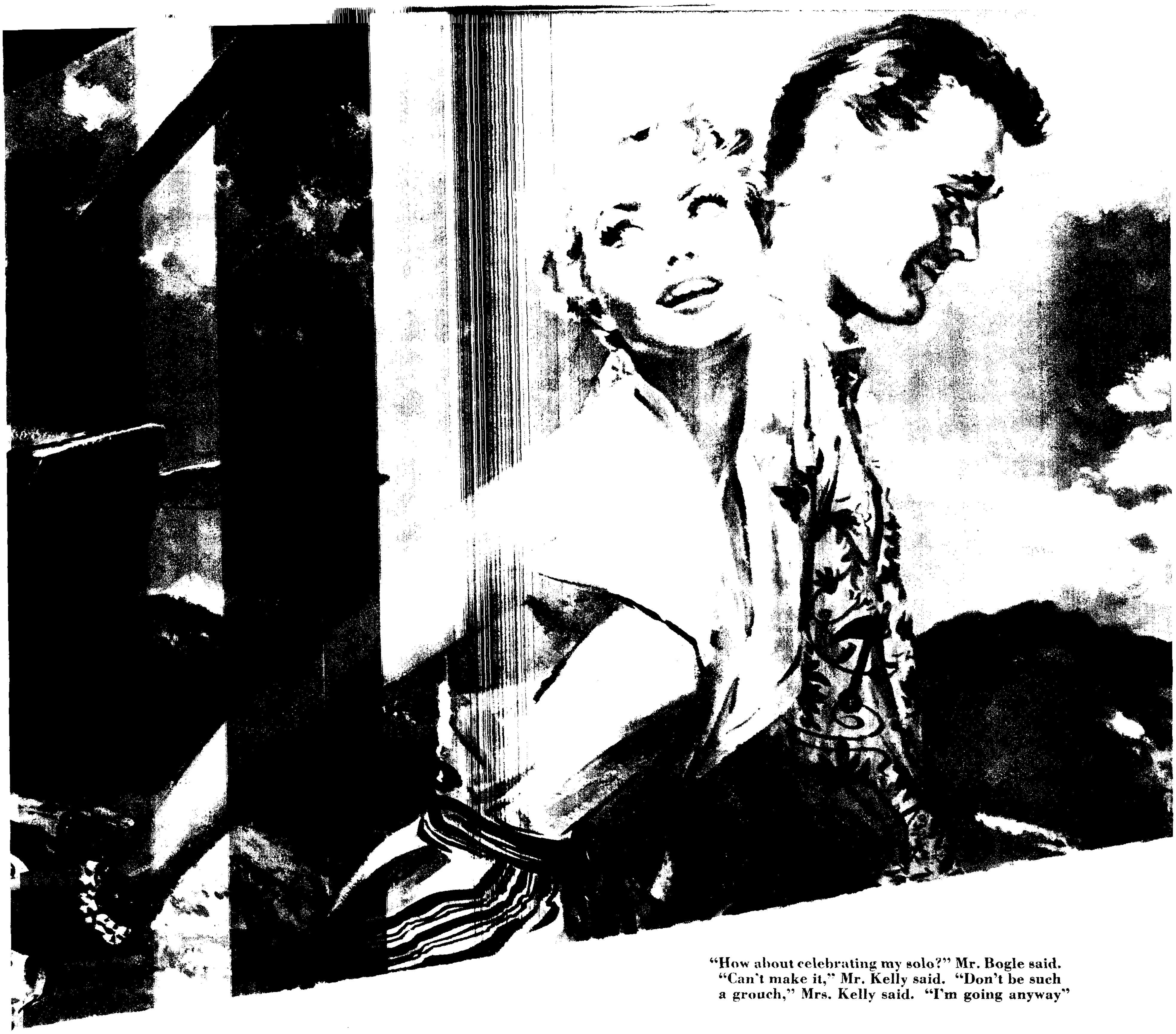
By WALT GROVE

I was good enough to be in charge of Mr. Kelly's airfield when Mr. Kelly was away; but when it came to looking out for Mrs. Kelly too, I was in 'way above my head

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

THE middle of January it got so I couldn't stand it any more, and I ran away from home. The trouble was my parents and the arguments they had all the time. I don't mean they threw things at each other. My mother never even raised her voice, and my dad didn't say anything at all back to her. Maybe that doesn't sound like a real argument to you, and I guess you can't understand why I got so upset. Well, I'm not saying that just *any* kid would, but I did. I know it wasn't smart to run away; but I'd never done it before, and it was the only thing I could think of. And I had to do something; they were making me so nervous arguing all the time.

One afternoon about four o'clock I started home from high school, but I never got there. I just slung my books down an alley and thought: I can't take it any more, and I took off. I didn't have to stand on the highway more than five minutes before I caught a ride. After that I went to an awful lot of places out West: New Mexico and Arizona and California. I picked fruit in Arizona and rode freights coming back from the West Coast, and in Utah I



"How about celebrating my solo?" Mr. Bogle said. "Can't make it," Mr. Kelly said. "Don't be such a grouch," Mrs. Kelly said. "I'm going anyway"

got put in jail for vagrancy. I told them I was twenty-one and they believed me, or else they didn't care how old I was. Then I decided to see Colorado, and that was when I hit this town. It's about 200 miles west of Denver and not bad for its size, which is 50,000 population.

You know where the highway comes in from the north?—right at the city limits where it forks and there's a big superservice station? That's where I got off the truck. The driver was going on south and by-passing the town, and I wanted to go in town myself and see if I couldn't get some kind of job, because all that day I hadn't eaten but one orange. I asked at the superservice station if I could use their rest room, but they chased me away. They had clean, sanitary rest rooms with ultraviolet lights in them to kill germs, and I was pretty dirty. I walked along the highway until I came to a little stream, and I got down under a bridge where no one could see, and then I took off my shirt and started to wash. That was when I saw this little yellow airplane.

It was going down behind some trees and landing, I guess, because it would no sooner get out of sight than I'd hear the sound of its engine, and up it would come again, taking off. I put my shirt back on and walked across a field until I came to a dirt road, and I went down that about a mile before I came to a big hangar with a yellow Cub airplane parked outside.

I walked around and looked in the hangar door, and I was careful because I thought there might be a dog—and I'd had dogs sicked on me before. But there was just a man without any clothes on away at the back taking a bath in a bucket. I don't mean he was *in* the bucket. But he was covered all over with soap and there was a bucket on the hangar floor beside him. He was only about five feet four, but I'd never seen anyone with so many muscles. Nice muscles, too, not the knotty overdeveloped kind that weight lifters get. And with the soap all over him that way he looked like a statue I saw in a museum in Huntington Park. That's in California, and it's pretty well known.

Anyway, I walked on back and asked him if he didn't have something he could let me do to make a dollar or two because I was hungry.

He looked up at me real quick, and I could tell by his eyes what an intelligent man he was. You know, sometimes you can just tell that way immediately. "What did you do, kid?" he said. "Run away from home?"

"Just forget it," I said, and I started out of the hangar because the minute some people find out you ran away they just can't wait to call a policeman and make everything right again.

He laughed. He had a swell laugh. "Wait a minute," he said. "I know how it is. I ran away once myself." Of course that could've been a trick to get me to hang around but I didn't think so.

"Well, how about it?" I asked. "You got anything I can do?"

"I'll find something. Just throw that bucket of water over me, will you?"

I doused him with it, and he put on a white shirt with a stiff collar and gold cuff links and a shiny black silk tie. He wore those pants like Army officers wear, too. When he asked me what my name was I told him Alfred Flanders. That was a name

I'd made up. He said his name was James Barston Kelly. It was the first time in my life I ever met anybody who told me his middle name right away like that. Most people are too ashamed.

"You own this place, Mr. Kelly?" I asked.

"The bank owns it, Alfred. I'm just trying to keep up with the payments."

We walked outside, and he locked the gasoline pump, and then I helped him roll the yellow Cub in the hangar. All the time he acted as if he was thinking.

"Know anything about gasoline engines, Al?"

"I had automotive shop in school."

"How'd you like a permanent job with me?"

"Well, I don't know about that," I said.

Well, he said he was doing all the maintenance work there himself, and if I'd help him he'd feed me and give me a place to sleep in the hangar. He said he couldn't pay me anything, because he was just getting started, but that instead of paying me he'd teach me to fly. "And there's no finer, cleaner thing a young man can do than fly, Al," Mr. Kelly said.

I wasn't so sure, because I'd never even thought about it. Some kids don't think about anything but flying, but I'd never been that way. But the thing that decided me though was that I was so worried about my future. You see, my folks are really pretty nice and they taught me good manners and made me go to Sunday school, and I had ambition. I didn't want to be a bum all my life, and grow old riding around on freight trains and doing odd jobs. I'd seen enough old men like that. I mean I really wanted to be something someday. "Well, I'll try it," I said.

Mr. Kelly grinned and slapped me on the back, and we shook hands. "Now that's settled you can come home with me and have dinner," he said. "And tonight you can sleep in our guest room."

THE house where he lived was only a couple hundred yards up the road from the hangar. It was painted gray with yellow shutters and a yellow front door, and I guess it looked nice, but traveling around the country I'd seen a lot of houses painted exactly like that. I wasn't impressed. The grass in the front yard was cut, and everything else that was growing looked neat and trimmed. As soon as we started up the flagstones a girl ran out and threw her arms around Mr. Kelly's neck. "Oh, how I love you, Nutsy!" she cried, and she kissed him like she was going to eat him right there.

I'm sure she wasn't more than twenty years old, although she never did tell me her exact age. She had short blonde hair, and she was wearing shorts and high-heeled shoes. Standing there beside him with those shoes on, she was taller than he was.

"This is Sarah, my wife," Mr. Kelly said.

"Any friend of Nutsy's is a friend of mine," she said, laughing and holding out her hand.

She didn't really mean that of course. She was just trying to be cute, and some people think it's cute to say something like that they don't really mean.

"How do you do, ma'am?" I said politely.

"Oh, I'm not *that* old—call me Sarah!"

But I never did call her anything but Mrs. Kelly, or ma'am, right to the bitter end, because she was just too much for me to take. In the first place she was so much younger than he was. He was over thirty, I'm sure. And she called him Nutsy. I know that married people have silly pet names for each other, but you just don't call someone as dignified as Mr. Kelly was Nutsy—not in public anyway.

Oh, Mrs. Kelly was nice. I don't mean that she wasn't. She had nice manners, and after dinner she showed me the bathroom door and where the guest bedroom was, and she gave me a toothbrush, too. It was the first one I'd seen since I ran away from home. I went right to sleep and I don't know how long I slept, but what woke me up was the sound of their voices arguing.

"I don't see why not," Mrs. Kelly was saying. "I fail utterly and entirely to see why not."

"We don't have the money, Sarah," Mr. Kelly said. When he spoke he didn't even raise his voice, although she had practically shouted at him. In fact I had to strain my ears a little to hear him.

"Well, I'm tired of not having the money. We never do. You never take me anywhere. I like to have a good time. After all, I'm not in my wheel chair yet."

"We just don't have the mon—"

"Don't say that to me again!" she said awfully loud. "It's your fault that we don't."

Then they didn't say anything to each other for about five minutes, it seemed like.

"Well, I've advertised in the paper and put up signs along the highway. I made a speech after lunch at Rotary, too," Mr. Kelly said. "But if people don't want to learn to fly I can't make them. They aren't coming to the field and that's why—"

"I hate this damn' field," she said.

"But it was your idea to buy it, honey," Mr. Kelly said. "You wanted me to do something that you could do, too, so we'd be together more."

"But *I* didn't know it would turn out like this, Nutsy. You're the flier. You should have known. You shouldn't have let me talk you into it."

Mr. Kelly laughed as if that were about the biggest joke he ever heard. "Why, I'm just an old Army man, Sarah," he said. "I know how to bust up bridges and shoot up truck convoys and trains, but I don't know anything about profit and loss."

"Well, you had better learn," she said. "Living like this isn't any fun."

"Not any of it?" Mr. Kelly said.

"Nutsy, I don't mean to hurt your feelings. But I just want to have a good time. I want to have fun and enjoy myself. Is that criminal?"

"Of course not."

"Then why don't you *do* something?" she said.

Then they began mumbling so I couldn't hear at all, and I guess they finally made it up or something because they went to bed.

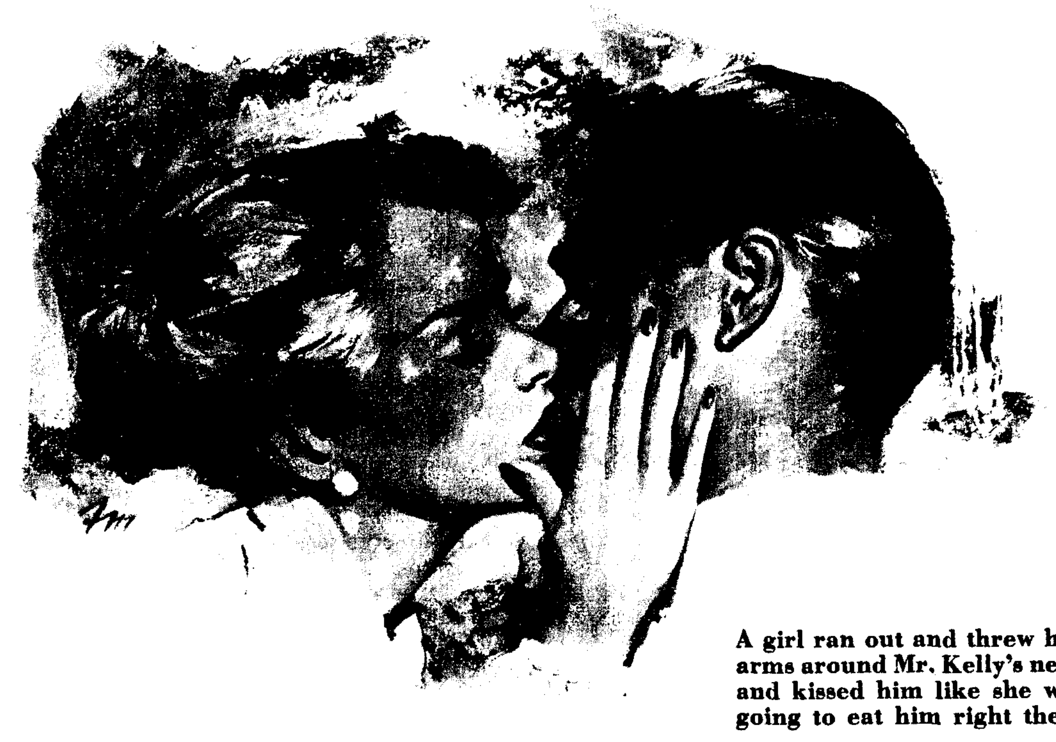
I just lay there and thought: Well, damn. I was right back in almost the same situation I had run away from. And let me tell you if it hadn't been for Mr. Kelly promising to teach me to fly I sure wouldn't have stayed. But I didn't want to be a bum all my life; I wanted to have some kind of career. And then I thought that because they weren't my folks it wouldn't be so hard listening to them arguing. But I was wrong about that; it wasn't any easier. It was harder. . . .

Mr. Kelly was the nicest guy I've ever known in my life anywhere, and I mean that. He'd been a pilot in World War II, and part of the time he'd instructed and part of the time he'd fought. He had the Air Medal and the D.F.C. and the Purple Heart with cluster. After he and his wife were married, she made him give up military flying because it was dangerous and she didn't want him killed, you know. He was only a reserve and had a chance to get out so he took it to please her. That's when they bought the flying field. The hangar, the planes and the house they lived in were all part of the same deal and were on the same mortgage at the bank. If he lost anything he'd lose all of it.

Mr. Kelly had three sixty-five-horsepower Cubs, the yellow one and a blue one and a red one, that he used when he taught people to fly—or you could rent one of them if you already knew how. Then he had a three-place Stinson with V.H.F. that he used for charter flights, and an old Waco fixed up for crop-dusting. It was just a little field where people were supposed to come to fly for their own pleasure. There weren't any runways or paved parking areas or lights or any of that. And we had a 1932 pickup truck that we used sometimes. It was the only car Mr. Kelly owned.

AS a business, the trouble with it was nobody was coming to the field to be taught how to fly when I first went there. Mr. Kelly had one pupil, a lady secretary who used to come out on Sundays for an hour, but not every Sunday, and she was getting a little old. And a guy who had been a liaison pilot and wore a lot of oil on his hair used to rent a plane to fly. He did a funny thing. He used to wrap a piece of white paper around his left wrist and then fasten his wrist watch around that—a piece of paper about two inches wide. Then there was a Civilian Air Patrol plane hangared there, too, and a couple of CAPs would come out and fly it. But Mr. Kelly wasn't making any money.

So far I guess I've given the impression that everything was all Mrs. Kelly's fault. It wasn't. It only sounded that way because she complained about everything all the time. What happened was really just as much Mr. Kelly's fault. But you wouldn't notice it because he *never* complained—he was just too calm about everything. Nothing bothered him. The truth about Mr. Kelly was that he was just too brave. He'd been conditioned to not caring whether he lived or died, that was his trouble. He was the coolest, calmest man in a crisis



A girl ran out and threw her arms around Mr. Kelly's neck and kissed him like she was going to eat him right there

you ever saw, and to illustrate that, let me tell you about the first flying lesson he gave me.

I was excited because I'd never tried to fly before and I didn't know if I could and I was trying to remember everything he'd told me. He took off and that part was okay, and he flew over the city so I could see it and that was interesting. Then Mr. Kelly began to climb. I didn't know what we were doing until I saw the altimeter. It felt to me just like we were hanging there. Then he turned around and grinned. "How about a spin?" he yelled.

"Sure!" I yelled back, but I wasn't sure at all because I'd never done it before.

Well, he pulled the nose up until that old thing was just about to shake itself apart, then he kicked it off on the right wing and all of a sudden I was looking down past his head at a road that was winding around like crazy. But I'd forgotten to fasten my safety belt, and when he brought it out of the spin I popped out of my seat and went right up against the cabin roof. At the same time the darn' door came open with the loudest bang I'd ever heard and the wind rushing in was terrible. I thought the wings were coming off, and if I could've gotten down from the top of the cabin I'd have jumped out. Of course before he turned around I fastened my safety belt on the sly.

When we got down to the ground he just looked at me with the level cool look he looked at people with when he wanted to impress something on them and said, "If you don't learn to fasten your safety belt before you take off, Alfred, you'll kill yourself someday."

He had known it wasn't fastened all the time; I hadn't fooled him. But he didn't make any big issue of it. He wasn't going to yell at me, and he wasn't going to tell me but once. That's the way he handled people, and maybe you don't think it worked? Listen, when that man said frog I jumped.

I WORKED for Mr. Kelly for about a month before Clyde Bogle showed up. About ten o'clock one morning a big man with black hair and kind of a mean face and real dark circles under his eyes drove up to the open door of the hangar in a big lavender convertible with red leather seats. Mr. Kelly and I were in the hangar, and he was showing me how to replace the yellow Cub's control cables, which were pretty worn.

The man got out of the car, leaving the door open and the radio playing, and came into the hangar. He was wearing a Hawaiian sport shirt on the outside of his pants, like some kid, and he walked with his belly sticking out like he was proud of it. His belly didn't really stick out, you see, he was trying to make it stick out by standing that way. "J. B. Kelly?" he said. "I'm C. F. Bogle."

And Mr. Kelly stood up and wiped his hands on some waste that I gave him, and they shook hands.

"I don't guess you remember me," C. F. Bogle said, looking very closely into Mr. Kelly's eyes.

"No, I'm sorry," Mr. Kelly said.

"I was in the cadets," Mr. Bogle said. "I washed out. Do you remember me now?"

"Well, quite a few washed out, you know."

"But *you* washed *me* out," C. F. Bogle said.

"Well, I washed out quite a few."

Mr. Bogle got angry. "But you said I was yellow," he said.

"Well, I said that to quite a few."

I thought they were going to start fighting then, because Mr. Bogle was really angry.

"Wait a minute," Mr. Kelly said all of a sudden. "It wasn't in primary at Fort Worth, Texas, in the fall of nineteen forty-two, was it?"

"It sure as hell was. And you called me yellow in front of my friends and made me cry."

"Well, you know how it was," Mr. Kelly said. "There was a war on, and you had to be good. How about it, Mr. Bogle? Shall we shake hands and forget something that happened long ago?"

"Hell, no," Mr. Bogle said.

He was such a giant of a man that anybody else as small as Mr. Kelly would have probably have immediately grabbed the nearest rock and let him have it. But Mr. Kelly just said, "Well, what're we going to do then?"

"You're going to teach me to fly, that's what," Mr. Bogle said. "I swore on my honor that when you washed me out that someday, damn it, I'd hire you and pay you to teach me to fly. I knew that someday you'd have to leave the Army and go to work. Well, I've got the money now to do anything I want. *Any*thing. I'm hiring you to teach me to fly as of now. What do you charge? I'll pay double."

"You'll pay the same as everybody else," Mr. Kelly said. "If I teach you."

"What do you mean *if?*" Mr. Bogle growled, and he looked like an old bear standing up on his hind legs about to eat us.

MR. KELLY was thinking. "Primary," he said, rubbing his chin. "Fort Worth, Texas. I gave you a check, didn't I? But I never let you solo?"

"That's the way it was," Mr. Bogle said. "And it broke my heart."

"I remember it all quite clearly now," Mr. Kelly said. "I'm sorry, Mr. Bogle. I can't teach you how to fly. You'll never learn to fly properly. And although I'm sure you can find someone else who will teach you, I advise you against even trying to learn."

"What do you mean I won't be able to fly?" Mr. Bogle cried. He was in a real rage. "Why, I'm in the pink of physical condition, a well-educated, intelligent man. There is nothing in this world I can't learn to do if I put my mind to it."

"You'll never learn to fly," Mr. Kelly said. "Because you're yellow."

Mr. Bogle let out a curse and grabbed Mr. Kelly by the coveralls and lifted him up with one hand until he was looking right into Mr. Kelly's steely gray eyes.

"Why, you little runt," Mr. Bogle said. "Don't you ever call me yellow again. Listen, after you washed me out of the cadets they transferred me to the infantry. I was sent to the South Pacific and fought hand-to-hand combat in the jungle with nothing but my teeth and an old C-ration can filed to a razor edge. They called me No-Prisoner Bogle. I was commissioned a lieutenant colonel in the field, and I'm the only man I ever met who has six Purple Hearts. I was wounded in the kidneys, the pancreas, in the gall—"

"Put me down," Mr. Kelly said.

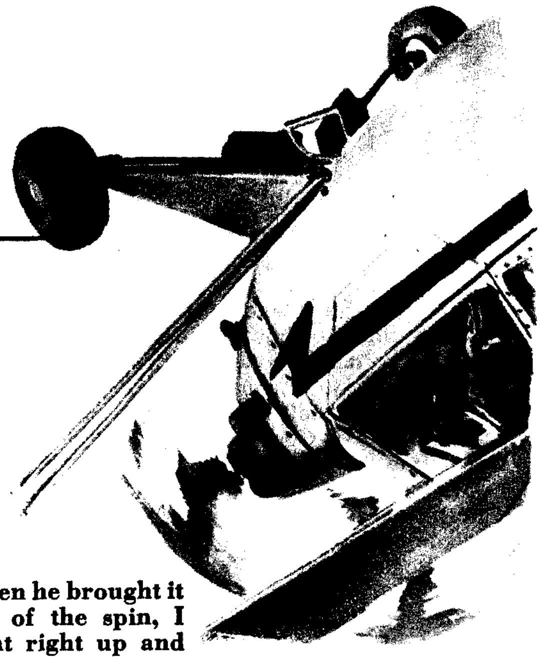
Mr. Bogle put him down. He had let off a lot of steam, and he was feeling a lot better. He was feeling more like putting people down when they told him to. It wasn't just the way Mr. Kelly had said it that made him do it. "There," Mr. Bogle said, as if he had just proved something. "What do you think of me now?"

"I think you're yellow," Mr. Kelly said.

Mr. Bogle swung at him. He really shouldn't have done that, because he was off balance. Mr. Kelly moved his chin, caught Mr. Bogle's wrist, turned and threw him clear over his head. But Mr. Kelly didn't let go of Mr. Bogle's wrist, and you could almost hear that old shoulder joint grind around in the socket. Then Mr. Kelly put his foot on Mr. Bogle's neck to keep him on the floor.

"Now you listen to me, Mr. Bogle," Mr. Kelly said, "I don't care what you did on the ground. In the air you're yellow. That's nothing to be ashamed of. Almost everybody is afraid of something. But if I try to teach you to fly, then sooner or later you'll kill yourself because you'll freeze up or you won't have the guts to do the right thing at the right time."

Then Mr. Kelly let go of Mr. Bogle's arm, and Mr. Bogle got up, kind of shaking all over and white and mottled in the face. He had grease all over his Hawaiian sport shirt, too. "You're going to teach me to fly," he said, his voice trembling. "You'll see whether I kill myself or not."



When he brought it out of the spin, I went right up and hit the cabin roof

"I advise you against it," Mr. Kelly said.

"Come on, damn it, let's go up!" Mr. Bogle yelled, kind of dancing around in one spot.

Mr. Kelly shrugged and asked me to help him roll the red Cub out and gas it. Mr. Bogle walked over to his car and turned off the radio and took some tissue out of his dispenser and wiped off his face. When he walked over to the gasoline pump where we were, he was wearing great big dark glasses. "Put on this chute," Mr. Kelly said.

"Listen, I don't want—"

"Put it on."

Mr. Bogle put it on. Mr. Kelly rested his hand on the leading edge of the wing and cleared his throat before he made the little speech he always made to a student on the ground before going up. "This is the sixty-five-horsepower Cub. These are the wings, that's the prop, and to the rear you'll notice the rudder and elevator assembly," Mr. Kelly said. He kicked both tires to see if they were okay. "Get in, Mr. Bogle. You sit in the rear."

I spun the prop, and they took off. In about an hour or so I heard them coming in, and I stepped outside the hangar and watched the red Cub taxi across the field. I could see Mr. Kelly, but I couldn't see Mr. Bogle at all, and I thought that something horrible had happened to him.

Mr. Kelly taxied up to the hangar and cut the switch. He got out, whistling, and slapped me on the back. "Get Mr. Bogle a bucket and mop, Al," he said.

"What for?" I asked.

Mr. Kelly grinned. "He was airsick," he said.

When I went over to the red Cub with the bucket and mop Mr. Bogle was in it, sitting slumped way down in the seat so that his head was below the level of the window. His face was all gray, and he had a dying look in his eyes. "Well, Mr. Bogle," I said, "how did you like it?"

"Get away from me," he said, with his teeth gritted together.

I WENT back in the hangar and showed Mr. Kelly what I'd done on the yellow Cub. I guess we were there ten minutes or so, and when we went back outside Mr. Bogle was sitting on the grass wiping at his mouth with a silk handkerchief.

"Kelly, tell me something," he said. "Why did I get so damn' airsick?"

"Because you're yellow in the air and afraid to fly when you come right down to it," Mr. Kelly said.

They would probably have started wrestling around again then if Mrs. Kelly hadn't teetered around the corner of the hangar in those high-heeled shoes.

"Oh, I didn't know you had a client," she said.

"Mr. Bogle, my wife," Mr. Kelly said.

"Why, I didn't know you were married," Mr. Bogle said, very surprised. And he stood up and backed off so he could get a better view of Mrs. Kelly. "So this is the *little* woman, eh?" he said laughing, and boy was that a dirty crack, because I've already told you how much taller she was than he was.

"That's right," Mr. Kelly said calmly.

Mr. Bogle had stopped sticking out his belly. He stood up straighter and filled his chest with air. Anybody could see how proud he was to be so big and have so much money and be dressed so well in a Hawaiian sport shirt.

"Your better half and I spent some time together in the Air Corps, Mrs. K.," he said. "That was during the war. Of course, I'm in oil now."

"Oh, do you fly, too?" Mrs. Kelly said, like there were maybe only about five people in the world who knew the secret.

Mr. Bogle laughed. "I'm working at it, honey," he said. "A man with my land holdings and diversified business interests just has to fly to get anywhere these days."

"And Nutsy is teaching you?" Mrs. Kelly said.

"Nutsy?" Mr. Bogle said. That was a new one on him, but he got it. "Why, yes, Nutsy is teaching me." He looked at Mr. Kelly and smiled. "Isn't that right, Nutsy?"

"That's right," Mr. Kelly said calmly. What a guy he was.

"Well," Mr. Bogle said loudly, flapping his right arm. "Let's all go have some ice cream. I noticed a place up the road."

"I'd just love it," Mrs. Kelly said.

"How about you, Nutsy?" Mr. Bogle asked. "Care to join us? And the kid here of course. And if you've got a dog, why, bring it along too." He really laughed at that one.

"Al and I have work to do," Mr. Kelly said. "We'll take a rain check on it."

"We could bring you some back," Mrs. Kelly said, because way down deep in her heart she meant well. It was just that she wanted to have fun.

They both kind of smiled at us and lifted their hands once or twice and went around the corner of the hangar and drove away, with the radio in the car playing very loud.

Mr. Kelly and I went back to work on the yellow Cub, replacing the control cables. But it was about fifteen minutes before I realized that it was darn' funny how a guy who was airsick only a short time before could even *think* about eating ice cream. Then I realized that it wasn't the ice cream that Mr. Bogle was interested in, it was Mrs. Kelly. And I darn' near dropped my wrench.

MR. BOGLE and Mrs. Kelly were gone a long time. When they did come back Mr. Bogle didn't even get out of his car. He dropped Mrs. Kelly off at the hangar, and with a friendly wave of his hand to her, he left. Mrs. Kelly came in the hangar, and she was carrying a brown paper bag. "Here you go, Alfred," she said. "A whole pint of tutti-frutti ice."

"Dear, I don't think we ought to be too friendly with that guy," Mr. Kelly said.

"I fail utterly to see why not. He's got a wonderful car."

"All he wants is revenge," Mr. Kelly said.

And he explained how he had washed Mr. Bogle out of the cadets back in 1942. Mr. Bogle had been one of those large overconfident kids who played football and been on an all-state team or something. But when he got in the cadets he couldn't fly, and every time he went up he got airsick. After his sixth hour of dual, Mr. Kelly gave him a check ride and washed him out. When they came down and Mr. Kelly told him, some of Mr. Bogle's friends in the cadets were standing there, and Mr. Bogle took it pretty hard. He kind of cried and told Mr. Kelly he couldn't do that to him. But of course Mr. Kelly could and so Mr. Bogle had sworn he'd get even someday.

Mrs. Kelly really laughed at that. "Oh, don't be so melodramatic," she said. "He's your friend now. He told me all about it. Why, he even calls you Nutsy. Isn't that friendly enough for you?"

"Well, I don't think we should accept too many of his social invitations," Mr. Kelly said.

"Oh, I think we will," Mrs. Kelly said, and then she went home to fix her nails or something.

The next day Mr. Bogle went up for his second hour of dual instruction, and of course he was airsick again, and afterward he had to get the plane cleaned up. Mrs. Kelly was standing there in her high-heeled shoes and those shorts. Whenever Mr. Bogle was around she always showed up sort of like she had her own personal radar where he was concerned.

"Why, say, I know what let's do," Mr. Bogle said after he had caught his breath. "Let's all have dinner tonight at the Skylight Roof. They've got a very nice band, and we could dance some. Do you like champagne? And I'll introduce you to Bernice, the girl vocalist, who's a personal friend of mine."

"Why, I think that would be just lovely," Mrs. Kelly exclaimed.

"What do you say, Nutsy?" Mr. Bogle asked. "How about it, Nutsy old man?"

"Why, I'm afraid I can't make it tonight, Mr. Bogle," Mr. Kelly said politely. "I have to make out my quarterly income-tax returns, and I was never worth a darn at paper work. I'm never finished until after midnight."

"Well, that's too bad," Mr. Bogle said. "Because I did want to introduce you to the girl vocalist of the band, Bernice. She's a personal friend of mine and a swell looker."

HE COULDN'T shut up about that. I guess he thought he was one of the few men in the United States who knew a girl singer in a band.

"Of course, *I'm* not doing anything," Mrs. Kelly said. "*I* don't have any quarterly returns to make." And she'd been the one who had wanted him to buy the business so she could work with him. How about that?

"Well, swell! We'll make it a twosome," Mr. Bogle said. Then he acted like he suddenly remembered that Mr. Kelly was a human being, and he kind of caught himself and added, "With your permission, of course, Nutsy."

"Oh, Nutsy doesn't care," Mrs. Kelly said before Mr. Kelly could say anything.

"Certainly not," Mr. Kelly said, and he sounded as if he meant it. Boy, I couldn't figure that out.

"Well, ta-ta until eight," Mr. Bogle said.

" 'By," Mrs. Kelly said, waving, and when Mr. Bogle had disappeared in a cloud of dust on that dirt road in his convertible, she turned to Mr. Kelly and said, "I think you could at least be polite to him. You wouldn't be making a cent now if it weren't for him."

"I don't think we should allow him to entertain us, Sarah," Mr. Kelly said.

"You mean you really don't want me to go?" she said, acting surprised. "Well, for Heaven's sake, Nutsy. Why didn't you say so when he asked me?"

"I didn't want to embarrass you, dear."

"And now I *have* to go with him because I've promised," Mrs. Kelly said. But I really don't think that caused her much pain.

Well, maybe Mr. Bogle did have a lot of money and was pretty sharp socially and knew a lot of girl singers, but every time he went up in that airplane he got sick. All the time I was there he never took one lesson that didn't make him sick. It seemed kind of funny to me at first, and I used to laugh at him, but then it was just boring and sad because you'd think a grown man like Mr. Bogle would have sense enough not to do the one thing that made him sick. But he didn't.

Sometimes when a person is learning to fly he'll solo with about six hours of dual to his credit, but not often. Usually people have about ten or twelve hours of dual, and then they solo. But Mr. Kelly didn't let Mr. Bogle solo after ten hours, or after twelve hours either. Listen, that man had twenty-four hours and fifteen minutes of dual instruction before Mr. Kelly let him solo. He'd been flying more than a month then—of course sometimes he'd have to cancel a lesson because he would be taking care of his oil interests. But even so he was a lousy flier.

They went up that morning about ten o'clock as usual. In fifteen minutes I heard a Cub pass over the field and I stepped outside, and it was the red one with Mr. Kelly and Mr. Bogle in it, turning to land. It came in low, dragging its tail with the wheels still off the ground, and I knew Mr. Bogle was desperately at the controls. It bounded around out there for a while and then settled down and rolled to a stop. Mr. Kelly got out and closed the door.

"Let's see you take off and circle the field," he said to Mr. Bogle. "And don't forget to adjust the stabilizer." In a Cub the stabilizer, which is forward of the elevators, can be moved up or down a couple of inches or so. You have to adjust it when you fly by yourself so the ship'll be trimmed and fly level instead of being nose- or tail-heavy. "And one other thing," Mr. Kelly added. "Don't forget you're yellow."

Mr. Bogle gave kind of a growl of rage and turned the red Cub around with a blast of the throttle and almost clipped Mr. Kelly with the left elevator.

Mr. Kelly sat down there in the grass and lighted a cigarette, and I strolled out and squatted down beside him. "What's he doing, soloing?" I asked, and I have to admit I was envious. I had had only five hours of dual and I hadn't soloed. Mr. Kelly hadn't been able to afford to give me any more lessons than that. They were free lessons, but he had to pay for the gas and oil.

"Uh-huh," Mr. Kelly said and he yawned.

There were no flies on that take-off. Mr. Bogle took it right off without hesitating. He leveled off and made his first turn, but instead of doing what Mr. Kelly'd told him he cut out of the pattern, flew all the way around the field, then turned again to come in to land. He made two circles instead of one.

"Did you see that?" Mr. Kelly said to me with that quick alert look he had. "The man doesn't even listen to what I tell him."

THE landing Mr. Bogle made was better than the one he had made with Mr. Kelly in the ship. But it looked to me like he was going to run right into us, because we were standing in the middle of the field. At least I was standing; Mr. Kelly was still sitting. Mr. Bogle headed right at us. And I meant that little sixty-five-horsepower job was headed right for us at about sixty miles an hour, or perhaps less.

"Run!" I said to Mr. Kelly, and I ran because that Clyde Bogle would've soon as chewed us both up with that prop as looked at us. And I didn't know—Mr. Kelly had said how yellow Mr. Bogle was so often that I thought maybe the strain of his first solo had been too much for him and his mind had cracked, alone up there, and he had come down raving and insane with a desire to kill.

I got about 50 yards away and looked back. Mr. Kelly hadn't even moved. The Cub was headed right at him. Close?—listen, when that thing stopped, Mr. Kelly was sitting there in the shade of the left wing. And Mr. Bogle opened the little door and grinned like he was trying to laugh at death but making a failure of it. Then he was sick.

"What did I tell you?" Mr. Kelly said.

"Take her up," Mr. Bogle gasped. "Solo."

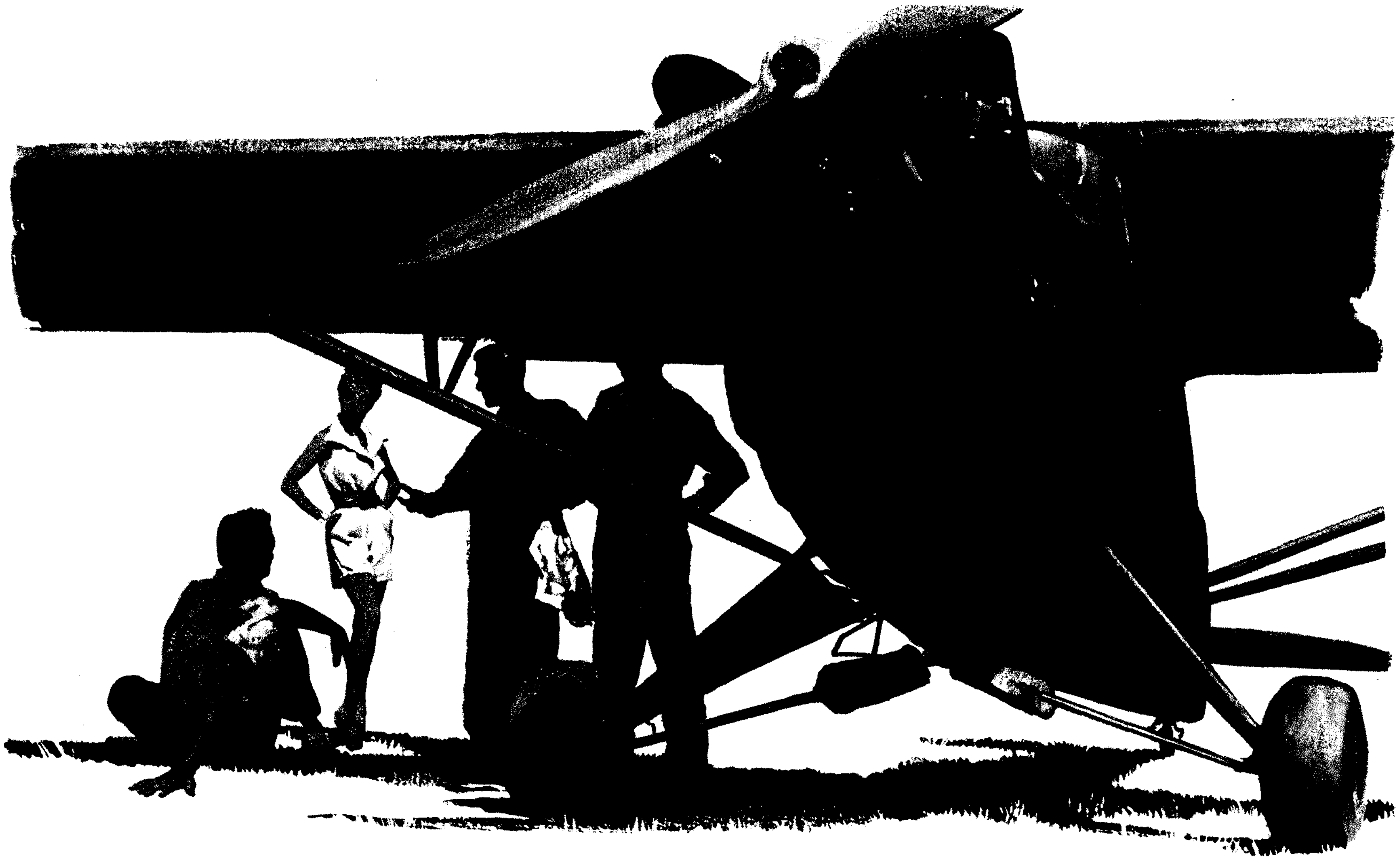
"I said circle the field," Mr. Kelly said. "I didn't tell you to cut out of the pattern and—"

"Aw, you go to hell," Mr. Bogle said.

"And I'll tell you why you didn't hear me," Mr. Kelly said, "because you're yellow in the air. You're so scared you can't listen. And that's why you're sick now. Anything that pertains to the air makes you sick. You've got a psychological block. Listen, why don't you give it up? You've proved your point; you have soloed." And Mr. Kelly certainly said that last part as kindly as he could to a man he had absolutely no use for.

"Never," Mr. Bogle said grimly.

Mr. Kelly sighed. "Okay," he said, "but you are



Just then Mrs. Kelly teetered around the corner of the hangar in those high-heeled shoes

yellow, Mr. Bogle. Don't ever forget that. Now take it up and *circle* the field."

Mr. Kelly had him take off and land three times altogether, and when it was finally over they taxied over to the hangar and I handed Mr. Bogle a bucket and mop. After a few minutes he was looking pretty cheerful and cocky, and he had the plane clean by the time Mrs. Kelly ran around the corner of the hangar to wring his hand.

"Oh, I think you did magnificently, Clyde!"

Mr. Bogle grinned. "I guess this is one of those occasions when I should be thrown in the drink," he said.

"Or vice versa," Mrs. Kelly said, laughing.

"Say, that *is* a good idea," Mr. Bogle said. "Why, there's a place right down the road. It's got a sign that says dine and dance. I'll bet we could get a drink there. How about celebrating my solo?"

"*Won*derful," Mrs. Kelly said, kind of patting him all over the chest with her hand. "I think that's just a *won*derful idea."

"Let's go," Mr. Bogle said, grabbing her by the shoulder. "Let's all go pile in my car and take off. Say, I feel so good I think I'll buy a new car. Come on, Nutsy. After all, you're the one who's responsible."

"Can't make it just now," Mr. Kelly said.

"Oh, don't be such a grouch," Mrs. Kelly said. "It's not every day—"

The telephone in the office began to ring. Mr. Kelly said, "Excuse me," and went to answer it.

"Come on, kid," Mr. Bogle said to me. "You can drink a beer or something, can't you?"

"I'm sorry, I don't drink," I said.

"Oh, *he* wouldn't come if his life depended on it," Mrs. Kelly said and opened the lavender door and jumped into the car and bounced around on the red leather seat.

Mr. Bogle looked depressed because he was one of these big loud men that like to be in the middle of their own crowd all the time. "What the hell's the matter with everybody?" he said. "I only meant it in the friendliest sort of way."

Mrs. Kelly honked the Klaxon twice and laughed recklessly. "What do we care?" she said. "You soloed. Come *on*. Let's celebrate!"

"I guess that is right," Mr. Bogle said. "What the hell, dear. *C'est la guerre.*"

"And *joie de vivre,*" Mrs. Kelly replied, and they both laughed pretty hard then and drove off.

I reached in my pocket and got a toothpick and went around the hangar to the office and sat on Mr. Kelly's desk while he talked on the phone. There were a couple of flies that kept buzzing around.

"I'll check on the weather conditions and call you back," Mr. Kelly said. Then he put the telephone down and grinned at me. "Get the Stinson out and gas it up. Somebody is in an awful hurry to get to Las Vegas. She said she would pay me triple."

WE GOT the Stinson outside and filled the tanks, and Mr. Kelly went back to the office to find out about the weather. Conditions were perfect, but later that night they would be loused up. He figured he could make it to Las Vegas before the front moved down on him. "I'm going over to the house to get a few things because I'll spend the night," he told me. "If the phone rings, you answer it."

The telephone didn't ring, and he was back in about ten minutes with a real neat pigskin bag that had *Capt. J. B. Kelly, AAF*, lettered in gold on the side. He was carrying a leather jacket and a thermos bottle, too. "I left a note for Sarah on the kitchen table," he said. "If you see her first you can tell her that I'll be back tomorrow sometime."

Well, this old lady who was going to Las Vegas arrived then. A young man, younger than Mr. Kelly but older than me, was driving her in a big black sedan and looking pretty sour. He was her son. She was one of these old ladies with scrawny hands, a lot of diamond rings on her fingers, and bright red nail polish. She must've been sixty, at least, and she had been crying and her eyes were red.

"Are you the pilot?" she asked Mr. Kelly.

"Yes, ma'am. We can take right off."

"Well, are you a good pilot?"

"I'm one of the best," Mr. Kelly said without smiling.

"Thank the Lord," the old lady said. "I haven't anything to live for, but I don't want to die yet."

Mr. Kelly pried her luggage away from her while she told him why she was getting a divorce. It was all very embarrassing, and so I took her luggage and stowed it away.

Mr. Kelly slapped me on the shoulder and said, "You're in charge here now, Al. I want you to change the control cables in the other two Cubs. Do you think you can do it alone?"

"Sure," I said. "I'll do everything just like you were here."

Well, it was about noon and I hadn't had any lunch, so I opened a can of sardines and ate them. Then I rolled the blue Cub into the hangar and spread my tools out where I could reach anything I wanted without running all over the place.

It was hot that afternoon and humid, and you could tell there was a storm coming up. Even so it was pretty nice working there. I took my shirt off and I sweated a lot and really got dirty, but it felt good. I like to work on machines and take them apart because of the neat way they fit together again. But that was only half of what made me feel so good. The rest was the responsibility. You see, I was replacing the control cables myself, and if I didn't do that right somebody would get killed. Mr. Kelly trusted me to do it right, and when somebody trusts you that way, well, it sure makes you feel good.

I guess it was about six thirty when I finally quit. I was pooped and I went outside and lay down in the shade beside the hangar. After I cooled off I went back in and stripped and took a bath in a bucket, the way Mr. Kelly did. I didn't have any towel to dry myself with and I had to stand around until the water dried, but it was so hot that didn't take long. Then I put on a khaki shirt and pants that Mr. Kelly had given me. They were some of his old ones, but they were darn' nice material, not just ordinary khaki, but officer's khaki, and they were bleached out almost white from hanging in the sun so often after being washed. He'd given me one of his old black ties, too, and I put that on and my sneakers.

I had a five-dollar bill that Mr. Kelly had given me. It was part of the money that Mr. Bogle had paid him, and I hadn't wanted to take it but Mr. Kelly had insisted. Anyway I thought it would be a nice thing for me to do to take Mrs. Kelly to a show. I sat down and tried to figure out if I had enough to take her to dinner too. It would cost ninety cents for each of us to go to the show and forty cents bus fare there and back and that was two twenty out of five, which left two eighty. There was a place on the highway where you could get a shrimp salad or something like that for about eighty-five cents. I thought it would work out all right and leave enough left over to buy a package of cigarettes. I didn't smoke very much myself, but she smoked an awful lot.

I walked up the dirt road and knocked on the front door to ask her, but she didn't answer. Then I walked around to the back because I thought maybe she was asleep. She usually took a nap every afternoon. The back door that went into the kitchen was open, but the screen door was closed. The cat was hanging around there and began mewing and trying to climb up my leg when he saw me. His saucer was empty.

I put my face against the screen and called, "Mrs. Kelly?" three or four times, but there wasn't any answer. Then I walked back around and peeked in the bedroom window to see if she was taking a nap. She wasn't, and so I went back and banged on the back door and the cat mewed, but that was all. I went in the kitchen with the cat following me and I called again but there wasn't anyone there. The house was empty and smelled hot, and the floors creaked.

I gave the cat some milk, and then I saw the note he'd written. It was propped against the kitchen salt and pepper shakers on the white porcelain table: *Dear, I have gone to Las Vegas charter. Al will tell you about it. Will be back sometime tomorrow. Do not worry. All my love, Nutsy.*

THE cat was through drinking the milk, so I took it outside. I was just standing there in the back yard when I realized I hadn't seen Mrs. Kelly since about eleven thirty that morning when she'd gone off with Mr. Bogle. She sure hadn't been home since then, because the note was exactly where he left it probably. Then I realized that she was still with Mr. Bogle. Why, I wouldn't have spent my five dollars on her then if she'd walked in that yard right that minute.

I just went back to the hangar and sat down on an old box where I could see her house. I was determined to sit there until she came home, however late that might be. Well, it got dark and she still didn't come home. My old tail really got tired from sitting on that box.

It was sure dark that night. The clouds were low and heavy, and along about eleven o'clock the lightning began to flash and the thunder kept going bam! bam! and then rolling on and on. You could smell the storm blowing along in the wind, and the dust there beside the hangar was pretty rough. I was still all out of cigarettes, and I decided I'd hike down the dirt road to the highway and get some and hike back before the storm broke.

Well, I got to the highway and went in the beer joint. It was a terrible place, painted all green and white. The only lights they had inside were dull blue twenty-five-watt bulbs. I got the cigarettes out of their machine okay, but just as soon as I started out the door the storm broke. You never saw rain like that in your life. And there wasn't any place to go except back in the beer joint, so I ran back in and stood just inside the door.

It rained and stormed around outside for almost an hour. I got pretty tired just standing there looking through the screen watching it rain. I turned around to look at the couples dancing to relieve the boredom, and there were Mr. Bogle and Mrs. Kelly. He still had on his big stupid dark glasses, and it was night. That really looked crummy. And I realized that they must've been there ever since they'd left the field about noon.

ALTHOUGH the music was still playing they'd stopped dancing and were having an argument. People bumped into them, but they kept on standing there talking back to each other. Then Mr. Bogle just took her by the wrist and started leading her off the dance floor toward the front door where I was standing, but she didn't want to go. That must've been what the argument was about. She wanted to stay, and he wanted to go—or else she didn't want to go with him.

Well, I knew I had to put an end to it, and I stepped in front of them. Mr. Bogle didn't even look at me. He just shoved me aside and pulled Mrs. Kelly right on out, but not so fast that I didn't see the blank look on her face. And that just made me sick. Mrs. Kelly was such a beautiful girl that it was a real shock to me.

It was still raining outside of course. Mr. Bogle put her in the car and slammed the door and drove off. He turned off the highway onto the dirt road that led down to the field, and I started after them, but I was soaked to the skin in about three minutes. It was so black going down that dirt road that I couldn't see a thing and then all of a sudden *blam!* I ran right into something and almost broke my leg. Then I felt around in the dark and I realized I had walked right into a parked car. It had a canvas top and I knew it was that Bogle's.

I began beating on the window. In a second it rolled down, and he stuck his big ugly face out.

"I'm Alfred," I said. "Could I have a word in private with Mrs. Kelly a minute, please?"

"Is that Alfred?" Mrs. Kelly said. Her voice sure sounded strange. "Hello, Alfred."

Mr. Bogle rolled up the window, so I beat on it again. But instead of rolling it down he opened the car door and started to get out. I knew it was my only chance, and I slammed the car door on him. I hoped to catch his hand in it, or something painful and crippling like that, but the window was up, and it hit him right in the face. He kind of grunted and shook his head, then he jumped out. And boy, I ran.

He caught me before I got past the front fender. When he grabbed me my shirt tore, and he swung me around with his left hand and at the same time slammed me in the side of the head with his right fist. I don't know whether you'd call it much of a blow or not, but I didn't have much heft. Gee, it made me sick. For just a minute there was a kind of flash inside my head, then everything began to fuzz out. I thought I heard Mrs. Kelly yelling, and then I fell. I remember that he picked me up and put me somewhere. And I guess it must've been the ditch, because that's where I was when I came to.

It had more or less stopped raining, and I had the feeling it was awfully late, it just felt late somehow. I thought my neck was broken for sure. The darn' ditch was all full of water, and why I didn't drown in my sleep I will never know. I was really filthy. After a minute I managed to get to my feet and sort of stand there, but I still didn't have enough sense to get out of the ditch even then.

His car was gone of course. I didn't know what to do, but I figured that poor Mr. Kelly's life was ruined and that it might not have been if I had been a little bit more on the ball. I walked on down the road to the hangar. The doors were still unlocked just like I'd been fool enough to go off and leave them, and so was the gasoline pump. No telling how many gallons some crooks could have come along and stolen.

I was just standing there feeling terrible when I heard someone real close start a car engine. Right away I knew it was Mr. Bogle's, because the motor makes a sound you can't miss if you're at all mechanically inclined. I ran outside and there was Mr. Bogle driving away from Mrs. Kelly's house. He didn't even see me.

I walked straight over to that house and went right in the back door and turned on the kitchen light. It was 3:30 A.M. by the clock. The note Mr. Kelly had written was lying on the floor, and it was all muddy and dirty-looking. I went to the door of her bedroom. She was all sound asleep with the sheet pulled up under her chin. She sure looked young, and she sure was beautiful. It made me sick.

I went back to the kitchen and sat down in a chair at the table. I knew Mr. Bogle had got her to drinking too much just to get revenge on Mr. Kelly because Mr. Kelly was a better man and flier too. Well, I can't ever let *him* know this happened, I thought. Then I must've just gone right to sleep sitting there in the kitchen, because the next thing I knew it was seven thirty and I could hear an alarm ringing somewhere. Then I guess I went back to sleep for just a minute because Mrs. Kelly came in and began shaking my shoulder.

"Alfred, what's wrong?" she kept saying. "Why are you here at this time of morning?" She had on a house coat and she was holding it together and she really looked sad.

"Nothing," I said, and I stood up. "I'll fix you some coffee."

SHE could tell from the look on my face that I'd seen her last night and after a minute she said, "Oh-oh," like that and put her face in her hands and then sat down and put her arms on the table and eventually put her head on them, and her shoulders began to shake.

I gave her some coffee and had some myself and she wiped her eyes and blew her nose and took several gulps and kind of composed her face, or tried to. "What happened to me?" she asked.

Well, I told her about the fight and how I'd come back at three in the morning and so on. Then I put some more cream in my coffee, because I'd made it pretty strong because I thought she'd like it that way. Finally I said, "Well, you might ask Mr. Bogle."

"Oh, I hope I never see that beast again," she said, and she began to get weepy-looking again so she got up and started out of the kitchen, then she stopped. "Alfred, you won't tell Nutsy, will you?"

"I haven't got the guts," I said.

She started to cry again real hard, and she came back and tried to lean her chin against the top of my head or something like that, but it made me so nervous I couldn't sit still, and I got up and she went and sat down.

"Help me, Alfred. I'm so miserable."

I guess she wanted me to put my arms around her and let her cry on my shoulder so she would be comforted and feel that everything was all right. But *I* couldn't comfort her. I felt so bad about it I was about to cry myself. . . .

That afternoon about four o'clock I finished putting the new control cables in the blue Cub. I was supposed to start on the red one next, and I had it out on the line but I sat down to smoke a cigarette first. It was the package I'd bought the night before, and they were pretty lousy, because when I'd been thrown in the ditch they'd been in my pants pocket and under muddy water all that time. While I was sitting there I heard the telephone ring. It was Western Union calling. They had a message from the boss saying he would arrive at five o'clock that afternoon.

I went over to the house then to tell Mrs. Kelly, but the house was empty, and right away I knew she'd gone to see Mr. Bogle; I was sure of it. But how had she gone? He hadn't driven up in his car or I would have heard that, and she didn't have any car to drive downtown to his hotel. Then I thought she had walked down to the bus stop at the city limits, and I knew if she hadn't been gone long I could catch her, because she had to be there when Mr. Kelly got back.

I RAN back to the hangar and jumped into the old pickup truck that we used and started down the dirt road. I thought I might pass her but I didn't. Just as I got to the highway, the bus was pulling away. Because that's the end of the line, there's a shed to stand under when it rains, and there's always a supervisor there. He's supposed to have something to do with keeping the buses on schedule but I don't know what.

I stopped and asked him, "Say, was there a beautiful blonde girl on that bus, kind of tall?"

"Why, yes, I believe there was," he said.

I drove downtown to that Bogle's hotel as fast as I could and parked around in the back near an alley. But I had on my dirty clothes and the doorman wouldn't let me in the hotel. So I went to the drugstore right there on the corner and telephoned Mr. Bogle's room. But the operator said he wasn't in. I asked her wasn't he answering his telephone or wasn't he really there, but all she could tell me was that he wasn't answering and he might be in the tub or asleep or something. Then she cut me off.

I didn't know what to do then, but it was darn' near five o'clock and I had to be back at the field, so I jumped in the pickup and took off. I got back to the field right at five o'clock on the nose. And when I walked around the hangar, guess who I saw? Mrs. Kelly. She was standing there looking up at the sky and shading her eyes with her hand. I darn' near fell over. "Where in the world did you go?" I asked.

"To the store to get some canned soup," she said. "Look. Clyde Bogle's up there circling the field in the red Cub. He's been doing it for about fifteen minutes. Why is he doing it, Alfred?"

"Oh, I hope I never see that beast again. You won't tell, will you?" she said, starting to cry again real hard

"He's *what?*" I said.

"Up there circling the field," she repeated. "He's been doing it ever since I first noticed fifteen minutes ago."

"Oh, Lord!" I said. "He's *never* supposed to go up unless Mr. Kelly tells him to. He's only a student pilot." And I knew right then something terrible would come of that, and I was certainly right.

Well, we both stood there for a minute and watched old Bogle circle. That's all he was doing, just circling. Then I saw the Stinson way off in the west. At least I was pretty sure it was the Stinson, and I started watching it, and sure enough it was the Stinson. It cut into the traffic circle behind the red Cub, but instead of going on around the way Mr. Bogle did, it came in and landed. When it rolled up to the hangar Mrs. Kelly and I were both waiting. Then Mr. Kelly jumped out and he was grinning. And they kissed and she cried a little.

"There, there, sweetheart," Mr. Kelly said. "Glad to have me back, aren't you?"

"Oh, James," she said choking, and I guess what had happened had done some good. At least she wasn't calling him Nutsy in front of people.

Mr. Kelly shook my hand hard. "How did everything go, son?" he said.

"Well," I said, thinking about Mr. Bogle. I looked up again just to make sure, and there he was, still circling. "You see Mr. Bogle up there?" I pointed. "He's been doing that now for about twenty minutes."

"He's been *what?*" Mr. Kelly said in exactly the same excited way that I had.

"Just circling," I said.

We all stood and stared.

"Do you think he's lost his nerve and is afraid to land?" I asked, because it sure looked that way.

Mr. Kelly rubbed his jaw with his hand and thought, and he was tense about it, you could tell. "No," he said at last. "If Bogle had lost his nerve and was afraid to land he would try to land anyway and kill himself by flying it into the ground. But what's he doing up there in the first place? Don't you know he shouldn't be up there? What did he say to you when you let him have the plane?"

"Why, I wasn't here," I said.

"Oh?" Mr. Kelly said, looking pretty funny and surprised—and I knew he was wondering where I had been when it had been my responsibility to be there. "Who was here?" he asked. "Anybody?"

"I was at the store, dear," Mrs. Kelly said. She had not let go of her husband's arm since he had set foot on the ground.

THAT Bogle was about to drive me nuts the way he kept circling. I could just see him up there, turning and banking and being sick. "For Pete's sake," I said. "Why doesn't he come down?"

Mr. Kelly said, "Because he can't."

"Why can't he?" I asked.

Mr. Kelly put his hand on my shoulder, and he had to let go of his wife to do that. "Al, did you change the control cables in the planes?" he said.

"Not in the red Cub," I said. "I changed them in the blue one, but not in the one he's flying. I was going to, and then I got your telegram and—" I stopped because I couldn't tell him what I'd done. "And then I didn't," I finished.

"I see," Mr. Kelly said, looking at me as if he'd never seen me before in his life.

"But Alfred couldn't have done anything wrong, James," Mrs. Kelly said. "He didn't touch that plane." I was a little surprised that she would stick up for me like that.

"That's exactly what is wrong," Mr. Kelly said. "He should have touched it."

"But what *is* wrong, sir?" I asked, and I tell you I felt terrible.

"Why, I imagine that the cables which control the elevators have parted," Mr. Kelly said. "He can still bank and turn, I see. His rudder and aileron controls are all right."

"What does that mean?" Mrs. Kelly asked.

"It means he can't glide," I said. "It means he can't land."

"I don't imagine he had the foresight to take along a parachute, did he?" Mr. Kelly asked.

I could see the chutes in the hangar where we always kept them. They were all there. "No, sir," I said, and I shuddered.

WELL, we stood there and watched that Bogle make another circle. The trouble was I just couldn't think to myself: Well, he wasn't such a *bad* guy. Because he was. He was terrible. I couldn't feel very sorry for him.

"I imagine he's getting rather low on gas now," Mr. Kelly said, glancing up at the sky, then at his watch. "You say that he took off at approximately four thirty? Well, I had better be getting up there and getting him down."

Mrs. Kelly turned pale. "No, James. You mustn't," she said. "He's not worth it. He's not worth one tiny little hair from your precious head."

"Why, darling," Mr. Kelly said, laughing. "Mr. Bogle's a very wealthy man. Surely he's worth more than one of my hairs."

"No, no. He isn't," she sobbed.

"Well, perhaps not," Mr. Kelly said. "But I have to get him down. That is my airplane, and I am responsible. If he kills himself or someone else or flies into someone's house I will be responsible."

I helped Mr. Kelly roll out the yellow Cub and gas it. He took off immediately, and that left Mrs. Kelly kind of walking around in a circle and crying.

Well, it does sound hopeless the way I've told it so far. And it was hopeless for that Bogle all right because number one, he didn't know what to do, and number two, he was too scared to do it if he'd thought of it, and I mean really scared. But there is a way out of a situation like that.

Remember I told you the stabilizer was used to trim the ship—to make it fly level when only one person was in it? Well, in a Cub like that the stabilizer could be moved by a control in the cabin, a small crank handle up near the roof. By cranking the handle you could move the leading edge of the stabilizer up or down a couple of inches. That's not very far, and cranking the handle took time—it wasn't like hauling back on the stick. The stabilizer itself was part of the horizontal tail assembly directly in front of the elevators.

Well, Mr. Bogle had lost control of his elevators, so what he had to do was turn to the stabilizer crank until the plane was nose-heavy, and then throttle back and glide in. Then when he was close enough to the ground, he had to crank the handle the other way to make the tail heavy so he could get the nose up, to keep from going in the ground and killing himself. At the same time he would have to advance the throttle, then when the plane was level stall it in. It wasn't easy, and there were lots of elements of danger.

"But there really isn't any danger for James?" Mrs. Kelly said, looking very relieved after I had explained the technical details. "There is only danger for Clyde Bogle?"

"Oh, no," I said. "You know how yellow that Bogle is. Why, he might freeze at the controls and fly right into the boss, and they'd both sheer off their wings and spin down and burst into flames. Oh, there's lots of danger for the boss."

Mrs. Kelly kind of moaned something about how she was a scatterbrained fool, and when I turned around again to look at her, there she was stretched out on the ground. I took hold of her ankles and held her feet so they would he higher than her head and stood there with my other hand in my pocket watching Mr. Kelly bring Bogle down.

Well, he flew up there and began to circle the field side-by-side with that Bogle. Of course Mr. Kelly didn't have any way to communicate with him except by sign language, because there weren't any radios in the Cubs. Finally Mr. Bogle must've caught on, but I'll bet he didn't care for the idea very much, because they turned and flew away from the field a considerable distance and then turned into the wind again and throttled back.

And when they turned they both turned. I want you to understand that Mr. Kelly was going to fly down all the way with that Bogle and land side-by-side. And I realized he wouldn't do that unless he was going to land the same way Bogle was, with nothing but the stabilizer and the throttle. I guess he had to do that to be sure old Bogle wasn't stalling out, or maybe it was just to give him confidence that it could be done. Why, they were close enough so Clyde Bogle could just look right across and see every movement Mr. Kelly made. *He* didn't have anything to worry about. Why, with Mr. Kelly up there, he was as safe as if he'd been on the ground.

THEY started coming down from pretty far out. At that distance I couldn't tell whether they planned to land at the field or in the next county. But they kept coming and coming, and the wind was just nasty enough, the way it blew in gusts, so I was afraid they were going to tangle wings. Then they were low, boy, right down on the deck and coming across the edge of the field with their noses down, and they shot past me and I saw them both *cranking the hell out of those stabilizer controls* and trying to level off. Then Mr. Kelly got his nose up and stalled it down with an awful jar, and that Bogle landed not fifteen feet ahead of him and bounced and flipped around out there so it was a wonder he didn't blow a tire.

I was so relieved I was shaking all over, and then Mrs. Kelly, who had been spared the ordeal, came to and said, "What happened, tell me?" But I had already started to run over to Mr. Kelly.

He got out of the plane looking like he wondered why I was running and I grabbed his hand, but instead of shaking it I just stood there like a fool holding it. "Congratulations," I said.

"Why, what in the world for?" he asked.

Mr. Bogle was opening the door and getting out of his plane too, with the most bewildered look on his face, and I began to think where I had left that darn' bucket and mop. Mr. Bogle just stood there for a moment.

"Look!" he cried all of a sudden, clasping his hands together. "Look!" And he closed his eyes and kind of lifted his face to the sky and took one long breath.

"Something wrong?" Mr. Kelly asked calmly.

"Look at me," Mr. Bogle said hoarsely. "Both of you look at me." Well, we were doing that. "What am I not doing?" Mr. Bogle asked. He was really wound up. "Look closely. Don't you see? I am *not* being airsick!"

"Well, I'll be darned," Mr. Kelly said. "You aren't, are you?"

"I am not," Mr. Bogle said proudly, putting his hand in his hip pocket and taking a few steps back and forth. "No, sir, I am not sick."

I started to look in the plane.

"Go right ahead!" he said so loudly that I thought he was going to hit me again. "Look on the cabin floor. I want you to. I want both of you to look on the cabin floor."

We looked, and it was clean.

"Mr. Kelly, I have a confession to make," Mr. Bogle said solemnly. "I *am* yellow. In the air I was a coward. Since I was a small boy I have had a deathly fear of high places, such as tall buildings and cliffs. You had me tagged correctly the first time you ever saw me in your life. Years ago you *knew.*"

"Why, I don't think you're yellow," Mr. Kelly said. "Not at all."

"Now what the hell do you mean by that crack?" Mr. Bogle said, getting angry. "You've been telling me I was yellow for years."

"You were," Mr. Kelly said calmly. "But you aren't any more. You weren't airsick this time, do you see?"

Mr. Bogle looked stunned. "By George," he said in a whisper. "But what happened to me?"

"I guess it was the shock," Mr. Kelly said. "In a tight place you came through." He looked at his watch. "If you'd like to go up again now you can take the Cub I was flying."

"Shall I practice anything in particular?"

"Just circle the field a few times."

We stood there and watched old Bogle take off. He was really scooting when he went past, and he waved kind of casually with a flip of his hand. Mr. Kelly put his hand on my shoulder.

"Al, we've got to have a little talk," he said, and I knew what was coming. "Why weren't you at the field? I left you in charge."

"I can't tell you," I said.

"Al, if I hadn't come back when I did, Clyde Bogle would be dead now, and you and I would probably be locked up in jail for criminal negligence. This is a serious thing, and you've got to tell me. Face it like a man, son. The truth never hurt anybody."

I couldn't look at him when I said it. "Well, when I got your telegram I went to tell Mrs. Kelly, but she wasn't there so I figured she was with Mr. Bogle, so I went into town."

"How did you figure that?" he asked.

He wa [illegible] field in the red Cub, [illegible] supposed to do

"Because of last night," I said, and then I told him the whole damfool story about Mrs. Kelly getting high. He *said* the truth never hurt anybody.

He got the strangest look on his face; like someone had busted him in the belly and knocked all the wind out of him and he was trying to hold himself together just a little bit longer before he lay down. But all he said was, "Did he hurt you when he hit you, son?"

"Naw," I said. And I couldn't look up from the ground. That was sure lousy grass. It was all burned by the sun and dead.

Mr. Kelly started walking across the field toward Mrs. Kelly, and I trailed along. She'd seen we'd been talking, and she looked worried sick.

"What in the world were you drinking last night, for Heaven's sake?" Mr. Kelly asked her. Of course he kind of said it like it might have been a joke.

"Martinis," she said in a very thin voice.

Mr. Kelly laughed in the kindest possible way. "Well, no wonder," he said as if that explained everything. "You're not used to drinking, and a Martini is a pretty strong drink even for a man."

"I know I was h-horrible."

Mr. Kelly kind of pinched the bridge of his nose between his eyes with his thumb and forefinger. All the time he was holding himself together. "I guess you got a little tight," he said with a grin.

"I was stinking," Mrs. Kelly said and looked at the ground. For a minute all three of us looked at the ground. "James, I don't remember what happened," she said, and her voice began to break. "Not after I left that dismal place."

"Why, do you think anything happened?" Mr. Kelly asked. And you never heard such a calm strained voice in your life. "Is that what's bothering you?"

"I don't know," she said, and she hardly said it at all, "what happened."

"Why, what could have happened?" Mr. Kelly said. He hooked his thumbs in his belt and licked his lips. "I imagine that Mr. Bogle took you home and then made you some coffee or something and stayed around until he saw you were okay and then left. At least, that's what *I* think happened, Sarah."

She really fell on him then and began to cry all over the white shirt he had on. He patted her on the back for a minute, and then he asked if her head ached and she sniffed and said yes. "Well, you go lie down and take some aspirin," Mr. Kelly said, "and I'll be home in a minute."

"Come with me," she said, holding his hand.

"I've got to get that plane inside first."

"You won't do anything to Mr. Bogle?"

"Old Clyde?" Mr. Kelly said, and then he laughed. "Why, of course not. Why should I?"

"You darling," she said, and she just looked at him and you could tell how proud she was. And then she went home.

MR. KELLY walked back to the red Cub, and we started to trundle it into the hangar. Before we got it in, that Bogle landed and came taxiing up.

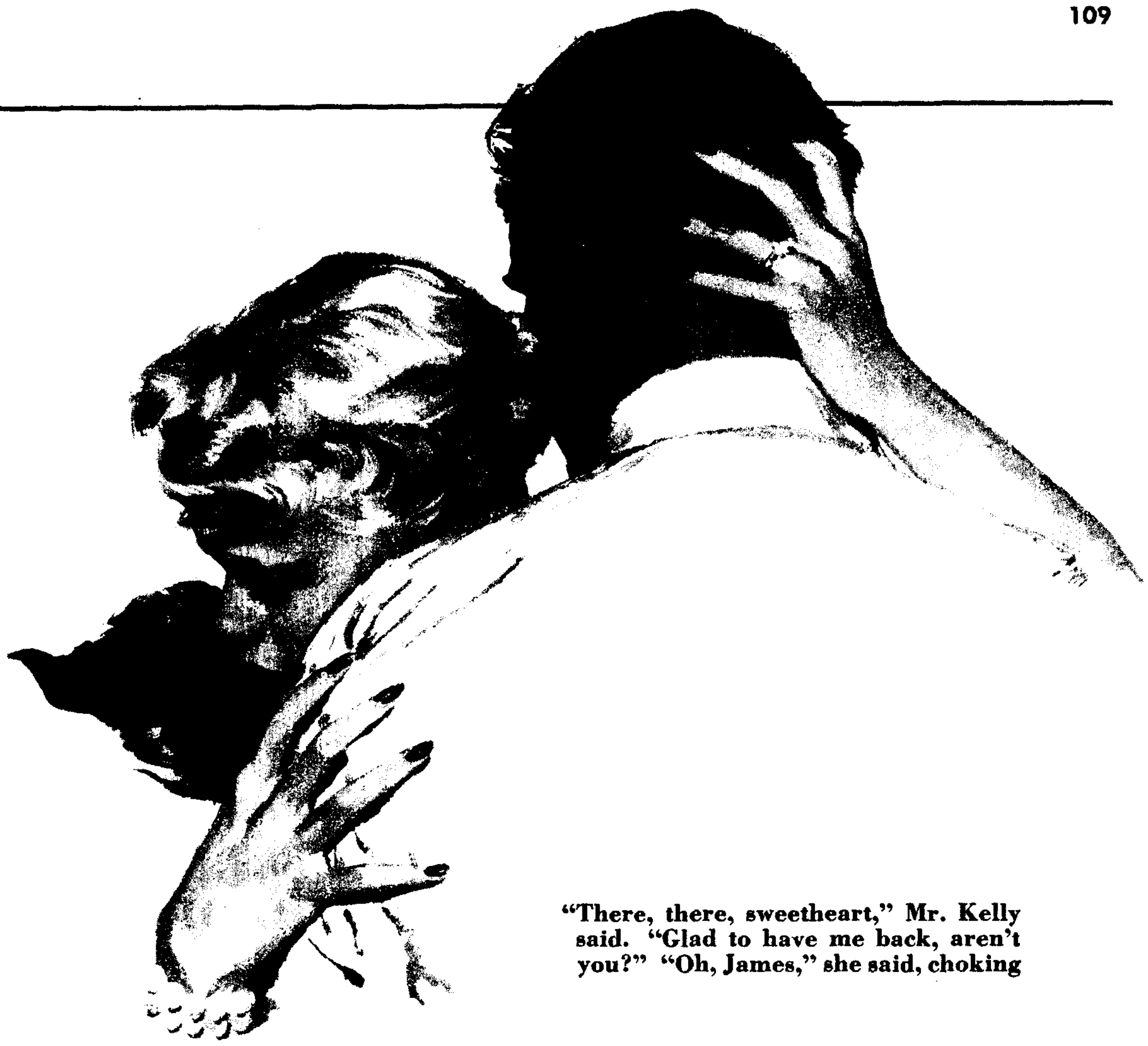
"See that landing?" he yelled.

"Terrific," Mr. Kelly called, although I was sure he hadn't seen it. "Say, wait for me in the hangar, will you? I want to show you something."

"Why, sure," Mr. Bogle said, and with a grin he went whistling into the hangar.

We got the red Cub inside, and Mr. Kelly said, "Close the door, Al, and stand there."

Boy, I knew it was coming then. I closed the doors all right and I was scared. Let me tell you I was scared. I never heard a man sound like that before and don't forget I'd been around. Down by the tracks in Tucson once this old bum beat me up and rubbed my face all in the cinders just for a laugh and the fifteen cents I had in my pocket. And out there in California picking fruit one of the Mexicans that didn't speak English misunderstood me, I guess, and pulled a knife and I was backed up against a truck. But neither of those guys had



"There, there, sweetheart," Mr. Kelly said. "Glad to have me back, aren't you?" "Oh, James," she said, choking

sounded like Mr. Kelly, not even the one with the knife.

Mr. Bogle was standing at the back of the hangar smoking a cigarette, and leaning back against the workbench. He was kind of humming.

Mr. Kelly walked straight back and hit him. He didn't call him a name or tell him to put up his hands or any of that. He just hit him. It sounded horrible, and Mr. Kelly tore the right sleeve out of his shirt at the shoulder he hit so hard. Mr. Bogle went back onto the workbench and kind of clattered around in the tools and said something that sounded like, "Oh, my God," and then rolled off and fell on the floor. And there wasn't any other sound then at all except Mr. Kelly breathing through his nose.

IT TOOK Mr. Bogle about a minute to get up. Mr. Kelly stood watching him. He'd wrapped a handkerchief around his hand so he wouldn't get his knuckles all busted up.

Mr. Bogle got on his hands and knees and you could see the sick look in his eyes. "What the hell, fellow?" he said, and he sounded like he didn't know what it was about. He was backing away all the time.

Mr. Kelly hit him again. The man just fell on his face. We waited a minute or so, and Mr. Kelly kept breathing that funny way through his nose like a dog in a fight. I was really scared.

"Al," Mr. Kelly said. He never took his eyes off Mr. Bogle lying there on the floor. "Throw a bucket of water on him."

Well, I did, and gradually Mr. Bogle came around. As soon as he stood up Mr. Kelly hit him again. He really went out that time. It didn't look to me like he was breathing very much at all.

"Al, throw some water on him."

"Mr. Kelly, you'll kill him."

"That's right," he said. "Get the water, Al."

Mr. Bogle took a long time coming around. He raised up and then kind of sat there, and his face was beginning to look soggy and worn out. Mr. Kelly just waited. Finally Mr. Bogle couldn't stand the suspense any more, and he stood up. Mr. Kelly hit him. Well, it took more than the bucket of water that time. I had to slap him quite a bit and pull on his ears, and then I got him to sit up, but his eyes were all glazed. I doubt if he even knew who he was.

Mr. Kelly said, "Bogle, if I ever see you again in this town or in any other town I'm going to kill you."

"All right," Mr. Bogle said. He took it pretty calmly, but of course he had already been through so much.

I got him in his big convertible and drove him down to the highway, because he was certainly in no condition, and left him parked in front of that lousy green beer joint. He was pretty groggy but he promised he would call the hotel and have them send someone to come and get him. He tried to give me some money for helping him. He held out a fifty-dollar bill, but I couldn't take it. I hadn't done anything for him.

When I got back to the hangar Mr. Kelly was washing his hands. He didn't say anything to me right away: he really hadn't calmed down from the fight and everything. After he dried himself on the towel he came over and stood in front of me where I was sitting on an oil drum.

"Listen to me a minute, Al," he said. "I don't want you to leave here with a bad impression of Sarah. She's only twenty, and what happened could have happened to any girl who wasn't used to drinking."

"What do you mean *I* leave here?" I said.

"You're fired, Al," he said. "As of now."

"Listen, Mr. Kelly, I won't tell anybody—"

"I want you to go home, kid."

"Well, no thanks, I'd rather not, thanks just the same," I said.

"I've decided to go back in the service, Al, and you couldn't stay here anyway. Come on, walk up to the house with me. I want to talk to you."

He still had his hand on my shoulder, and I knew he was going to give me one of those free talks people are always handing out. We walked slowly up the dirt road.

"Al, you never told me what happened at home, but whatever it was you've got to go back. You can't run away, son."

"Listen, Mr. Kelly, my folks—"

He made me shut up. "You can't run away from them, Al. You've got to face that," he said.

He was making me pretty upset. "But I don't see any reason why I should go back and listen to that old noise again," I said. "Just give me one good logical reason."

He looked at me a second and he began to get that expression on his face like he was holding his insides together. "Listen, kid," he said, "I told you. You can't run away from anything. Nobody can."

Well, maybe you think I'm dense but I still didn't get it.

He held out his hand. "Thanks for working for me, kid," he said. "I want you out of that hangar by six. Do you need any money?"

"No, I don't want any money," I said. I still had four dollars and seventy-six cents, and it doesn't cost anything when you hitchhike.

"Are you sore at me, Al?"

"Well, what do you think?" I said. "How would you feel getting kicked out like this?"

He grinned. "Stick around a minute. I want to give you something," he said.

"Whatever it is I don't want it," I said, but he had run in his house anyway and I had to wait.

In a minute they both came out together. He had one of those leather jackets they wear in the Air Force. It had a map of Europe painted all over the back of it with the names of places where he'd been on missions. "I'd like for you to have it, kid," he said. "If you'd like to have it."

He sure made me feel lousy the way he talked to me. "Yeah, I'd like to have the thing, I admit it," I said and I took it, and then I just stood there. "Well, I'm sorry I fumbled the ball, Mr. Kelly. About the plane and that Mr. Bogle and all."

"Don't do it again," he said.

I looked at her and told her, "I'm sorry if I ever acted unfriendly or anything toward you, Mrs. Kelly. I didn't like you at first but I think you're okay now." That last part was just a little bit of a lie. She was about half okay in my opinion.

"Well, call me Sarah then, for Heaven's sake," she said, and she kind of laughed and put her arms around my neck and kissed me. "Don't take any bad money, buster," she said and she kind of had tears in her eyes a little.

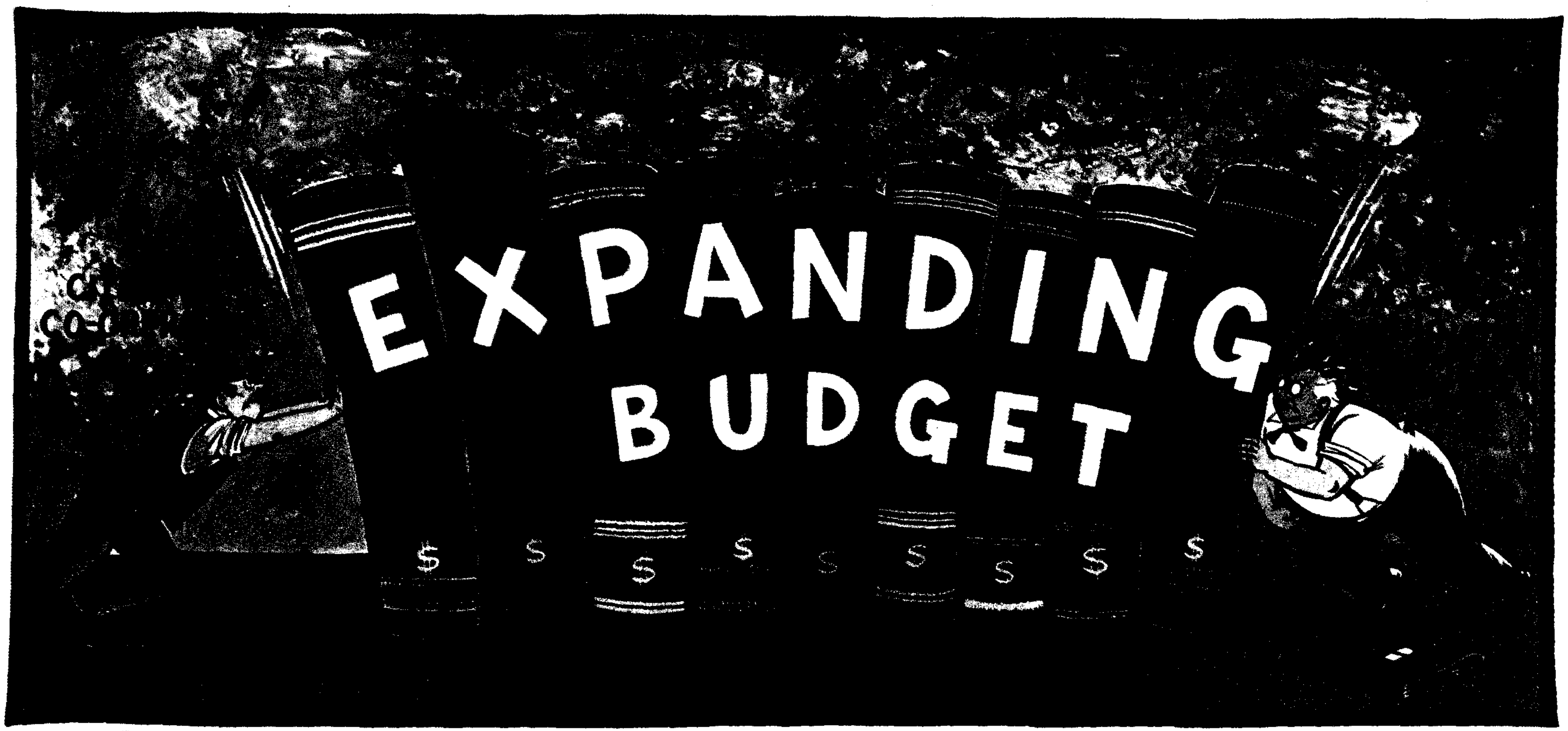
I was going to say something else but I didn't. I just turned and walked away pretty fast because they both made me feel so stinking lousy.

ANYWAY I am going home, and I guess Mr. Kelly is right, though I'm still not absolutely sure. Mr. Kelly said I can't run away. But I did, didn't I? What did he mean by that—that I couldn't run away? Darn it, I *did* run away. It seems to me that the truth is just the opposite of what Mr. Kelly said.

If there weren't just so many things like that and people wouldn't look so wise when they say them I think I could get along a lot better. Maybe I am a grade-A jerk, but I just don't understand. Mr. Kelly said I would someday, and if he said so I guess I will, but I sure wish I could understand now. It would make everything a lot easier. Here I am going back home and I don't even know why except that Mr. Kelly said it was the right thing to do. The big jerk.

He sure made me feel lousy sending me home this way like I was some kid. But he gave me this A-2 jacket, and you just don't hand out things like that to everybody you meet. It's good luck, and it's been shot at and I really don't hold any grudge against him. So when I meet him later after I'm in the AAF too, I'll just say, "Hi, Colonel," and salute. Because that's what I've got to do if I'm going to continue my career: go back to school and finish and then join up. I never wanted to be a real bum, you know. And I don't hold any grudge at all; I'll salute him with both hands if he wants me to. He's okay. He's really got a lot of stuff. You know what I mean—guts. —WALT GROVE

Collier's Editorial



JOHN FISCHETTI

We Can All Work on This Problem

MODERN MORTAL MAN has split and harnessed the atom. He has solved the theoretical and practical problems involved in a trip to the moon. But there is one challenging mystery which still defies his control, or even his complete understanding. That is the budget of the United States.

The federal budget was created by modern mortal man, all right. But its creators in recent years have found themselves pretty much in the fix of the sorcerer's apprentice, who knew the magic word which would make the broom fetch water but didn't know how to make it stop. Budget expenditures have grown and grown until the much-talked-of balancing act looks like an almost impossible feat.

About now you may be wondering, and legitimately, why we are moving in on a field where experts hesitate to tread, even under a protective covering of charts, graphs and assorted statistics. Our only excuse is the suspicion that most of us taxpayers are innocent babes in the fiscal woods, and we feel that the innocents who pay practically all the bill might well know a little more than they perhaps do about what the budget is, what its makers can't do, can do and are trying to do.

So let's try the impossible job of simplification, and start out by saying that a budget begins with a government agency's estimate of how much money it will need between any July 1st and the following June 30th. After review by the Bureau of the Budget the estimates of all the agencies are lumped together into the President's budget and sent to Congress. There the agencies get authorizations to incur obligations or spend money. These authorizations are usually made in the form of appropriations.

About half the money appropriated for a fiscal year in the whole budget is spent in that year. The rest is spread over as long a period as five years. And there's nothing to be done about it. You can't develop a revolutionary new plane or a hydrogen bomb overnight. And the companies which develop them have to know they will be paid. Complications like these, which we've barely hinted at, mean that the government never knows, precisely and actually, what it owes or what it's going to receive.

But Cuts Aren't Easy

We have all read a lot in the last few months about balancing the budget. But Congress has a limited field in which to cut costs. It has annual control over only a little more than a third of its expenditures, according to Roswell Magill, president of the Tax Foundation and a former Undersecretary of the Treasury. The rest of the spending is what is called uncontrollable—that is, spending which is fixed by law and can only be changed by changes in basic legislation. Some examples are interest on the public debt, payments to veterans, price supports, welfare and public-assistance programs and other federal aid to states.

It is possible for Congress to seem to make budget cuts without really making any. There is a device known as the supplemental appropriation, which can put spending right back to the original estimate, or above it. If an agency whose budget has been cut comes to Capitol Hill six months later and says it can't pay its debts or stay in business without more money, Congress is not usually going to let the agency die by default.

One Congress, for instance, decided to hold back $800,000,000 from income-tax refunds of $2,100,000,000. Later it deferred $300,000,000 more. It wound up appropriating $2,150,000,000 by the end of the fiscal year.

What can Congress *really* do, then, to balance the budget without raising taxes? The easiest place to look, after you have by-passed the fixed charges set by law, is the military departments and foreign aid which, together, are by far the biggest item in the government expense account. But a big cut there would involve a dangerous risk to national security.

It seems to an inexpert outsider, however, that there are steps that can be taken, starting with Congress itself. There should be possible a better system of national bookkeeping that would give the legislators a truer picture of our getting and spending, and thus make for more accurate planning. And it does seem that hearings on budgetary matters could be spread over a longer period, to avoid the practice of ill-considered, arbitrary cuts and increases in the last frantic weeks of the summer session.

We also think that agency heads, under the prodding of the President and Congress, could and should do a more efficient housekeeping job, especially in personnel and procurement. There can also surely be a saving in new construction and projects throughout the 48 states. And here the hard-hit taxpayer can help: after all, pork-barreling begins at home.

Some Ways to Save

Many congressmen, in recent newsletters to constituents, said in effect: "We thought we were sent here to save money, but the voters' mood seems to be for more spending."

If millions of Americans are in favor of curtailing every domestic project except their own pet one, the taxpayer won't save much money. Fortunately, we have a President and a Congress who are eager to save, within the limits imposed on them. And we citizens, within the far greater limits imposed on us, can aid them in doing a little bit more.

Nobody understands a billion dollars. But we can all understand that a billion dollars is made up of tens and hundreds and thousands of dollars. And there doesn't seem any safe or feasible way to bring down the cost of government except by trimming corners in many relatively small individual amounts.

INSTITUT INTERNATIONAL D'ALIMENTATION
PLUS EST EN VOUS
INSTITUT INTERNATIONAL D'ALIMENTATION
BAUDOUIN
Goebel

GOEBEL...only American Beer to win three awards in International Beer Competition

IN ANTWERP, BELGIUM, as in Luxembourg in 1951, Goebel continued to dominate the world-famous International Beer Competition, winning three great awards . . . more awards than any other American Beer. Leading European beer judges, recognizing the superb quality and flavor of Goebel Beer, awarded it the *Cross of Honor*, the *Cross of Gold*, and the *Diploma of Excellence.*

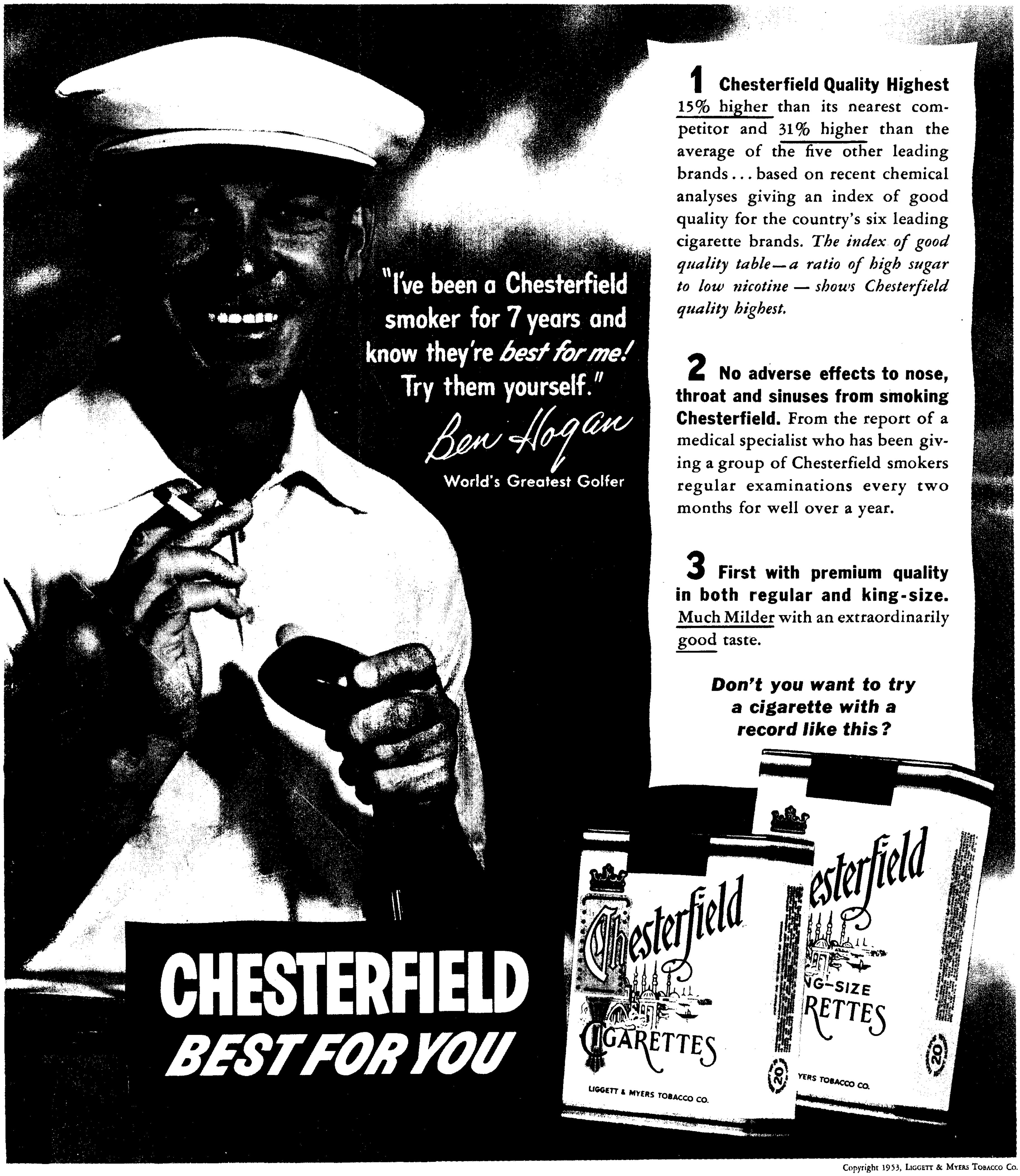
Enjoy Goebel, America's flavor champion, next time you order beer . . . in export and Bantam Bottles, cans, or on draft.

If it's Goebel . . . it's good

GOEBEL BREWING COMPANY DETROIT AND MUSKEGON, MICH.
OF CALIFORNIA, OAKLAND, CALIF.

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIB
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

YEARS AHEAD OF THEM ALL


CHESTERFIELD
BEST FOR YOU
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
20
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
esterfield
NG-SIZE
RETTES
20
YERS TOBACCO CO.

"I've been a Chesterfield smoker for 7 years and know they're *best for me!* Try them yourself."

Ben Hogan
World's Greatest Golfer

1 Chesterfield Quality Highest 15% higher than its nearest competitor and 31% higher than the average of the five other leading brands . . . based on recent chemical analyses giving an index of good quality for the country's six leading cigarette brands. *The index of good quality table—a ratio of high sugar to low nicotine — shows Chesterfield quality highest.*

2 No adverse effects to nose, throat and sinuses from smoking Chesterfield. From the report of a medical specialist who has been giving a group of Chesterfield smokers regular examinations every two months for well over a year.

3 First with premium quality in both regular and king-size. Much Milder with an extraordinarily good taste.

Don't you want to try a cigarette with a record like this?

Copyright 1953, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.